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Yours
John



YORKSHIRE

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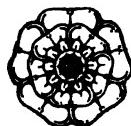
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RICHMOND CASTLE FROM THE RIVER

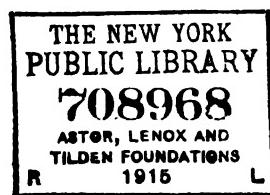
THIS well-known view of the castle from the banks of the Swale is only one of the numerous romantic pictures that can be found in Richmond. The great Norman keep, built about the year 1150, forms the dominating feature of every aspect of the town.



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Preface

THIS book is the result of many journeyings and sojourns in the great county of Yorkshire since 1908. The material has been gathered at different times of the year and in all sorts of weather. The means of reaching the places described have included many miles on foot, or with the help of a bicycle, and at other times places have been visited on horseback or by driving. Hundreds of miles have been travelled in a motor-car whose owner has never grumbled at the frequent stops required, or the villainous roads it has often been necessary to use in getting to out-of-the-way places.

While this book does not pretend to exhaust the charms of Yorkshire, it does claim to bring together for the first time, by means of the seventy coloured illustrations, some of the choicest scenery and

PREFACE

the most beautiful buildings in the broad county. In the letterpress the archaeology and the more important historic events connected with each place are dealt with, and descriptions given of the scenery, the types of buildings, the peasants and their superstitions, the cottage industries, and a hundred other matters.

Having been published in three separate volumes, entitled 'Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes,' 'Yorkshire Dales and Fells,' and 'Yorkshire Vales and Wolds,' and the first of these having already reached its second edition, there have been opportunities for revision, and those inaccuracies which the writer discovered, or had made known to him, have been rectified.

GORDON HOME.

RESTON HOUSE,
EPSOM,
May, 1908.

MR. G. V. WOOD
COLLEGE
YORKSHIRE

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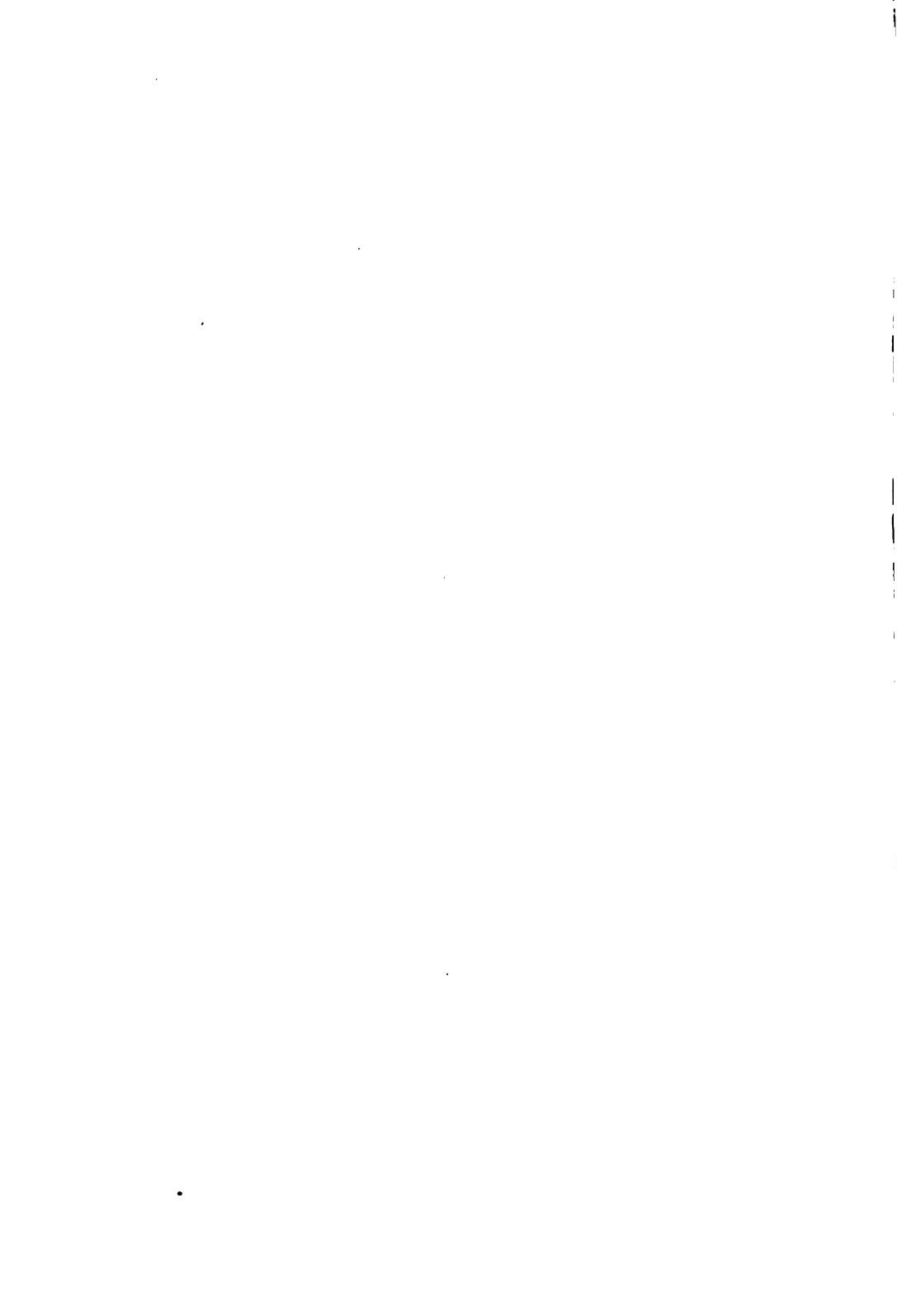
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CHAPTER I

ACROSS THE MOORS FROM PICKERING TO WHITBY

THE ancient stone-built town of Pickering is to a great extent the gateway to the moors of North-eastern Yorkshire, for it stands at the foot of that formerly inaccessible gorge known as Newton Dale, and is the meeting-place of the four great roads running north, south, east, and west, as well as of railways going in the same directions. And this view of the little town is by no means original, for the strategic importance of the position was recognised at least as long ago as the days of the early Edwards, when the castle was built to command the approach to Newton Dale and to be a menace to the whole of the Vale of Pickering.

The old-time traveller from York to Whitby saw practically nothing of Newton Dale, for the great coach-road bore him towards the east, and then, on climbing the steep hill up to Lockton Low Moor, he went almost due north as far as Sleights. But to-day everyone passes right through

the gloomy cañon, for the railway now follows the windings of Pickering Beck, and nursemaids and children on their way to the seaside may gaze at the frowning cliffs which seventy years ago were only known to travellers and a few shepherds. But although this great change has been brought about by railway enterprise, the gorge is still uninhabited, and has lost little of its grandeur ; for when the puny train, with its accompanying white cloud, has disappeared round one of the great bluffs, there is nothing left but the two pairs of shining rails, laid for long distances almost on the floor of the ravine. But though there are steep gradients to be climbed, and the engine labours heavily, there is scarcely sufficient time to get any idea of the astonishing scenery from the windows of the train, and you can see nothing of the huge expanses of moorland stretching away from the precipices on either side. So that we, who would learn something of this region, must make the journey on foot ; for a bicycle would be an encumbrance when crossing the heather, and there are many places where a horse would be a source of danger. The sides of the valley are closely wooded for the first seven or eight miles north of Pickering, but the surrounding country

gradually loses its cultivation, at first gorse and bracken, and then heather, taking the place of the green pastures.

At the village of Newton, perched on high ground far above the dale, we come to the limit of civilization. The sun is nearly setting. The cottages are scattered along the wide roadway and the strip of grass, broken by two large ponds, which just now reflect the pale evening sky. Straight in front, across the green, some ancient barns are thrown up against the golden sunset, and the long perspective of white road, the geese, and some whitewashed gables, stand out from the deepening tones of the grass and trees. A footpath by the inn leads through some dewy meadows to the woods, above Levisham Station in the valley below. At first there are glimpses of the lofty moors on the opposite side of the dale, where the sides of the bluffs are still glowing in the sunset light ; but soon the pathway plunges steeply into a close wood, where the foxes are barking, and where the intense darkness is only emphasized by the momentary illumination given by lightning, which now and then flickers in the direction of Lockton Moor. At last the friendly little oil-lamps on the platform at Levisham Station appear just below,

and soon the railway is crossed and we are mounting the steep road on the opposite side of the valley. What is left of the waning light shows the rough track over the heather to High Horcum. The huge shoulders of the moors are now majestically indistinct, and towards the west the browns, purples, and greens are all merged in one unfathomable blackness. The tremendous silence and the desolation become almost oppressive, but overhead the familiar arrangement of the constellations gives a sense of companionship not to be slighted. In something less than an hour a light glows in the distance, and, although the darkness is now complete, there is no further need to trouble ourselves with the thought of spending the night on the heather. The point of light develops into a lighted window, and we are soon stamping our feet on the hard, smooth road in front of the Saltersgate Inn. The door opens straight into a large stone-flagged room. Everything is redolent of coaching days, for the cheery glow of the fire shows a spotlessly clean floor, old high-backed settles, a gun hooked to one of the beams overhead, quaint chairs and oak stools, and a fox's mask and brush. A gamekeeper is warming himself at the fire, for the evening is chilly, and the firelight falls on his box-cloth gaiters

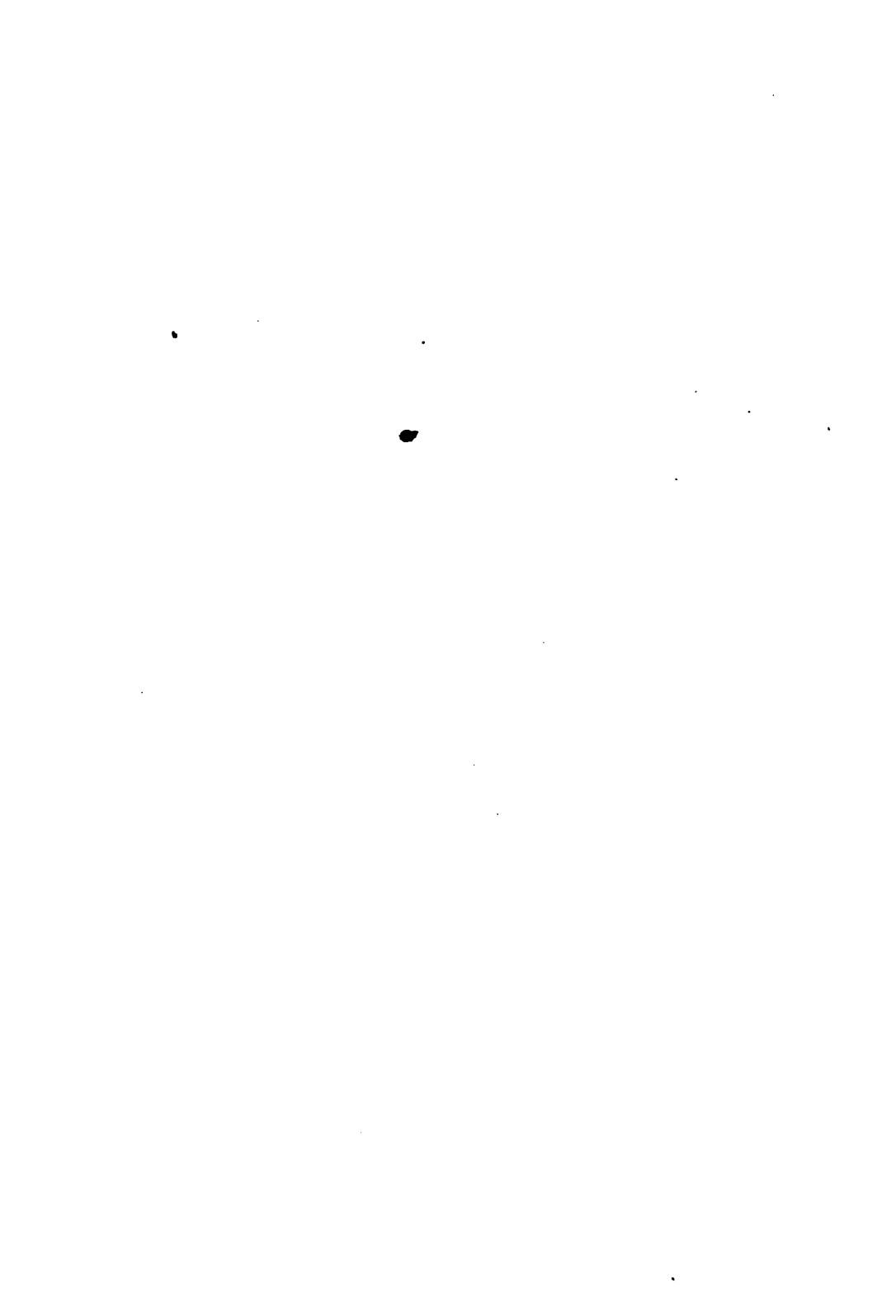
and heavy boots, as we begin to talk of the loneliness and the dangers of the moors, and of the snowstorms in winter, that almost bury the low cottages and blot out all but the boldest landmarks. Soon we are discussing the superstitions which still survive among the simple country-folk, and the dark and lonely wilds we have just left make this a subject of great fascination.

Although we have heard it before, we hear over again with intense interest the story of the witch who brought constant ill-luck to a family in these parts. Their pigs were never free from some form of illness, their cows died, their horses lamed themselves, and even the milk was so far under the spell that on churning-days the butter refused to come unless helped by a crooked sixpence. One day, when as usual they had been churning in vain, instead of resorting to the sixpence, the farmer secreted himself in an outbuilding, and, gun in hand, watched the garden from a small opening. As it was growing dusk he saw a hare coming cautiously through the hedge. He fired instantly, the hare rolled over, dead, and almost as quickly the butter came. That same night they heard that the old woman, whom they had long suspected of bewitching them, had suddenly died at the same

time as the hare, and henceforward the farmer and his family prospered.

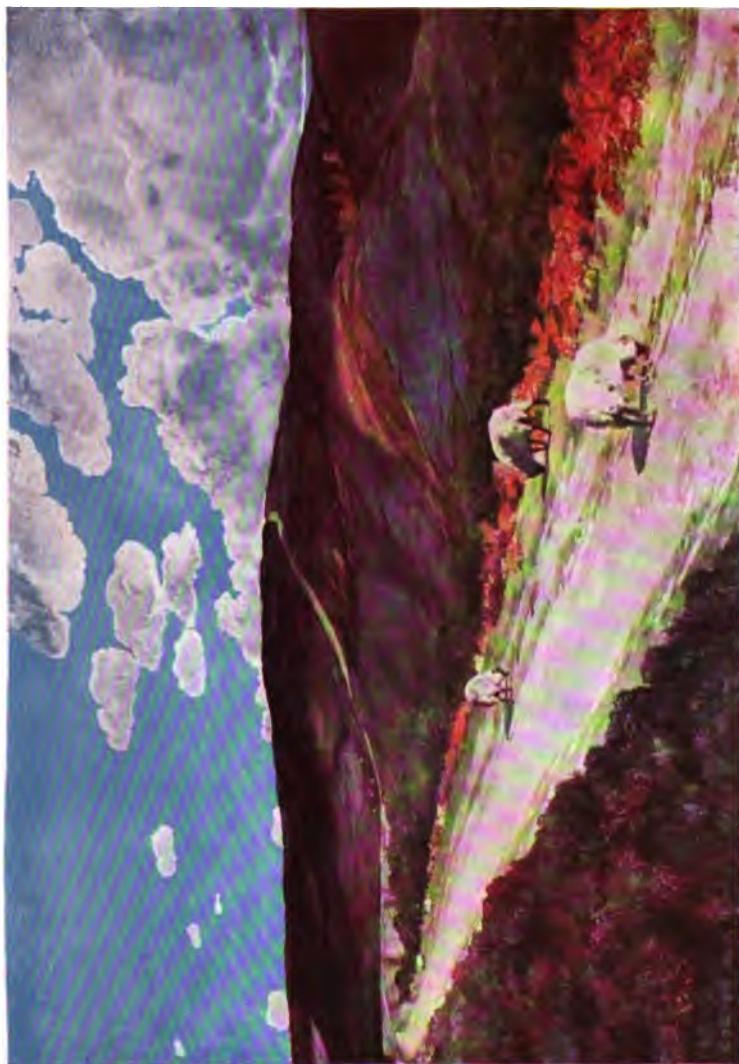
In the light of morning the isolation of the inn is more apparent than at night. A compact group of stable buildings and barns stands on the opposite side of the road, and there are two or three lonely-looking cottages, but everywhere else the world is purple and brown with ling and heather. The morning sun has just climbed high enough to send a flood of light down the steep hill at the back of the barns, and we can hear the hum of the bees in the heather. In the direction of Levisham is Gallows Dyke, the great purple bluff we passed in the darkness, and a few yards off the road makes a sharp double bend to get up Saltersgate Brow, the hill that overlooks the enormous circular bowl of Horcum Hole, where Levisham Beck rises. The farmer whose buildings can be seen down below contrives to paint the bottom of the bowl a bright green, but the ling comes hungrily down on all sides, with evident longings to absorb the scanty cultivation. The Dwarf Cornel, a little mountain-plant which flowers in July, is found in this 'hole.' A few patches have been discovered in the locality, but elsewhere it is not known south of the Cheviots.

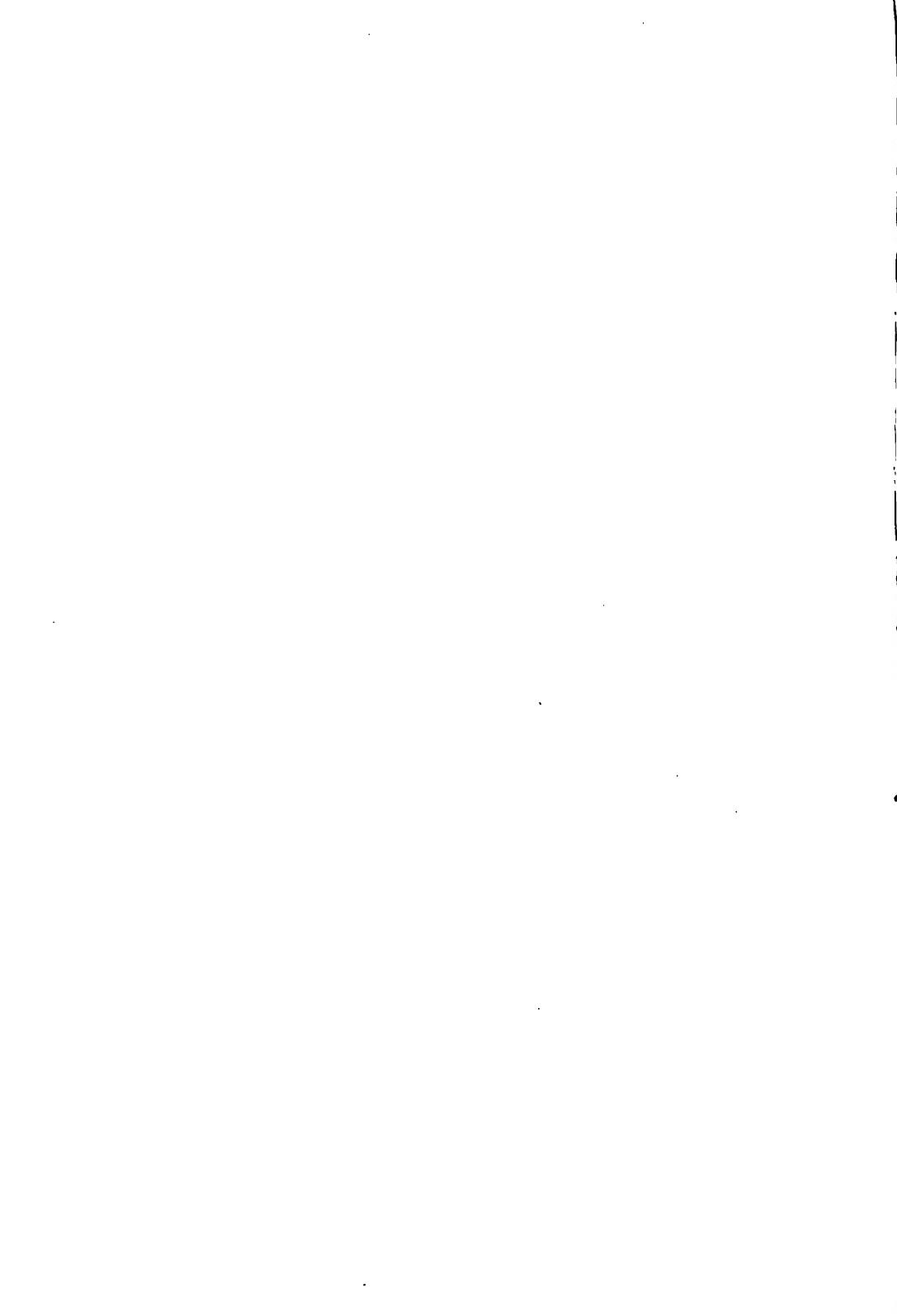
Away to the north the road crosses the desolate



GOATHLAND MOOR

THE view shows the old coach-road between Whitby and York, just where it crosses Eller Beck on a low stone bridge. The surface of the road is exceedingly good, but the infrequency of traffic has allowed a very close, short grass to grow so firmly among the stones that in the distance the highway has the appearance of a smooth grass walk. The gloomy and precipitous ravine on the right of the picture is now traversed by the railway, which has robbed the road of its traffic.





country like a pale-green ribbon. It passes over Lockton High Moor, climbs to 700 feet at Tom Cross Rigg, and then disappears into the valley of Eller Beck, on Goathland Moor, coming into view again as it climbs steadily up to Sleights Moor, nearly 1,000 feet above the sea. An enormous stretch of moorland spreads itself out towards the west. Near at hand is the precipitous gorge of Upper Newton Dale, backed by Pickering Moor, and beyond are the heights of Northdale Rigg and Rosedale Common, with the blue outlines of Ralph Cross and Danby Head right on the horizon.

The smooth, well-built road, with short grass filling the crevices between the stones, urges us to follow its straight course northwards ; but the sternest and most remarkable portion of Upper Newton Dale lies to the left, across the deep heather, and we are tempted aside to reach the lip of the sinuous gorge nearly a mile away to the west, where the railway runs along the marshy and boulder-strewn bottom of a natural cutting 500 feet deep. The cliffs drop down quite perpendicularly for 200 feet, and the remaining distance to the bed of the stream is a rough slope, quite bare in places, and in others densely grown over with trees ; but on every side the fortress-like scarps are as stern

and bare as any that face the ocean. Looking north or south the gorge seems completely shut in. There is much the same effect when steaming through the Kyles of Bute, for there the ship seems to be going full speed for the shore of an entirely enclosed sea, and here, saving for the tell-tale railway, there seems no way out of the abyss without scaling the perpendicular walls. The rocks are at their finest at Killingnoble Scar, where they take the form of a semicircle on the west side of the railway. The scar was for a very long period famous for the breed of hawks, which were specially watched by the Goathland men for the use of James I., and the hawks were not displaced from their eyrie even by the incursion of the railway into the glen, and only recently became extinct.

Newton Dale Well, at the foot of the scar, used to attract the country people for miles round, to the fair held there on Midsummer Day, when strange ceremonies were performed in order to insure the beneficent influence of the waters. The custom survived until the beginning of last century, but now it is not easy to even find the position of the well. Very few people living in Whitby or Pickering had any idea of the grandeur of the scenery of Newton Dale when the first official journey was

made by railway between the two towns. This was in 1836, but the coaches were drawn by horses on the levels and up the inclines, for it was before the days of the steam-locomotive.

However, the opening of the line caused great enthusiasm and local excitement, necessitating the services of numbers of policemen to keep the people off the rails. When the separate coaches had been hauled to the highest part of the dale, the horses were detached, and the vehicles were joined up with connecting bars. Then the train was allowed to rush through the pass at what was considered the dangerous speed of twenty miles an hour. For the benefit of those who enjoyed the great pace, the driver allowed the train to go at thirty miles an hour, and then, to show his complete control over the carriages, he applied the brakes and came to a standstill on the steep gradient. But for the existence of the long, narrow ravine right through the heart of these lofty moors, we may reasonably doubt whether Whitby would ever have been joined with York other than by way of the coast-line to Scarborough.

We can cross the line near Eller Beck, and, going over Goathland Moor, explore the wooded sides of Wheeldale Beck and its waterfalls. Mallyan's

Spout is the most imposing, having a drop of about 76 feet. The village of Goathland has thrown out skirmishers towards the heather in the form of an ancient-looking but quite modern church, with a low central tower, and a little hotel, stone-built and fitting well into its surroundings. The rest of the village is scattered round a large triangular green, and extends down to the railway, where there is a station named after the village.

The rolling masses of Sleights Moor rise up steeply towards the east, and from the coach-road to Whitby that we deserted at the Saltersgate Inn there is an enormous panorama over Eskdale, Whitby, and the sea.

CHAPTER II

ALONG THE ESK VALLEY

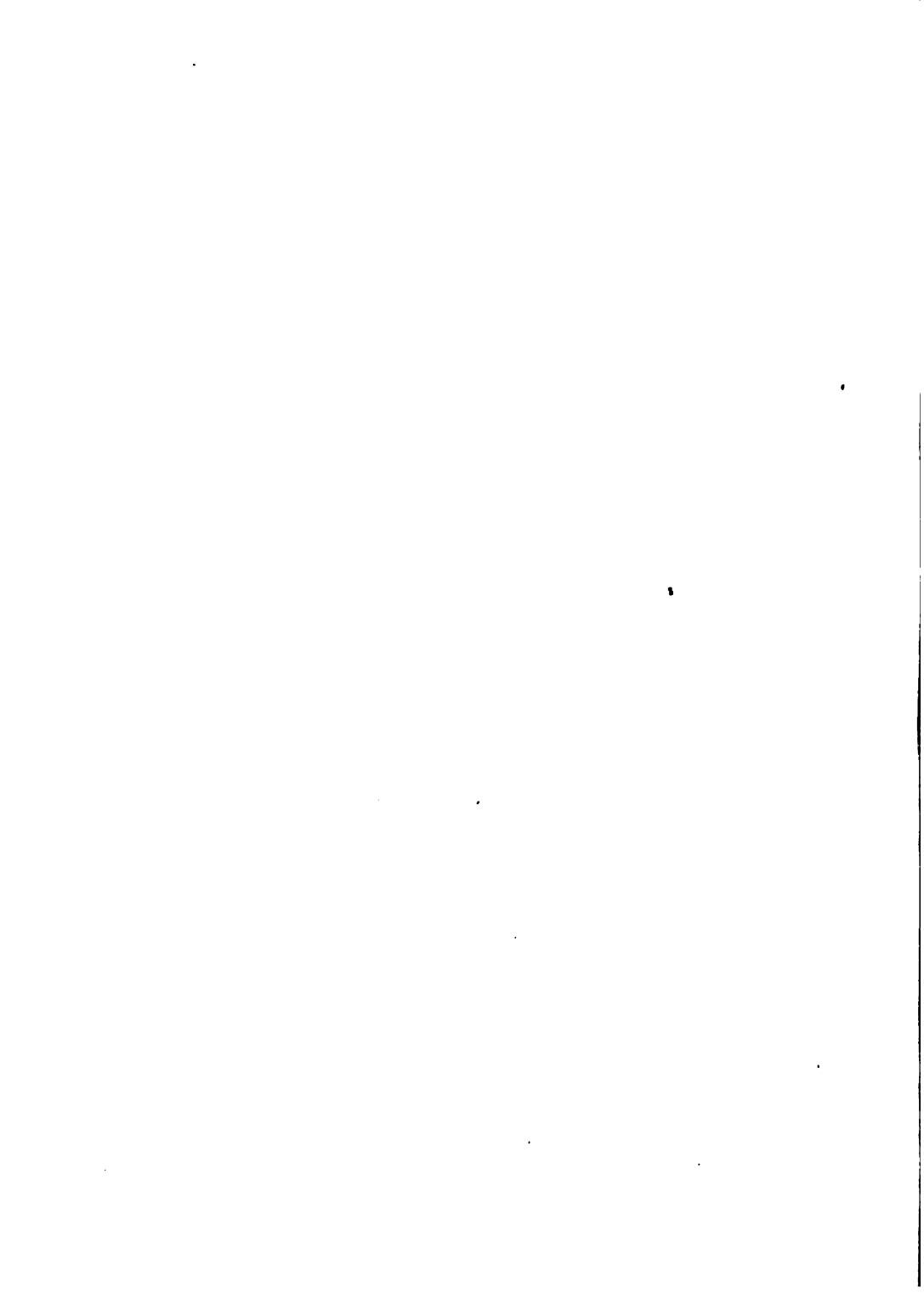
To see the valley of the Esk in its richest garb, one must wait for a spell of fine autumn weather, when a prolonged ramble can be made along the river-side and up on the moorland heights above. For the dense woodlands, which are often merely pretty in midsummer, become astonishingly lovely as the foliage draping the steep hillsides takes on its gorgeous colours, and the gills and becks on the moors send down a plentiful supply of water to fill the dales with the music of rushing streams.

Climbing up the road towards Larpool, we take a last look at quaint old Whitby, spread out before us almost like those wonderful old prints of English towns they loved to publish in the eighteenth century. But although every feature is plainly visible—the church, the abbey, the two piers, the harbour, the old town and the new—the detail is all lost in that soft mellowness of a sunny autumn day. We find an enthusiastic photographer ex-

pending plates on this familiar view, which is sold all over the town ; but we do not dare to suggest that the prints, however successful, will be painfully hackneyed, and we go on rejoicing that the questions of stops and exposures need not trouble us, for the world is ablaze with colour.

Beyond the great red viaduct, whose central piers are washed by the river far below, the road plunges into the golden shade of the woods near Cock Mill, and then comes out by the river's bank down below, with the little village of Ruswarp on the opposite shore. The railway goes over the Esk just below the dam, and does its very best to spoil every view of the great mill built in 1752 by Mr. Nathaniel Cholmley. However, from the road towards Sleights the huge building looks picturesque enough, with the river flowing smoothly over the broad dam fringed by the delicate faded greens and browns of the trees. The mill, with its massive roof and projecting eaves, suggests in a most remarkable fashion one of the huge gate-houses of the Chinese Imperial Palace at Peking.

The road follows close beside the winding river, and all the way to Sleights there are lovely glimpses of the shimmering waters, reflecting the overhanging masses of foliage. The golden yellow



AN AUTUMN SCENE ON THE ESK,

looking upstream just below Sleights Bridge. This is a spot much favoured by trout fishermen. Through the trees in the distance can be seen the blue shoulder of Sleights Moor.





of a bush growing at the water's edge will be backed by masses of brown woods that here and there have retained suggestions of green, contrasted with the deep purple tones of their shadowy recesses. These lovely phases of Eskdale scenery are denied to the summer visitor, but there are few who would wish to have the riverside solitudes rudely broken into by the passing of boatloads of holiday-makers. Just before reaching Sleights Bridge we leave the tree-embowered road, and, going through a gate, find a stone-flagged pathway that climbs up the side of the valley with great deliberation, so that we are soon at a great height, with a magnificent sweep of landscape towards the south-west, and the keen air blowing freshly from the great table-land of Egton High Moor.

A little higher, and we are on the road in Aislaby village. The steep climb from the river and railway has kept off those modern influences which have made Sleights and Grosmont architecturally depressing, and thus we find a simple village on the edge of the heather, with picturesque stone cottages and pretty gardens, free from companionship with the painfully ugly modern stone house, with its thin slate roof. The big house of

the village stands on the very edge of the descent, surrounded by high trees now swept bare of leaves.

The first time I visited Aislaby I reached the little hamlet when it was nearly dark. Sufficient light, however, remained in the west to show up the large house standing in the midst of the swaying branches. One dim light appeared in the blue-gray mass, and the dead leaves were blown fiercely by the strong gusts of wind. On the other side of the road stood an old gray house, whose appearance that gloomy evening well supported the statement that it was haunted. The classic front appeared behind an imposing gateway approached by a curious flat bridge across a circular pond which had a solid stone edging. The low parapets of the bridge were cut into a strange serpentine form. I gazed at the front of the house, backed by the dim outline of the moor beyond ; but, though the place was silent enough, I could hear no strange sounds, and the windows remained black and impassive.

I left the village in the gathering gloom and was soon out on the heather. Away on the left, but scarcely discernible, was Swart Houe Cross, on Egton Low Moor, and straight in front lay the Skelder Inn. A light gleamed from one of the



ON BARNBY MOOR

THE first moorland view as one travels westward from Whitby. Away to the left, on the further side of the Esk, is the lofty plateau of Sleights Moor, with Egton High Moor further away still. Near this spot, sometimes known as Aislaby Common, is the Skelder Inn, a lonely little house whose dimly-lit windows serve as a beacon to wayfarers on dark wintry nights.



lower windows, and by it I guided my steps, being determined to partake of tea before turning my steps homeward. I stepped into the little parlour, with its sanded floor, and demanded 'fat rascals' and tea. The girl was not surprised at my request, for the hot turf cakes supplied at the inn are known to all the neighbourhood by this unusual name, although they are not particularly fat, and are so extremely palatable that one would gladly call them by a friendlier name.

But though the gloom of an autumn evening emphasizes the loneliness of the inn, it blots out the beautiful views which extend in every direction over dales and woodland, as well as the sea and moors. Whitby shows itself beyond the windmill as a big town dominated by a great rectangular building looking as much like a castle as an hotel, the abbey being less conspicuous from here than from most points of view. Northwards are the dense woods at Mulgrave, the coast as far as Kettleness, and the wide, almost limitless moors in the direction of Guisborough. The road to that ancient town goes straight up the hill past Swart Houe Cross, which forms the horizon in the picture reproduced as the frontispiece of this volume. Up on that high ground you can see right across the valley of the

Esk in both directions. The course of the river itself is hidden by the shoulders of Egton Low Moor beneath us, but faint sounds of the shunting of trucks are carried up to the heights. Even when the deep valleys are warmest, and when their atmosphere is most suggestive of a hot-house, these moorland heights rejoice in a keen, dry air, which seems to drive away the slightest sense of fatigue, so easily felt on the lower levels, and to give in its place a vigour that laughs at distance. Up here, too, the whole world seems left to Nature, the levels of cultivation being almost out of sight, and anything under 800 feet seems low. Towards the end of August the heights are capped with purple, although the distant moors, however brilliant they may appear when close at hand, generally assume more delicate shades, fading into grays and blues on the horizon.

But however much the moors may attract us, we started out with the intention of seeing something of Eskdale. We will therefore take a turning out of the Guisborough road, and go down the hill to Egton village, where there is a church with some Norman pillars and arches preserved from the rebuilding craze that despoiled Yorkshire of half its ecclesiastical antiquities. Making our way along

the riverside to Grosmont, we come to the enormous heaps above the pits of the now disused iron-mines. This was the birthplace of the Cleveland Iron-works, and Grosmont was at one time more famous than Middlesbrough. The first cargo of ironstone was sent from here in 1836, when the Pickering and Whitby Railway was opened. However interesting Grosmont may sound in books, it is a dull place; for the knowledge that the name was originally Grandimont, from the small priory founded about 1200, and named after the abbey in Normandy to which it was attached, does not excite much interest when there is nothing to see but a farmhouse on the site, and the modern place consists of a railway-junction, some deserted mines, and many examples of the modern Yorkshire house.

Everything that Nature can do to make amends for this uninteresting spot is lavishly squandered upon the valley, for wherever man has left things alone there are heavy canopies of foliage, and mossy boulders among the rushing streams; and if you will but take the trouble to climb up to the heather, even the mines are dwarfed into insignificance. We will go up the steep road to the top of Sleights Moor. It is a long stiff climb of nearly 900 feet,

but the view is one of the very finest in this country, where wide expanses soon become commonplace. We are sufficiently high to look right across Fylingdales Moor to the sea beyond, a soft haze of pearly blue over the hard, rugged outline of the ling. Away towards the north, too, the landscape for many miles is limited only by the same horizon of sea, so that we seem to be looking at a section of a very large scale contour map of England. Below us on the western side runs the Mirk Esk, draining the heights upon which we stand as well as Egton High Moor and Wheeldale Moor. The confluence with the Esk at Grosmont is lost in a haze of smoke and a confusion of roofs and railway-lines ; and the course of the larger river in the direction of Glaisdale is also hidden behind the steep slopes of Egton High Moor. Towards the south we gaze over a vast desolation, crossed by the coach-road to York as it rises and falls over the swells of the heather. The queer isolated cone of Blakey Topping and the summit of Gallows Dyke, close to Saltersgate, appear above the distant ridges.

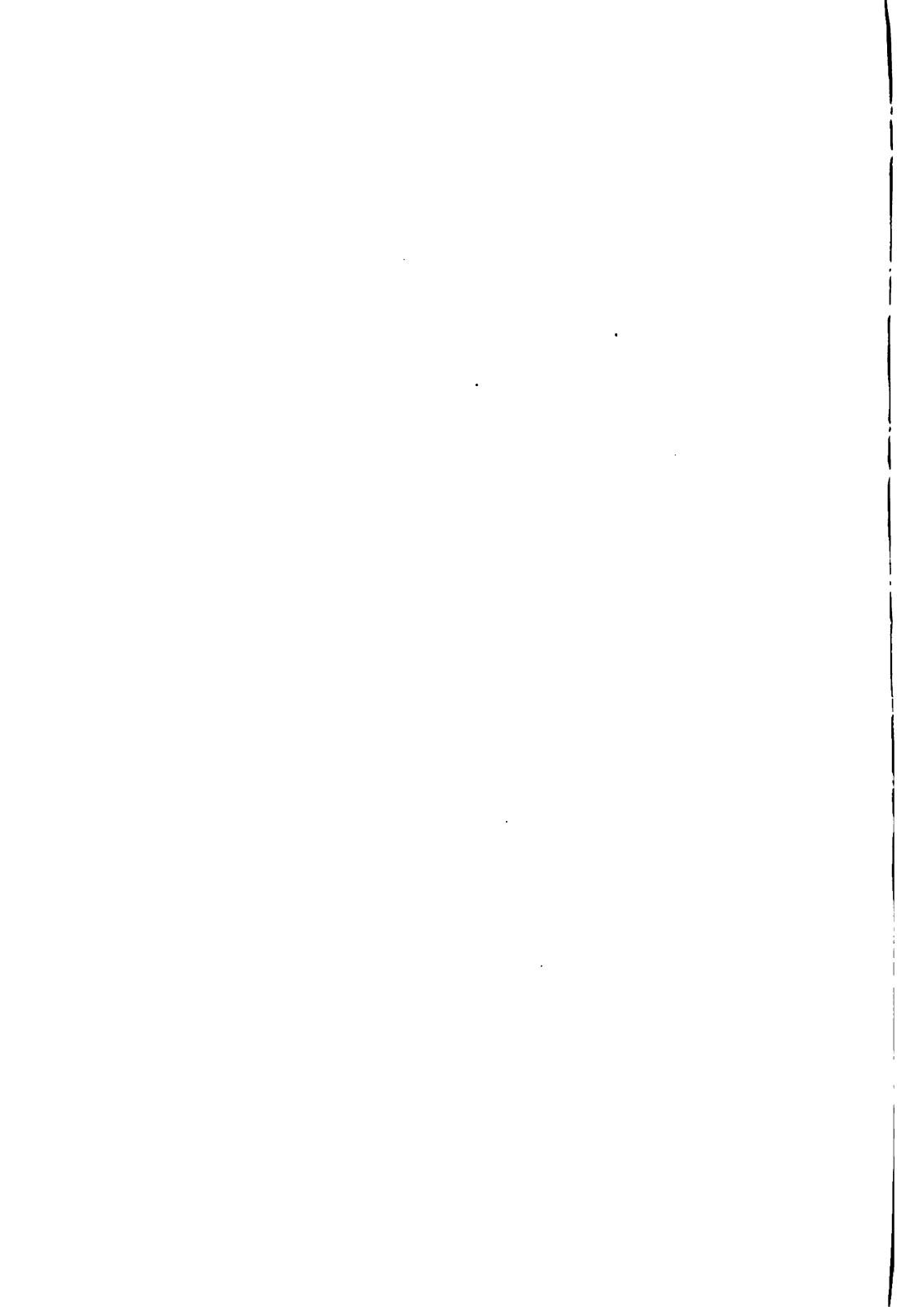
The route of the great Roman road from the South to Dunsley Bay can also be seen from these heights. It passes straight through Cawthorn Camp, on the ridge to the west of the village of



SLEIGHTS MOOR FROM SWART HOWE CROSS

THE heather is seen here in full bloom in the latter part of August. The contrast of the yellow ragwort to the dark green gorse is a wonderful sight. Away on the right can be seen the huge rolling moors in the direction of Levisham and Pickering. The limits of the cultivated area of the Esk Valley can be seen on the bald slopes of Sleights Moor.





Newton, and then runs along within a few yards of the by-road from Pickering to Egton. It crosses Wheeldale Beck, and skirts the ancient dyke round July or Julian Park, at one time a hunting-seat of the great De Mauley family. The road is about 12 feet wide, and is now deep in heather; but it is slightly raised above the general level of the ground, and can therefore be followed fairly easily where it has not been taken up to build walls for enclosures. Of greater antiquity, but much more easily discovered, are the bride stones close at hand on Sleights Moor. Several of the stones have fallen, but three of them are still standing erect, the tallest being 7 feet high. It is not easy to discover any particular form from the standing and recumbent stones, for they neither make a circle nor do they seem to be directed to any particular point of the compass; but it is quite possible that these monoliths were put up by Early Man as a means of recording the seasons, in somewhat the same manner as Stonehenge is an example of the orientated temple of Neolithic times.

If we go down into the valley beneath us by a road bearing south-west, we shall find ourselves at Beck Hole, where there is a pretty group of stone cottages, backed by some tall firs. The Eller Beck

is crossed by a stone bridge close to its confluence with the Mirk Esk. Above the bridge, a footpath among the huge boulders winds its way by the side of the rushing beck to Thomasin Foss, where the little river falls in two or three broad silver bands into a considerable pool. Great masses of overhanging rock, shaded by a leafy roof, shut in the brimming waters.

It is not difficult to find the way from Beck Hole to the Roman camp on the hillside towards Egton Bridge. The Roman road from Cawthorn goes right through it, but beyond this it is not easy to trace, although fragments have been discovered as far as Aislaby, all pointing to Dunsley or Sands-end Bay. Round the shoulder of the hill we come down again to the deeply-wooded valley of the Esk. No river can be seen, but when we enter the shade of the trees the sound of many waters fills the air. What was once a thick green roof is now thin and yellow, and under our feet is a yielding carpet of soft brown and orange leaves. Rare and luxuriant mosses grow at the foot of the trees, on dead wood, and on the damp stones, and everywhere the rich woodland scent of decay meets the nostrils. In the midst of all these evidences of rampant natural conditions we come to Glaisdale

End, where a graceful stone bridge of a single arch stands over the rushing stream. The initials of the builder and the date appear on the eastern side of what is now known as the Beggar's Bridge. It was formerly called Firris Bridge, after the builder, but the popular interest in the story of its origin seems to have killed the old name. If you ask anyone in Whitby to mention some of the sights of the neighbourhood, he will probably head his list with the Beggar's Bridge, but why this is so I cannot imagine. The woods are very beautiful, but this is a country full of the loveliest dales, and the presence of this single-arched bridge does not seem sufficient to have attracted so much popularity. I can only attribute it to the love interest associated with the beggar. He was, we may imagine, the Alderman Thomas Firris who, as a penniless youth, came to bid farewell to his betrothed, who lived somewhere on the opposite side of the river. Finding the stream impassable, he is said to have determined that if he came back from his travels as a rich man he would put up a bridge on the spot he had been prevented from crossing. It is not a very remarkable story, even if it be true, but it has given the bridge a fame scarcely proportionate to its merits.



CHAPTER III

THE COAST FROM WHITBY TO REDCAR

ALONG the three miles of sand running northwards from Whitby at the foot of low alluvial cliffs, I have seen some of the finest sea-pictures on this part of the coast. But although I have seen beautiful effects at all times of the day, those that I remember more than any others are the early mornings, when the sun was still low in the heavens, when, standing on that fine stretch of yellow sand, one seemed to breathe an atmosphere so pure, and to gaze at a sky so transparent, that some of those undefined longings for surroundings that have never been realized were instinctively uppermost in the mind. It is, I imagine, that vague recognition of perfection which has its effect on even superficial minds when impressed with beautiful scenery, for to what other cause can be attributed the remark one hears, that such scenes 'make one feel good'?

Heavy waves, overlapping one another in their fruitless bombardment of the smooth shelving

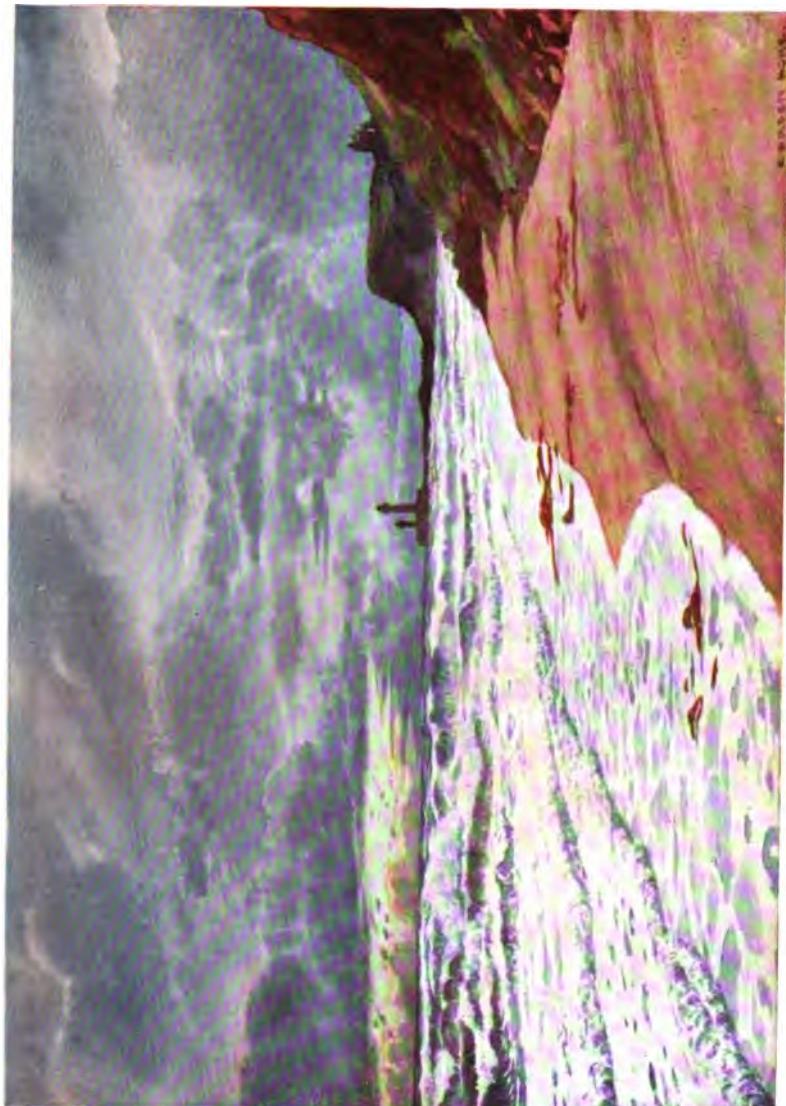
sand, are filling the air with a ceaseless thunder. The sun, shining from a sky of burnished gold, throws into silhouette the twin lighthouses at the entrance to Whitby Harbour, and turns the foaming wave-tops into a dazzling white, accentuated by the long shadows of early day. Away to the north-west is Sandsend Ness, a bold headland full of purple and blue shadows, and straight out to sea, across the white-capped waves, are two tramp steamers, making, no doubt, for South Shields or some port where a cargo of coal can be picked up. They are plunging heavily, and every moment their bows seem to go down too far to recover.

On mornings when the sea is quieter there are few who can resist the desire to plunge into the blue waters, for at seven o'clock the shore is so entirely deserted that one seems to be bathing from some primeval shore where no other forms of life may be expected than some giant crustaceans. This thought, perhaps, prompted the painful sensations I allowed to prey upon me one night when I was walking along this particular piece of shore from Whitby. I had decided to save time over the road to Sandsend by getting on to the beach at Upgang, where the lifeboat-house stands, by the entrance to a small beck. So dark



A STORMY AFTERNOON

THE entrance to Whitby Harbour, with its light-houses seen from Upgang.





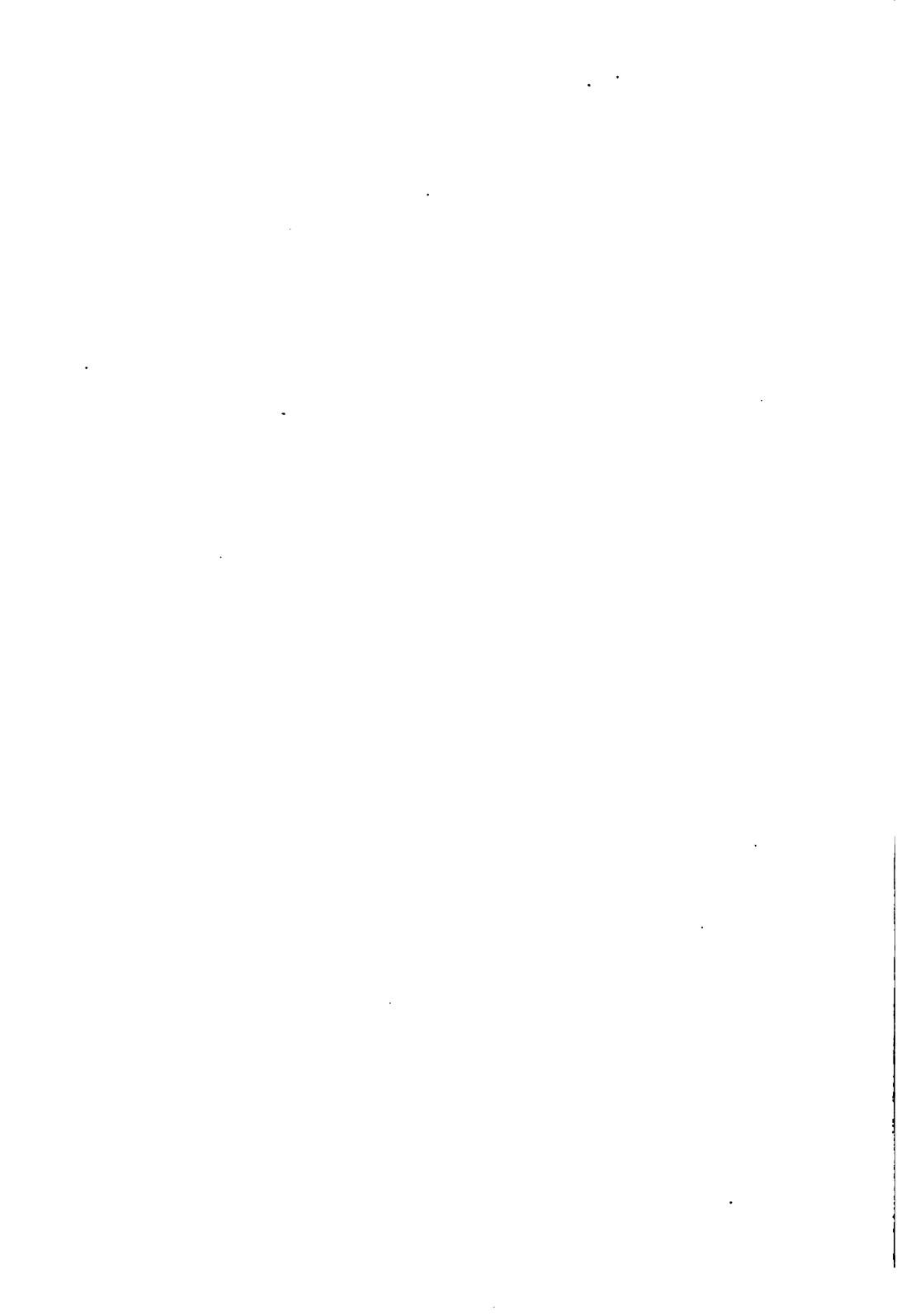
was the night that I could scarcely be sure that I had not lost my way, until I had carefully felt the walls of the boat-house. Then I stepped cautiously on to the sand, which I discovered as soon as my feet began sinking at every step.

The harbour lights of Whitby were bright enough, but in the other direction I could be sure of nothing. At first I seemed to have made a mistake as to the state of the tide, for there appeared to be a whiteness nearly up to the base of the cliffs ; but this proved to be the suffused glow from the lighthouses. Rain had been falling heavily for the last few days, and had produced so many wide streams across the sand that my knowledge of the usual ones merely hampered me. At first I began stepping carefully over large black hollows in the sand, and then a great black mark would show itself, which, offering no resistance to my stick as I drew it across its surface, I could only imagine to be caused by a flood of ink poured upon the beach by some horrible squid. My musings on whether sea-monsters did ever disport themselves on the shore under the cover of sufficiently dark nights would be broken into by discovering that I had plunged into a stream of undiscoverable dimensions, whose

existence only revealed itself by the splash of my boots. Retreating cautiously, I would take a run, and then a terrific leap into the darkness, sometimes finding myself on firm dry sand, and as frequently in the water.

I had decided that I should probably not reach Sandsend until daylight, when a red lamp near the railway-bridge shone out as a beacon, and I realized that I would soon be safe from the tentacles of sea-monsters.

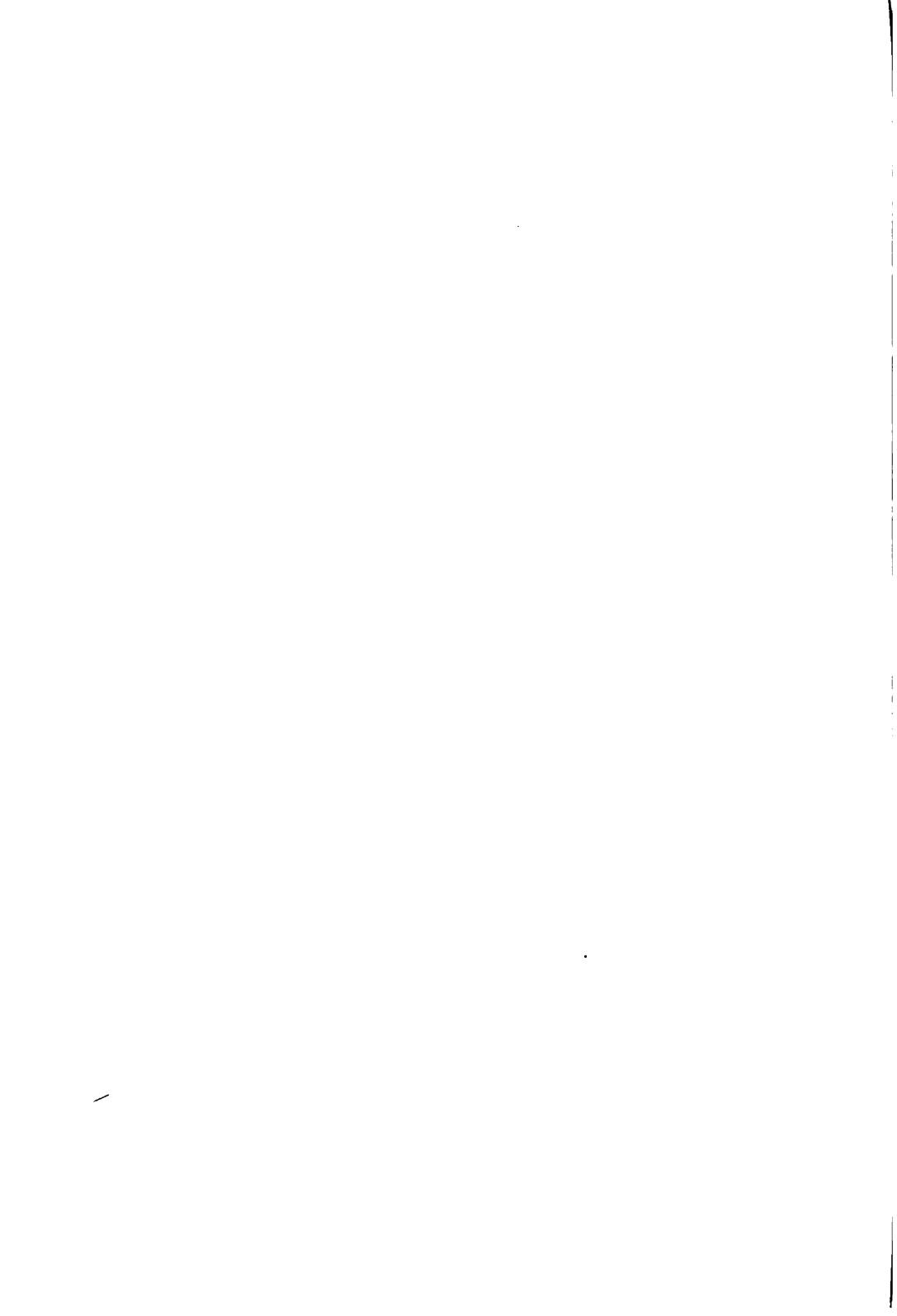
When I awoke next morning, I dashed out on to the beach, and commenced to walk rapidly in the direction of Whitby, in the hope that the tide had left some of those black stains still showing. I wanted, also, to examine some of the queer ridges I had so often stepped over, and some of the rivers I had leapt. The rivers were there wide enough in places, but nothing in the way of a ridge or any signs of those inky patches could I discern. Careful examination showed, however, that here and there the smooth shore was covered with sand of a rather reddish hue, quite unworthy of remark in daylight. The foolishness of my apprehensions seems apparent, but nevertheless I urge everyone to choose a moonlit night and a companion of some sort for traversing these three miles after sunset.



EAST ROW, SANDSEND

THIS pretty little village is three miles north of Whitby, and consists of the few cottages and the mill shown in the picture. The beck enters the sea just below the bridge. It flows down through the wild and romantic Mulgrave Woods, which at this point almost reach the sea.





The two little becks finding their outlet at East Row and Sandsend are lovely to-day ; but their beauty must have been much more apparent before the North-Eastern Railway put their black lattice girder bridges across the mouth of each valley. But now that familiarity with these bridges, which are of the same pattern across every wooded ravine up the coast-line to Redcar, has blunted my impressions, I can think of the picturesqueness of East Row without remembering the railway. It was in this glen, where Lord Normanby's lovely woods make a background for the pretty tiled cottages, the mill, and the old stone bridge, which make up East Row,* that the Saxons chose a home for their god Thor. Here they built some rude form of temple, afterwards, it seems, converted into a hermitage. This was how the spot obtained the name Thordisa, a name it retained down to 1620, when the requirements of workmen from the newly-started alum-works at Sandsend led to building operations by the side of the stream. The cottages which arose became known afterwards as East Row.

A very little way inland is the village of Dunsley,

* Since this was written one or two new houses have been allowed to mar the simplicity of the valley.—G. H.

which may have been in existence in Roman times, for Ptolemy mentions Dunus Sinus as a bay frequently used by the Romans as a landing-place. The foundations of some ancient building can easily be traced in the rough grass at the village cross-roads, now overlooked by a new stone house. But whatever surprises Dunsley may have in store for those who choose to dig in the likely places, the hamlet need not keep one long, for on either hand there is a choice of breezy moorland or the astonishing beauties of Mulgrave Woods. Before I knew this part of Yorkshire, and had merely read of the woods as a sight to be visited from Whitby, I was prepared for something at least as hackneyed as Hayburn Wyke. I was prepared for direction-boards and artificial helps to the charms of certain aspects of the streams. I certainly never anticipated that I should one day sigh for a direction-board in this forest.

It was on my second visit to the woods that I determined to find a particularly dramatic portion of one of the streams. My first ramble had been in summer. I had been with one who knew the paths well, but now it was late autumn and I was alone. I explored the paths for hours, and traversed long glades ablaze with red and gold. I peered

down through the yellow leaves to the rushing streams below, where I could see the great moss-grown boulders choking the narrow channels. But this particular spot had gone. I was almost in despair, when two labourers by great luck happened to come along one of the tracks. With their help I found the place I was searching for, and the result of the time spent there is given in one of the illustrations to this chapter. Go where you will in Yorkshire, you will find no more fascinating woodland scenery than this. From the broken walls and towers of the old Norman castle the views over the ravines on either hand—for the castle stands on a lofty promontory in a sea of foliage—are entrancing; and after seeing the astoundingly brilliant colours with which autumn paints these trees, there is a tendency to find the ordinary woodland commonplace. The narrowest and deepest gorge is hundreds of feet deep in the shale. East Row Beck drops into this cañon in the form of a waterfall at the upper end, and then almost disappears among the enormous rocks strewn along its circumscribed course. The humid, hothouse atmosphere down here encourages the growth of many of the rarer mosses, which entirely cover all but the newly-fallen rocks.

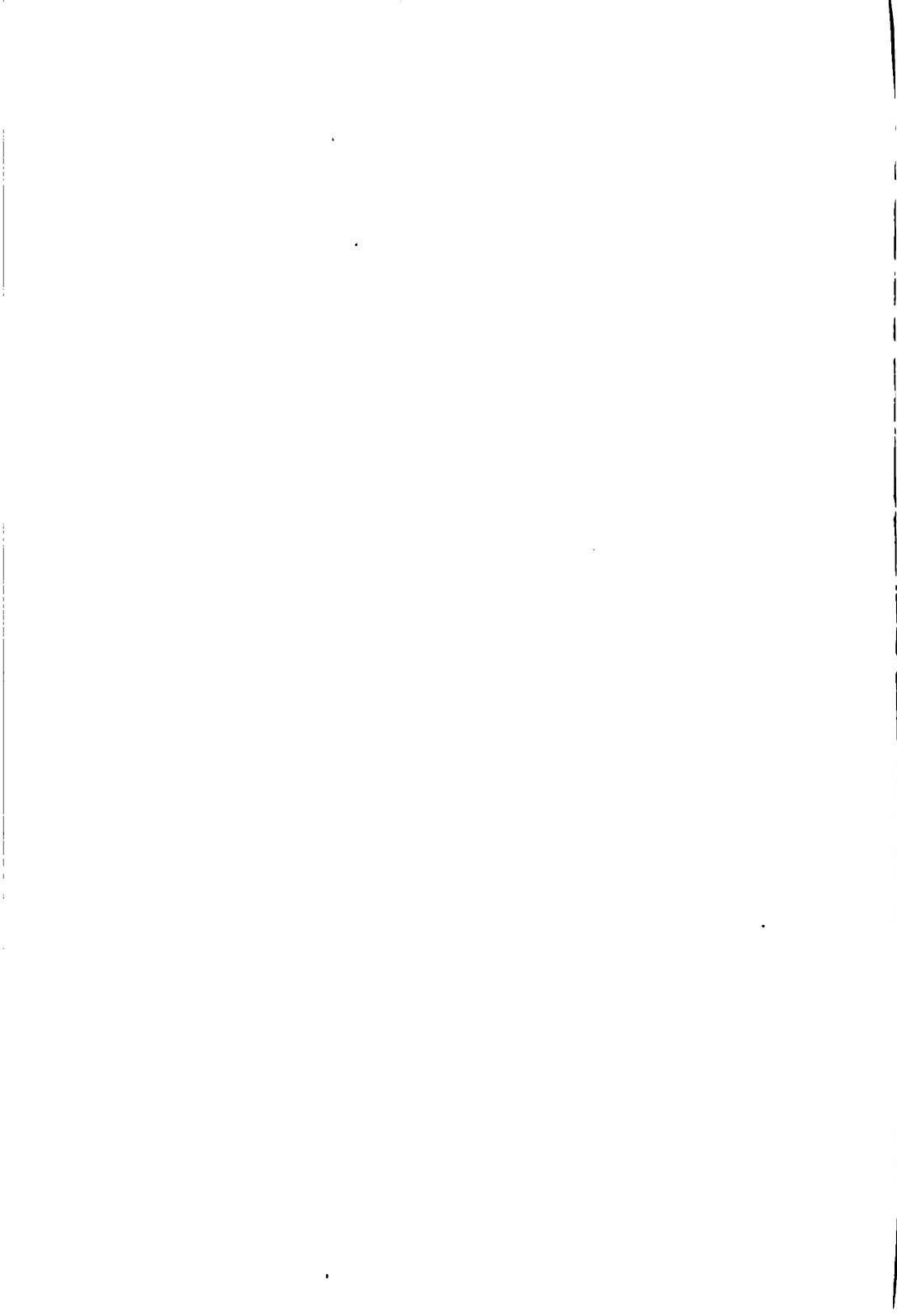
We can leave the woods by a path leading near Lord Normanby's modern castle, and come out on to the road close to Lythe Church, where a great view of sea and land is spread out towards the south. The long curving line of white marks the limits of the tide as far as the entrance to Whitby Harbour. The abbey stands out in its loneliness as of yore, and beyond it are the black-looking, precipitous cliffs ending at Saltwick Nab. Lythe Church, standing in its wind-swept graveyard full of blackened tombstones, need not keep us, for, although its much-modernized exterior is simple and ancient-looking, the interior is devoid of any interest. It is the same tale at nearly every village in this district, and to those who are able to grow enthusiastic in antiquarian matters some parts of the county are disappointing. In East Anglia and the southern counties even the smallest hamlets have often a good church, with a conspicuous tower or spire; but in how many villages in this riding do you find no church at all, as in the case of Staithes and Runswick? Many of the old churches of Yorkshire were in a state of great dilapidation at the beginning of last century, and a great effort having been initiated by the then Archbishop, a fund was instituted to help



IN MULGRAVE WOODS

LORD NORMANBY'S beautiful park loses itself on its southern side in two of the most romantic and richly-wooded gorges in this part of Yorkshire. The two streams, which take parallel courses and find their way into the sea at Sandsend, seem almost too insignificant to occupy such formidable channels, although the sound of their waters boiling among giant moss-grown boulders fills both valleys.





the various parishes to restore their buildings. It was a period when architecture was at a low ebb, and the desire to sweep away antiquity was certainly strong, for those churches not rebuilt from the ground were so hacked and renovated that their interest and picturesqueness has vanished. The churches at Pickering, Middleton, Lastingham, and Kirkdale must, however, be pointed out as priceless exceptions.

The road drops down a tremendous hill into Sandsend, where they talk of going 'up t' bonk' to Lythe Church. A little chapel of ease in the village accommodates the old and delicate folk, but the youth and the generally able-bodied of Sandsend must climb the hill every Sunday. The beck forms an island in the village, and the old stone cottages, bright with new paint and neatly-trained creepers, stand in their gardens on either side of the valley in the most picturesque fashion.

The walk along the rocky shore to Kettle ness is dangerous unless the tide is carefully watched, and the road inland through Lythe village is not particularly interesting, so that one is tempted to use the railway, which cuts right through the intervening high ground by means of two tunnels. The first one is a mile long, and

somewhere near the centre has a passage out to the cliffs, so that even if both ends of the tunnel collapsed there would be a way of escape. But this is small comfort when travelling from Kettleness, for the down gradient towards Sandsend is very steep, and in the darkness of the tunnel the train gets up a tremendous speed, bursting into the open just where a precipitous drop into the sea could be most easily accomplished.

The station at Kettleness is on the top of the huge cliffs, and to reach the shore one must climb down a zigzag path. It is a broad and solid pathway until halfway down, where it assumes the character of a goat-track, being a mere treading down of the loose shale of which the enormous cliff is formed. The sliding down of the crumbling rock constantly carries away the path, but a little spade-work soon makes the track firm again. This portion of the cliff has something of a history, for one night in 1829 the inhabitants of many of the cottages originally forming the village of Kettleness were warned of impending danger by subterranean noises. Fearing a subsidence of the cliff, they betook themselves to a small schooner lying in the bay. This wise move had not long been accomplished, when a huge section of the ground occupied by the cottages

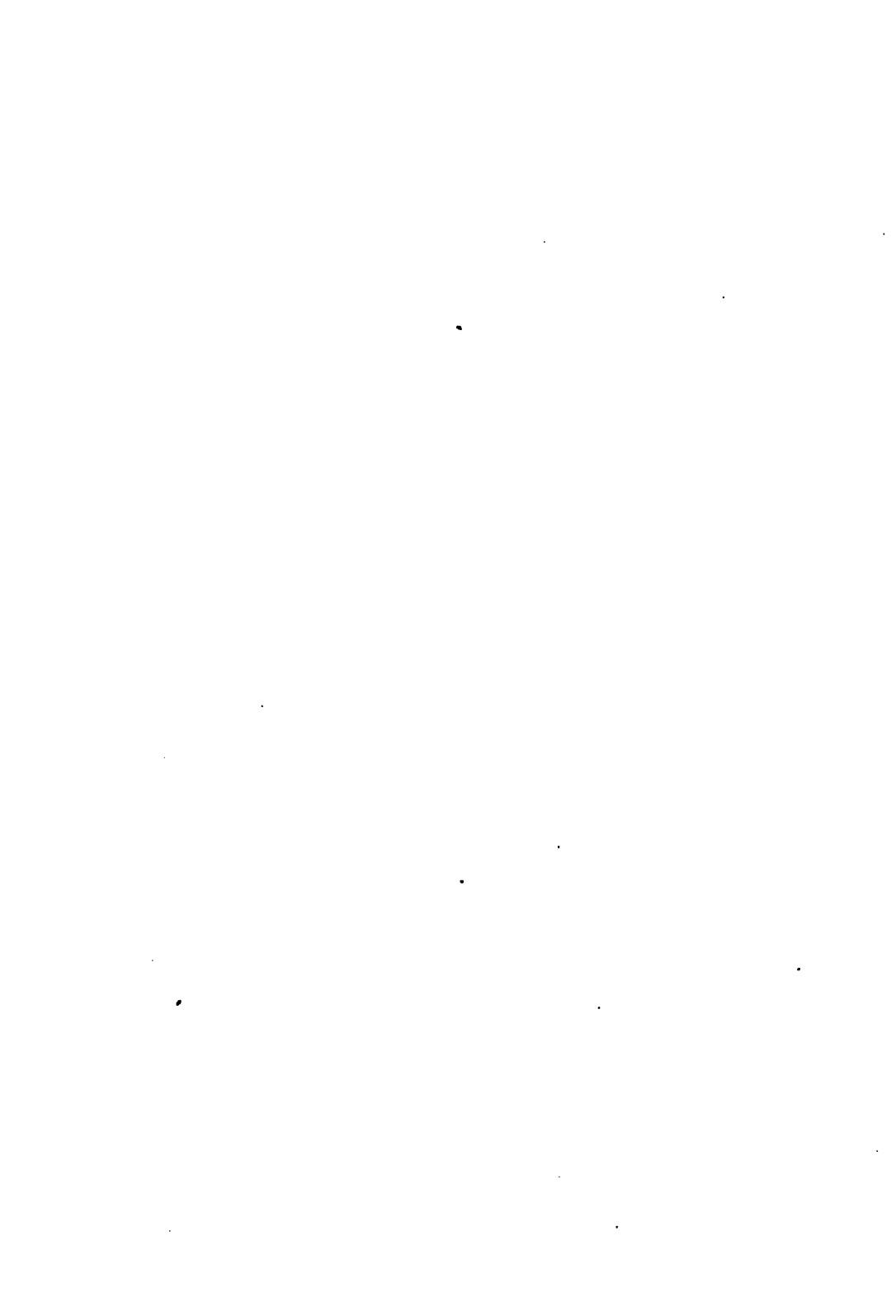
slid down the great cliff and the next morning there was little to be seen but a sloping mound of lias shale at the foot of the precipice. The villagers recovered some of their property by digging, and some pieces of broken crockery from one of the cottages are still to be seen on the shore near the ferryman's hut, where the path joins the shore.

This sandy beach, lapped by the blue waves of Runswick Bay, is one of the finest spots on the rocky coast-line of Yorkshire. A trickling waterfall drops perpendicularly down the blackish rocks from a considerable height, while above it are the towering cliffs of shale, perfectly bare in one direction, and clothed with grass and bracken in another. At the foot of the rocks a layer of jet appears a few inches above the sand.

You look northwards across the sunlit sea to the rocky heights hiding Port Mulgrave and Staithes, and on the further side of the bay you see tiny Runswick's red roofs, one above the other, on the face of the cliff. Here it is always cool and pleasant in the hottest weather, and from the broad shadows cast by the precipices above one can revel in the sunny land and sea-scapes without that fishy odour so unavoidable in the villages. When the sun is beginning to climb down the sky in the direction of

Hinderwell, and everything is bathed in a glorious golden light, the ferryman will row you across the bay to Runswick, but a scramble over the rocks on the beach will be repaid by a closer view of the now half-filled-up Hob Hole. The fisher-folk believed this cave to be the home of a kindly-disposed fairy or hob, who seems to have been one of the slow-dying inhabitants of the world of mythology implicitly believed in by the Saxons. And these beliefs died so hard in these lonely Yorkshire villages that until recent times a mother would carry her child suffering from whooping-cough along the beach to the mouth of the cave. There she would call in a loud voice, 'Hob-hole Hob! my bairn's getten t' kink cough. Tak't off, tak't off.' One can see the child's parents gazing fearfully into the black depths of the cavern, penetrating the cliff for 70 feet, and finally turning back to the village in the full belief that the hob would stay the disease.

The steep paths and flights of roughly-built steps that wind above and below the cottages are the only means of getting about in Runswick. The butcher's cart every Saturday penetrates into the centre of the village by the rough track which is all that is left of the good firm road from Hinderwell after it has climbed down the cliff. To



RUNSWICK BAY

ONE is standing halfway up the steep shale cliff of Kettleness, and looking over the waters of the curving bay to the further side, where the hamlet of Runswick can be seen clinging to the steep face of the cliff. The path on the face of the crumbling shale can be seen on the left leading down to the beach, from whence the ferry-boat plies across the bay.



this central position, close to the post-box, the householders come to buy their supply of meat for Sunday, having their purchases weighed on scales placed on the flap at the back of the cart. While the butcher is doing his thriving trade the post-man arrives to collect letters from the pillar-box. Placing a small horn to his lips, he blows a blast to warn the villagers that the post is going, and, having waited for the last letter, climbs slowly up the steep pathway to Hinderwell.

Halfway up to the top he pauses and looks over the fruit-trees and the tiles and chimney-pots below him, to the bright blue waters of the bay, with Kettleness beyond, now all pink and red in the golden light of late afternoon. This scene is more suggestive of the Mediterranean than Yorkshire, for the blueness of the sea seems almost unnatural, and the golden greens of the pretty little gardens among the houses seem perhaps a trifle theatrical; but the fisher-folk play their parts too well, and there is nothing make-believe about the delicious bread-and-butter and the newly-baked cakes which accompany the tea awaiting us in a spotlessly clean cottage close by.

The same form of disaster which destroyed Kettleness village caused the complete ruin of

Runswick in 1666, for one night, when some of the fisher-folk were holding a wake over a corpse, they had unmistakable warnings of an approaching landslip. The alarm was given, and the villagers, hurriedly leaving their cottages, saw the whole place slide downwards and become a mass of ruins. No lives were lost, but, as only one house remained standing, the poor fishermen were only saved from destitution by the sums of money collected for their relief.

Architecturally speaking, Hinderwell is a depressing village, and there is little to remember about the place except an extraordinary block of two or three shops, suitable only for a business street in a big city, but dumped right into the middle of this village of low cottages. The church is modern enough to be uninteresting, but in the graveyard St. Hilda's Well, from which the name Hinderwell is a corruption, may still be seen.

In 1608 there was a sudden and terrible outbreak of plague in the village. It only lasted from September 1 to November 10, but in that short time forty-nine people died. It seems that the infection was brought by some men from a 'Turkey ship' that had been stranded on the coast, but, strangely enough, the disease does not appear to

A SUNNY AFTERNOON AT RUNSWICK

ON such days as this the bay reminds one of Guernsey, and even suggests the Mediterranean. The warm sunlight gilds the fruit-trees which grow among the cottages, and gives the bare headland of Kettleness a brilliant ruddy hue. In the wall of the cottage on the left can be seen the post-box, where the collecting postman blows a horn to announce his arrival to the villagers.



have been carried into the other villages in the neighbourhood.

Scarcely two miles from Hinderwell is the fishing-hamlet of Staithes, wedged into the side of a deep and exceedingly picturesque beck. Here—and it is the same at Runswick—one is obliged to walk warily during the painter's season, for fear of either obstructing the view of the man behind the easel you have just passed, or out of regard for the feelings of some girls just in front. There are often no more chances of standing still in Staithes than may be enjoyed on a popular golf-links on a fine Saturday afternoon. These folk at Staithes do not disturb one with cries of 'Fore!' but with that blank Chinaman's stare which comes to anyone who paints in public.

The average artist is a being who is quite unable to recognise architectural merit. He sees everything to please him if the background of his group be sufficiently tumble-down and derelict. If this be incorrect, how could such swarms of artistic folk paint and actually lodge in Staithes? The steep road leading past the station drops down into the village, giving a glimpse of the beck crossed by its ramshackle wooden foot-bridge—the view one has been prepared for by guide-books and picture post-

cards. Lower down you enter the village street. Here the smell of fish comes out to greet you, and one would forgive the place this overflowing welcome if one were not so shocked at the dismal aspect of the houses on either side of the way. Many are of comparatively recent origin, others are quite new, and a few—a very few—are old ; but none have any architectural pretensions or any claims to picturesqueness, and only a few have the neat and respectable look one is accustomed to expect after seeing Robin Hood's Bay.

Staithes had filled me with so much pleasant expectancy that my first walk down this street of dirty, ugly houses had brought me into a querulous frame of mind, and I wondered irritably why the women should all wear lilac-coloured bonnets, when a choice of colour is not difficult as far as calico is concerned. Those women who were in mourning had dyed theirs black, and these assorted well with the colour of the stone of many of the houses.

I hurried down on to the little fish-wharf—a wooden structure facing the sea—hoping to find something more cheering in the view of the little bay, with its bold cliffs, and the busy scene where the cobles were drawn up on the shingle. Here my spirits revived, and I began to find excuses for



SUNRISE FROM STAITHES BECK

THE crazy wooden foot-bridge is the only means of crossing the stream, which comes down through a beautifully wooded valley to this quaint little fishing-hamlet.



the painters. The little wharf, in a bad state of repair, like most things in the place, was occupied by groups of stalwart fisher-folk, men and women.

The men were for the most part watching their women-folk at work. They were also to an astonishing extent mere spectators in the arduous work of hauling the cobles one by one on to the steep bank of shingle.. A tackle hooked to one of the baulks of timber forming the staith was being hauled at by five women and two men! Two others were in a listless fashion leaning their shoulders against the boat itself. With the last 'Heave-ho !' at the shortened tackle the women laid hold of the nets, and with casual male assistance laid them out on the shingle, removed any fragments of fish, and generally prepared them for stowing in the boat again.

It is evidently an accepted state of things at Staithes that the work of putting out to sea and the actual catching of the fish is sufficient for the men-folk, for the feminine population do their arduous tasks with a methodical matter-of-factness which surprises only the stranger. I was particularly struck on one occasion with the sight of a good-looking and very neatly dressed young fishwife who was engaged in that very necessary

but exceedingly unpleasant task of cutting open fish and removing the perishable portions. With unerring precision the sharp knife was plunged into each cod or haddock, and the fish was in its marketable condition in shorter time than one can write. A little boy plunged them into a pail of ruddy-looking water, and from thence into the regulation fish box or basket that finds its way to the Metropolis.

A change has come over the inhabitants of Staithes since 1846, when Mr. Ord describes the fishermen as 'exceedingly civil and courteous to strangers, and altogether free from that low, grasping knavery peculiar to the larger class of fishing-towns.' Without wishing to be unreasonably hard on Staithes, I am inclined to believe that this character is infinitely better than these folk deserve, and even when Mr. Ord wrote of the place I have reason to doubt the civility shown by them to strangers. It is, according to some who have known Staithes for a long while, less than fifty years ago that the fisher-folk were hostile to a stranger on very small provocation, and only the entirely inoffensive could expect to sojourn in the village without being a target for stones. The incursion of the artistic hordes has been a great factor

in the demoralization of the village, for who would not be mercenary when besought at all hours of the day to stand before a canvas or a camera? Thus, the harmless stranger who strays on to the staith with a camera is obliged to pay for 'an afternoon's 'baccy' if he want an opportunity to obtain more than a snapshot of a picturesque group. He may try to capture a lonely old fisherman by asking if he would mind standing still for 'just one second,' but the old fellow will move away instantly unless his demand for payment be readily complied with.

No doubt many of the superstitions of Staithes people have languished or died out in recent years, and among these may be included a particularly primitive custom when the catches of fish had been unusually small. Bad luck of this sort could only be the work of some evil influence, and to break the spell a sheep's heart had to be procured, into which many pins were stuck. The heart was then burnt in a bonfire on the beach, in the presence of the fishermen, who danced round the flames.

In happy contrast to these heathenish practices was the resolution entered into and signed by the fishermen of Staithes, in August, 1885, binding

themselves 'on no account whatever' to follow their calling on Sundays, 'nor to go out with our boats or cobbles to sea, either on the Saturday or Sunday evenings.' They also agreed to forfeit ten shillings for every offence against the resolution, and the fund accumulated in this way, and by other means, was administered for the benefit of aged couples and widows and orphans.

The men of Staithes are known up and down the east coast of Great Britain as some of the very finest types of fishermen. Their cobles, which vary in size and colour, are uniform in design and the brilliance of their paint. Brick red, emerald green, pungent blue and white, are the most favoured colours, but orange, pink, yellow, and many others, are to be seen.

Not only are fish of the present age in evidence at Staithes, but nowhere along this coast can one find better examples of those of the Jurassic period. When the tide has exposed the scur which runs out from Colburn Nab, at the mouth of the beck, one can examine masses of recently fallen rocks, the new faces of which are almost invariably covered with ammonites or clusters of fossil bivalves. The only hindrance to a close examination of these new falls from the cliffs is the serious



THREE GENERATIONS

A TYPICAL group of fishermen at Staithes. The coble is one of the regular type to be found along the Yorkshire coast.



danger of another fall occurring at the same spot. The fisher-folk are very kind in pointing out this peril to ardent geologists and those of a less scientific outlook, who merely enjoy the exercise of scrambling over great masses of rock. After having been warned that most of the face of the cliff above is 'qualified' to come down at any moment, there is a strong inclination to betake one's self to a safe distance, where, unfortunately, the wear and tear of the waves have in most cases so battered the traces of early marine life that there is little to attack with the hammer to compare with what can be seen in the new falls. The scaur also presents an interesting feature in its round ironstone nodules, half embedded in the smooth rocky floor.

Looking northwards there is a grand piece of coast scenery. The masses of Boulby Cliffs, rising 660 feet from the sea, are the highest on the Yorkshire coast. The waves break all round the rocky scaur, and fill the air with their thunder, while the strong wind blows the spray into beards which stream backwards from the incoming crests.

The upper course of Staithes Beck consists of two streams, flowing through deep, richly-wooded ravines. They follow parallel courses very close

to one another for three or four miles, but their sources extend from Lealholm Moor to Wapley Moor. Kilton Beck runs through another lovely valley densely clothed in trees, and full of the richest woodland scenery. It becomes more open in the neighbourhood of Loftus, and from thence to the sea at Skinningrove the valley is green and open to the heavens. Loftus is on the borders of the Cleveland mining district, and it is for this reason that the town has grown to a considerable size. But although the miners' new cottages are unpicturesque, and the church only dates from 1811, the situation is pretty, owing to the profusion of trees among the houses. Skinningrove has railway-sidings and branch-lines running down to it, and on the hill above the cottages stands a cluster of blast-furnaces. In daylight they are merely ugly, but at night, with tongues of flame, they speak of the potency of labour. I can still see that strange silhouette of steel cylinders and connecting girders against a blue-black sky, with silent masses of flame leaping into the heavens.

It was long before iron-ore was smelted here, before even the old alum-works had been started, that Skinningrove attained to some sort of fame through a wonderful visit, as strange as any of



**BOULBY CLIFFS FROM STAITHES
SCAUR**

AT low-tide this rocky shelf is laid bare by the waves, and thus Staithes has a natural pier far more fascinating than any of the steel cobwebs spun by men at modern watering-places. Modern sea-life clings to the rocks, showing on every face the well-preserved remains of shellfish which lived and died in the infinitely remote Jurassic ages.



those recounted by Mr. Wells. It was in the year 1535—for the event is most carefully recorded in a manuscript of the period—that some fishermen of Skinningrove caught a Sea Man. This was such an astounding fact to record that the writer of the old manuscript explains that ‘old men that would be loath to have their credyt crackt by a tale of a stale date, report confidently that . . . a *sea-man* was taken by the fishers.’ They took him up to an old disused house, and kept him there for many weeks, feeding him on raw fish, because he persistently refused the other sorts of food offered him. To the people who flocked from far and near to visit him he was very courteous, and he seems to have been particularly pleased with any ‘fayre maydes’ who visited him, for he would gaze at them with a very earnest countenance, ‘as if his phlegmaticke breaste had been touched with a sparke of love.’ The Sea Man was so well behaved that the fisher-folk began to feel sufficiently sure of his desire to live with them to cease to keep watch on his movements. ‘One day,’ we are told, ‘he prively stoale out of Doores, and ere he coulde be overtaken recovered the sea, whereinto he plunged himself; yet as one that woulde not unmanerly depart without taking of his leave, from

the mydle upwardes he raysed his shoulders often above the waves, and makinge signes of acknowledgement his good enterteinment to such as beheld him on the shore, as they interpreted yt ;—after a pretty while he dived downe and appeared no more.'

This strangely detailed account says that instead of a voice the Sea Man 'skreaked,' but this is of small interest compared to whether he had a tail or any fish-like attributes. The fact that he escaped would suggest the presence of legs, but the historian is silent on this all-important matter.

The lofty coast-line we have followed all the way from Sandsend terminates abruptly at Huntcliff Nab, the great promontory which is familiar to visitors to Saltburn. Low alluvial cliffs take the place of the rocky precipices, and the coast becomes flatter and flatter as you approach Redcar and the marshy country at the mouth of the Tees. The original Saltburn, consisting of a row of quaint fishermen's cottages, still stands entirely alone, facing the sea on the Huntcliff side of the beck, and from the wide, smooth sands there is little of modern Saltburn to be seen besides the pier. For the rectangular streets and blocks of houses have been wisely placed some distance from the edge



THE COAST AT SALTBURN

ALTHOUGH Saltburn is a very modern resort, prolific in square blocks of lodging-houses and hotels, the sea-front retains much of its primitive and pleasant character. The pier is more to the right. The alluvial cliffs gradually get lower as one goes north towards the mouth of the Tees; so that behind Redcar, which appears on the horizon, the eye can travel inland for many miles across the low-lying country.



of the grassy cliffs, leaving the sea-front quite un-spoiled. It would, perhaps, be well to own that I have never seen Saltburn during the summer season, and for this reason I may think better of the resort than if my visit had been in midsummer. It was during October. The sun was shining brightly, and a strong wind was blowing off the land. The wide, new-looking streets were spotlessly clean, and in most of them there was no sign of life at all. It was the same on the broad sweep of sands, for when I commenced a drawing on the cliffs the only living creatures I could see were two small dogs. About noon a girls' school was let loose upon the sands, and for half an hour a furious game of hockey was fought. Then I was left alone again, with the great expanse of sea, the yellow margin of sand, and the reddish-brown cliffs, all beneath the wind-swept sky.

The elaborately-laid-out gardens on the steep banks of Skelton Beck are the pride and joy of Saltburn, for they offer a pleasant contrast to the bare slopes on the Huntcliff side and the flat country towards Kirkleatham. But in this seemingly harmless retreat there used to be heard horrible groanings, and I have no evidence to satisfy me that they have altogether ceased. For

in this matter-of-fact age such a story would not be listened to, and thus those who hear the sounds may be afraid to speak of them. The groanings were heard, they say, ‘when all wyndes are whiste and the sea restes unmoved as a standing poole.’ At times they were so loud as to be heard at least six miles inland, and the fishermen feared to put out to sea, believing that the ocean was ‘as a greedy Beaste raginge for Hunger, desyers to be satisfyed with men’s carcases.’ There were also at that time certain rocks towards Huntcliff Nab, left bare at low-tide, where ‘Seales in greate Heardes like Swine’ were to be seen basking in the sun. ‘For their better scuritye,’ says the old writer, ‘they put in use a kind of military discipline, warily preparing against a soddaine surprize, for on the outermost Rocke one great Seale or more keepes sentinel, which upon the first inklinge of any danger, giveth the Alarme to the rest by throweing of Stones, or making a noise in the water, when he tumbles down from the Rocke, the rest immediately doe the like, insomuch that yt is very hard to overtake them by cunning.’

In 1842 Redcar was a mere village, though more apparent on the map than Saltburn; but, like its neighbour, it has grown into a great watering-place,

THE COAST FROM WHITBY TO REDCAR 49

having developed two piers, a long esplanade, and other features, which I am glad to leave to those for whom they were made, and betake myself to the more romantic spots so plentiful in this broad county.

CHAPTER IV

THE COAST FROM WHITBY TO SCARBOROUGH

ALTHOUGH it is only six miles as the crow flies from Whitby to Robin Hood's Bay, the exertion required to walk there along the top of the cliffs is equal to quite double that distance, for there are so many gullies to be climbed into and crawled out of that the measured distance is considerably increased. It is well to remember this, for otherwise the scenery of the last mile or two may not seem as fine as the first stages.

As soon as the abbey and the jet-sellers are left behind, you pass a farm, and come out on a great expanse of close-growing smooth turf, where the whole world seems to be made up of grass and sky. The footpath goes close to the edge of the cliff; in some places it has gone too close, and has disappeared altogether. But these diversions can be avoided without spoiling the magnificent glimpses of the rock-strewn beach nearly 200 feet below. From above Saltwick Bay there is a grand view

across the level grass to Whitby Abbey, standing out alone on the green horizon. Down below, Saltwick Nab runs out a bare black arm into the sea, which even in the calmest weather angrily foams along the windward side. Beyond the sturdy lighthouse that shows itself a dazzling white against the hot blue of the heavens commence the innumerable gullies. Each one has its trickling stream, and bushes and low trees grow to the limits of the shelter afforded by the ravines; but in the open there is nothing higher than the waving corn or the stone walls dividing the pastures—a silent testimony to the power of the north-east wind. The village of Hawsker, with its massive though modern church, can be seen across the fields towards the west, but it does not offer sufficient attractions to divert you from the cliffs, unless you have a desire to see in one or two of the fields, gateways and rubbing-posts formed of whales' jaws, suggestive of the days when Whitby carried on a thriving trade with the great cetaceans. To enjoy this magnificent coast scenery, there must be plenty of time to linger in those places where it seems impossible not to fling yourself on the long brown grass and listen to the droning of insects and the sound of the waves down below. At certain times



WHITBY ABBEY FROM THE CLIFFS

A SUNSET from this point is something to be remembered, for, when the roofless arches of the abbey are silhouetted against the sky, they attain a lonely majesty often lacking in daylight. Saltwick Nab, running into the waves by the now deserted alum-works, seems to chafe the smoothest sea into foam.

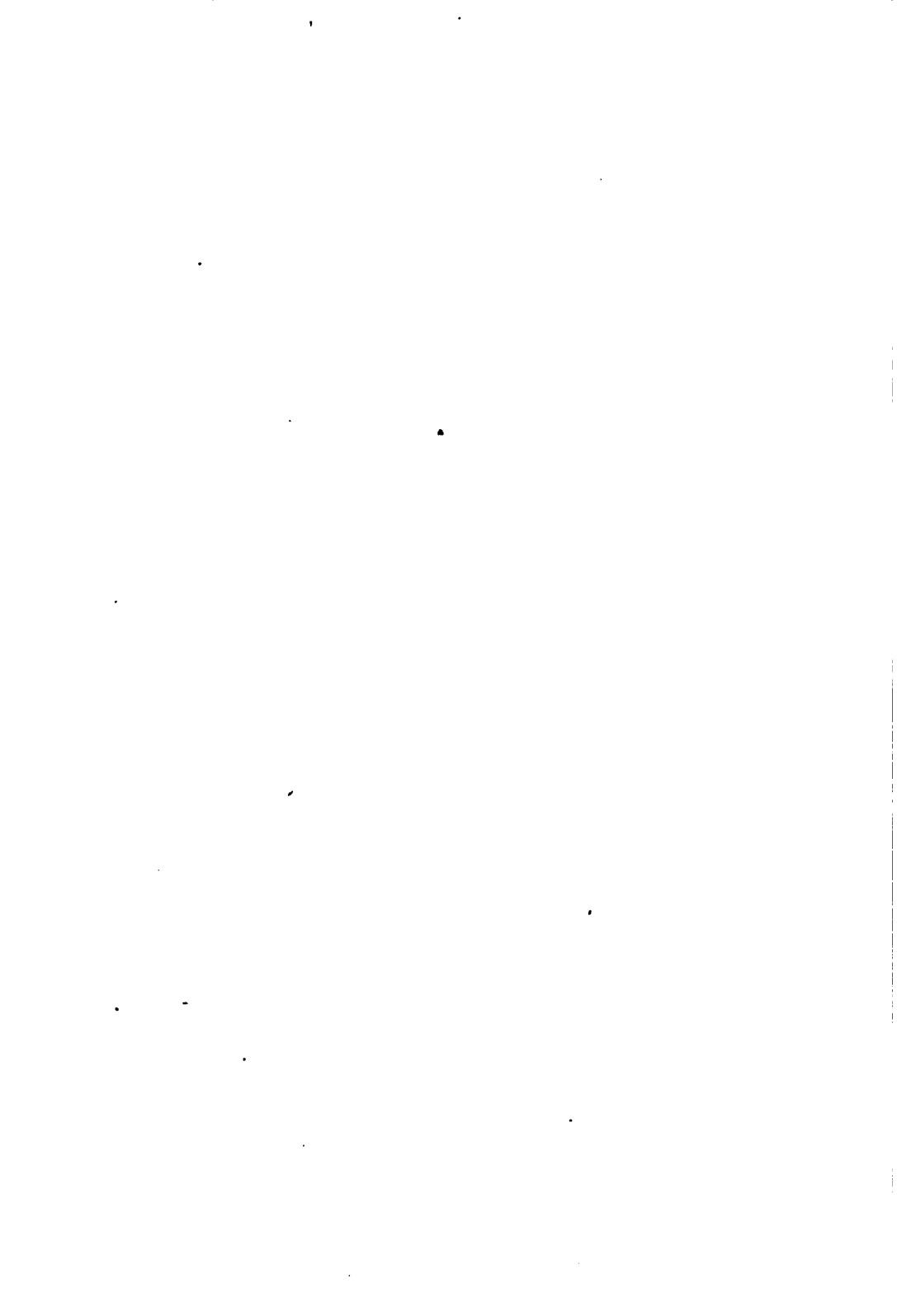


of the day the most striking colours are seen among the sunlit rocks, and the boldness of the outlines of overhanging strata and great projecting shoulders are a continual surprise.

After rounding the North Cheek, the whole of Robin Hood's Bay is suddenly laid before you. I well remember my first view of the wide sweep of sea, which lay like a blue carpet edged with white, and the high escarpments of rock that were in deep purple shade, except where the afternoon sun turned them into the brightest greens and umbers. Three miles away, but seemingly very much closer, was the bold headland of the Peak, and more inland was Stoupe Brow, with Robin Hood's Butts on the hill-top. The fable connected with the outlaw is scarcely worth repeating, but on the site of these butts urns have been dug up, and are now to be found in Scarborough Museum. The Bay Town is hidden away in a most astonishing fashion, for, until you have almost reached the two bastions which guard the way up from the beach, there is nothing to be seen of the charming old place. If you approach by the road past the railway-station it is the same, for only garishly new hotels and villas are to be seen on the high ground, and not a vestige of the fishing-town can be dis-

covered. But the road to the bay at last begins to drop down very steeply, and the first old roofs appear. The path at the side of the road develops into a very long series of steps, and in a few minutes the narrow street, flanked by very tall houses, has swallowed you up.

Everything is very clean and orderly, and, although most of the houses are very old, they are generally in a good state of repair, exhibiting in every case the seaman's love of fresh paint. Thus, the dark and worn stone walls have bright eyes in their newly-painted doors and windows. Over their doorsteps the fishermen's wives are quite fastidious, and you seldom see a mark on the ochre-coloured hearthstone with which the women love to brighten the worn stones. Even the scrapers are sleek with blacklead, and it is not easy to find a window without spotlessly clean curtains. The little coast-guard station by the opening on to the shore has difficulty in showing itself superior to the rest in these essential matters of smartness. However, the coastguards glory in a little stone pathway protected by a low wall in front of their building. On this narrow quarter-deck the men love to walk to and fro, just as though they were afloat and were limited to this space for exercise. At high-tide the sea



ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

THE little town has crept right down to the water's edge, so that the last houses form two bastion-like structures, with an opening between them for giving access to the main street. On the left is the coast-guard station. The building which formerly stood on the right was invaded one stormy night by the bowsprit of a small sailing-ship which was driven ashore at high-tide.



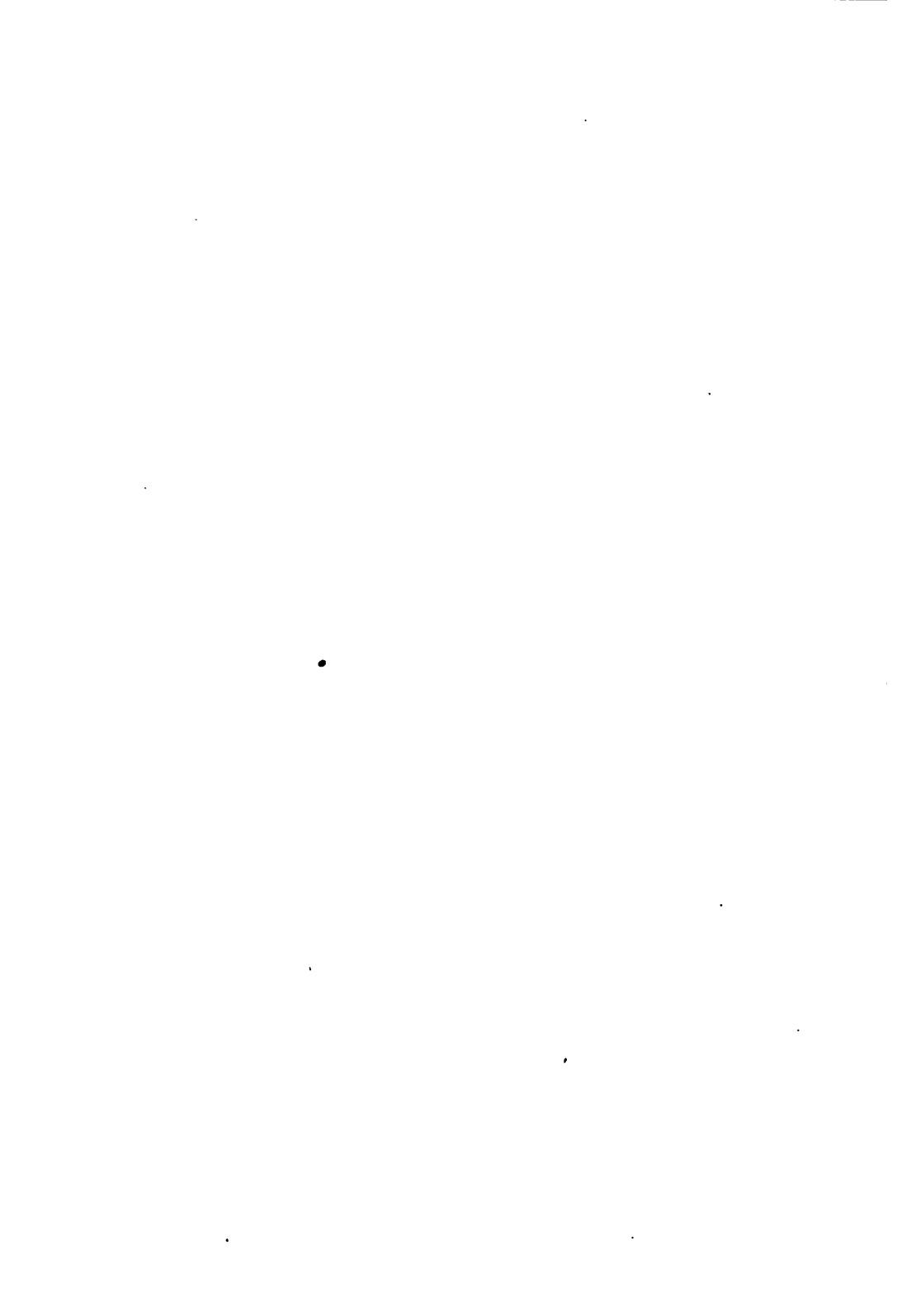


comes halfway up the steep opening between the coastguards' quarters and the inn which is built on another bastion, and in rough weather the waves break hungrily on to the strong stone walls, for the bay is entirely open to the full force of gales from the east or north-east. All the way from Scarborough to Whitby the coast offers no shelter of any sort in heavy weather, and many vessels have been lost on the rocks. On one occasion a small sailing-ship was driven right into this bay at high-tide, and the bowsprit smashed into a window of the little hotel that occupied the place of the present one.

With angry seas periodically demolishing the outermost houses, it seems almost unaccountable that the little town should have persisted in clinging so tenaciously to the high-water mark ; but there were probably two paramount reasons for this. The deep gully was to a great extent protected from the force of the winds, and, as it was soon quite brimful of houses, every inch of space was valuable ; then, smuggling was freely practised along the coast, and the more the houses were wedged together, the more opportunities for secret hiding-places would be afforded. The whole town has a consciously guilty look in its evident desire to con-

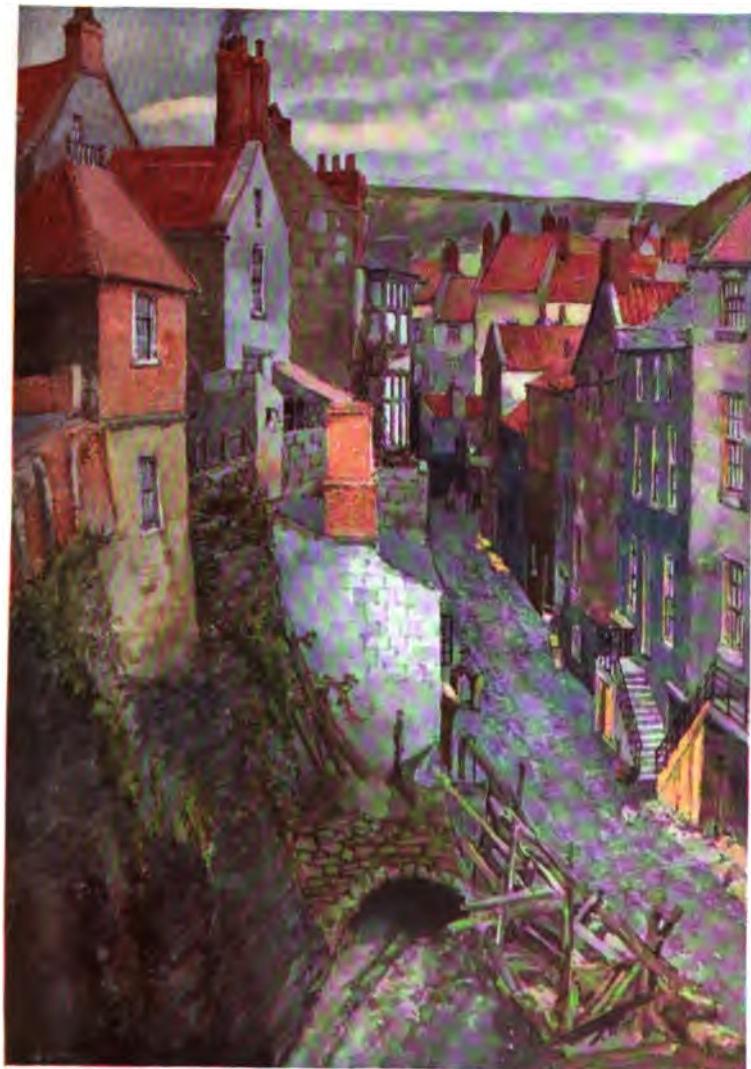
ceal itself ; and the steep narrow streets, the curious passages where it is scarcely possible for two people to pass, and the little courts which look like culs-de-sac, but have a hidden flight of steps leading down to another passage, seem to be purposely intricate and confusing. For I can imagine a revenue cutter chasing a boat into Robin Hood's Bay, and I can see the smugglers hastily landing on the beach and making for the town, followed by the Excise officers, who are as unable to trace the men as though they had been chasing rabbits in a warren. The stream that made this retreat for the fishing-town is now scarcely more than a drain when it reaches the houses, for, after passing along the foot of a great perpendicular mass of shale, it rushes into a tunnel, and only appears again on the shore.

It is strange that there should be so little information as to the associations of Robin Hood with this fishing-village. The stories of his shooting an arrow to determine where he should make his headquarters sound improbable, although his keeping one or two small ships in the bay ready for making his escape if suddenly attacked seems a rational precaution, and if only there were a little more evidence outside the local traditions to go



A STREET IN ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

THE Bay Town, as it is generally called, is crammed into the most surprisingly small compass, the houses being tall or short as their position in the rocky cleft necessitated; and they are built into and on top of one another to a greater extent than anywhere along the Yorkshire coast. Although the place seems big enough when one is among the houses, immediately you climb out on to the cliffs it seems to disappear in the most miraculous fashion.



upon, it would be pleasant to let the imagination play upon the wild life led by the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon in this then inaccessible coast region.

The railway southwards takes a curve inland, and, after winding in and out to make the best of the contour of the hills, the train finally steams very heavily and slowly into Ravenscar Station, right over the Peak and 680 feet above the sea. On the way you get glimpses of the moors inland, and grand views over the curving bay. There is a station named Fyling Hall, after Sir Hugh Cholmley's old house, halfway to Ravenscar. It was about the year 1625 that Sir Hugh to a great extent rebuilt Fyling Hall, which is still standing; but he came in with his family before the plaster on the walls was thoroughly dry, and the household seems to have suffered in health on this account. Shortly afterwards Sir Hugh lost his eldest son Richard, who was only five years old, and this great trouble decided him to move to Whitby; for in 1629 he sold Fyling Hall to Sir John Hotham, and took up his residence in the Abbey House at Whitby.

Raven Hall, the large house conspicuously perched on the heights above the Peak, is now

converted into an hotel. There is a wonderful view from the castellated terraces, which in the distance suggest the remains of some ruined fortress. At the present time there is nothing to be seen older than the house whose foundations were dug in 1774. While the building operations were in progress, however, a Roman stone, now in Whitby Museum, was unearthed. The inscription has been translated : ‘Justinian, governor of the province, and Vindician, general of the forces of Upper Britain, for the second time, with the younger provincial soldiers built this fort, the manager of public works giving his assistance.’ There is therefore ample evidence for believing that this commanding height was used by the Romans as a military post, although subsequently there were no further attempts to fortify the place, Scarborough, so much more easily defensible, being chosen instead. A rather pathetic attempt to foster the establishment of a watering-place has, however, been lately put on foot, but beyond some elaborately prepared roads and two or three isolated blocks of houses, there is fortunately little response to this artificial cultivation of a summer resort on the bare hill-top.

Following this lofty coast southwards, you reach Hayburn Wyke, where a stream drops perpen-

dicularly over some square masses of rock. After very heavy rains the waterfall attains quite a respectable size, but even under such favourable conditions the popularity of the place to a great extent spoils what might otherwise be a pleasant surprise to the rambler. The woodland paths leading down to the cove from the hotel by the station are exceedingly pretty, and in the summer it is not easy to find your way, despite the direction-boards nailed to trees here and there. But there are many wooded and mossy-pathed ravines equally pretty, where no charge is made for admittance, and where you can be away from your fellow-mortals and the silver paper they throw away from the chocolate they eat.

There is a small stone circle not far from Hayburn Wyke Station, to be found without much trouble, and those who are interested in Early Man will scarcely find a neighbourhood in this country more thickly honeycombed with tumuli and ancient earthworks. There is no particularly plain pathway through the fields to the valley where this stone circle can be seen, but it can easily be found after a careful study of the large scale Ordnance map which they will show you at the hotel ; and if there be any difficulty in locating the exact position of

the stones, the people at the neighbouring farm are exceedingly kind in giving directions. There are about fifteen monoliths making up the circle, and they are all lying flat on the ground, so that in the summer they are very much overgrown with rank grass and low bushes. This was probably the burial-place of some prehistoric chief, but no mound remains.

CHAPTER V

SCARBOROUGH

DAZZLING sunshine, a furious wind, flapping and screaming gulls, crowds of fishing-boats, and innumerable people jostling one another on the sea-front, made up the chief features of my first view of Scarborough. By degrees I discovered that behind the gulls and the brown sails were old houses, their roofs dimly red through the transparent haze, and above them appeared a great green cliff, with its uneven outline defined by the curtain walls and towers of the castle which had made Scarborough a place of importance in the Civil War and in earlier times.

The wide-curving bay was filled with huge breaking waves which looked capable of destroying everything within their reach, but they seemed harmless enough when I looked a little further out, where eight or ten gray warships were riding at their anchors, apparently motionless.

From the outer arm of the harbour, where the

seas were angrily attempting to dislodge the top row of stones, I could make out the great mass of gray buildings stretching right to the extremity of the bay.

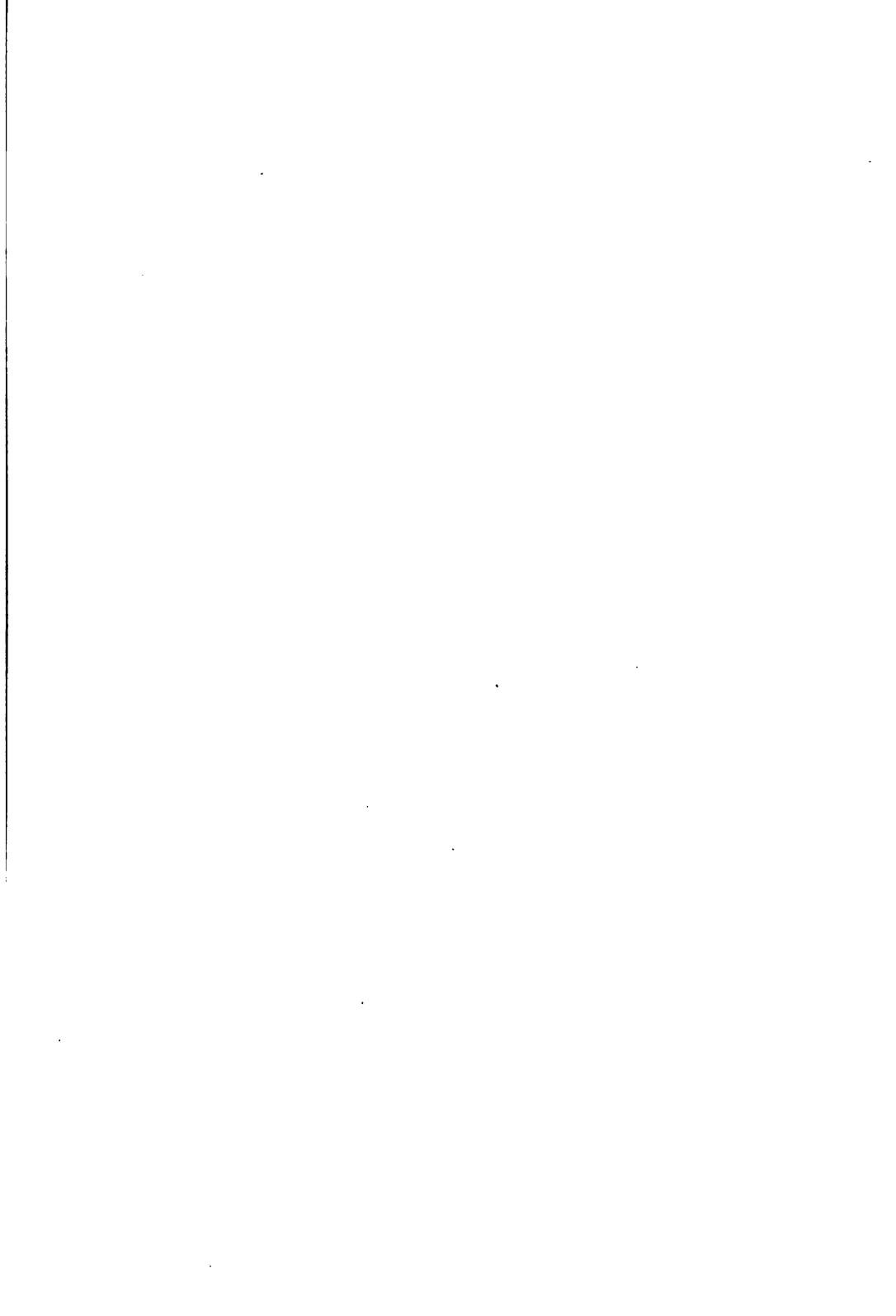
I tried to pick out individual buildings from this city-like watering-place, but, beyond discovering the position of the Spa and one or two of the mightier hotels, I could see very little, and instead fell to wondering how many landladies and how many foreign waiters the long lines of gray roofs represented. This raised so many unpleasant recollections of the various types I had encountered that I determined to go no nearer to modern Scarborough than the pier-head upon which I stood. A specially big wave, however, soon drove me from this position to a drier if more crowded spot, and, reconsidering my objections, I determined to see something of the innumerable gray streets which make up the fashionable watering-place. The terraced gardens on the steep cliffs along the sea-front were most elaborately well kept, but a more striking feature of Scarborough is the magnificence of so many of the shops. They suggest a city rather than a seaside town, and give you an idea of the magnitude of the permanent population of the place as well as the flood of summer



SCARBOROUGH HARBOUR AND CASTLE

THE view is taken from the end of the outer stone pier. To the right of the lighthouse is St. Mary's Church, whose chancel was destroyed by the castle cannon during the defence by Sir Hugh Cholmley in 1645. The dyke separating the castle from the mainland can be seen spanned by an arch.





and winter visitors. The origin of Scarborough's popularity was undoubtedly due to the chalybeate waters of the Spa, discovered in 1620, almost at the same time as those of Tunbridge Wells and Epsom.

The unmistakable signs of antiquity in the narrow streets adjoining the harbour irresistibly remind one of the days when sea-bathing had still to be popularized, when the efficacy of Scarborough's medicinal spring had not been discovered, of the days when the place bore as little resemblance to its present size or appearance as the fishing-town at Robin Hood's Bay.

We do not know that Piers Gaveston, Sir Hugh Cholmley, and other notabilities who have left their mark on the pages of Scarborough's history, might not, were they with us to-day, welcome the pierrot, the switchback, the restaurant, and other means by which pleasure-loving visitors wile away their hardly-earned holidays; but for my part the story of Scarborough's Mayor who was tossed in a blanket is far more entertaining than the songs of nigger minstrels or any of the commercial attempts to amuse.

This strangely improper procedure with one who held the highest office in the municipality took place in the reign of James II., and the King's

leanings towards Popery were the cause of all the trouble.

On April 27, 1688, a declaration for liberty of conscience was published, and by royal command the said declaration was to be read in every Protestant church in the land. Mr. Thomas Aislabie, the Mayor of Scarborough, duly received a copy of the document, and, having handed it to the clergyman, Mr. Noel Boteler, ordered him to read it in church on the following Sunday morning. There seems little doubt that the worthy Mr. Boteler at once recognised a wily move on the part of the King, who under the cover of general tolerance would foster the growth of the Roman religion until such time as the Catholics had attained sufficient power to suppress Protestantism. Mr. Mayor was therefore informed that the declaration would not be read. On Sunday morning (August 11) when the omission had been made, the Mayor left his pew, and, stick in hand, walked up the aisle, seized the minister, and caned him as he stood at his reading-desk. Scenes of such a nature did not occur every day even in 1688, and the storm of indignation and excitement among the members of the congregation did not subside so quickly as it had risen.

The cause of the poor minister was championed in particular by a certain Captain Ouseley, and the discussion of the matter on the bowling-green on the following day led to the suggestion that the Mayor should be sent for to explain his conduct. As he took no notice of a courteous message requesting his attendance, the Captain repeated the summons accompanied by a file of musketeers. In the meantime many suggestions for dealing with Mr. Aislabie in a fitting manner were doubtless made by the Captain's brother officers, and, further, some settled course of action seems to have been agreed upon, for we do not hear of any hesitation on the part of the Captain on the arrival of the Mayor, whose rage must by this time have been bordering upon apoplexy. A strong blanket was ready, and Captains Carvil, Fitzherbert, Hanmer, and Rodney, led by Captain Ouseley and assisted by as many others as could find room, seizing the sides, in a very few moments Mr. Mayor was revolving and bumping, rising and falling, as though he were no weight at all.

This public degradation was too much to be borne without substantial redress. He therefore set out at once for London to obtain satisfaction from his Sovereign. But Ouseley was wise enough

to look after his own interests in that quarter himself, and in two letters we see the upshot of the matter.

‘LONDON,
September 22, 1688.

‘. . . Captain Ouseley is said to be come to town to give reasons for tossing the mayor of Scarborough in a blanket. As part of his plea he has brought with him a collection of articles against the said mayor, and the attestations of many gentlemen of note.’

‘LONDON,
September 29, 1688.

‘The mayor of Scarborough and Captain Ouseley, who tossed the other in a blanket, were heard last night before the council: the Captain pleaded his majesty’s gracious pardon (which is in the press) and so both were dismissed.’

Aislabie was the last of the only five Mayors the town had then known, and the fact that the office had only been instituted in 1684 seems to show that what reverence had gathered round the person of the chief magistrate was not sufficient to stand in the face of such outrageous conduct as the public caning of the minister. The townsfolk decided that they had had enough of Mayors, for on November 16

in the same autumn Scarborough was once more placed under the control of two Bailiffs, as had been the case previous to 1684.

If the castle does not show many interesting buildings beyond the keep and the long line of walls and drum-towers, there is so much concerning it that is of great human interest that I should scarcely feel able to grumble if there were still fewer remains. Behind the ancient houses in Quay Street rises the steep, grassy cliff, up which one must climb by various rough pathways to the fortified summit. On the side facing the mainland, a hollow, known as the Dyke, is bridged by a tall and narrow archway, in place of the drawbridge of the seventeenth century and earlier times. On the same side is a massive gateway, looking across an open space to St. Mary's Church, which suffered so severely during the sieges of the castle. The maimed church—for the chancel has never been rebuilt—looks across the Dyke to the shattered keep, and so apparent are the results of the cannonading between them that no one requires to be told that the Parliamentary forces mounted their ordnance in the chancel and tower of the church, and it is equally apparent that the Royalists returned the fire hotly.

The great siege lasted for nearly a year, and although his garrison was small, and there was practically no hope of relief, Sir Hugh Cholmley seems to have kept a stout heart up to the end. With him throughout this long period of privation and suffering was his beautiful and courageous wife, whose comparatively early death, at the age of fifty-four, must to some extent be attributed to the strain and fatigue borne during these months of warfare. Sir Hugh seems to have almost worshipped his wife, for in his memoirs he is never weary of describing her perfections.

'She was of the middle stature of women,' he writes, 'and well shaped, yet in that not so singular as in the beauty of her face, which was but of a little model, and yet proportionable to her body ; her eyes black and full of loveliness and sweetness, her eyebrows small and even, as if drawn with a pencil, a very little, pretty, well-shaped mouth, which sometimes (especially when in a muse or study) she would draw up into an incredible little compass ; her hair a sad chestnut ; her complexion brown, but clear, with a fresh colour in her cheeks, a loveliness in her looks inexpressible ; and by her whole composure was so beautiful a sweet creature at her marriage as not many did parallel, few exceed

her, in the nation ; yet the inward endowments and perfections of her mind did exceed those outward of her body, being a most pious virtuous person, of great integrity and discerning judgment in most things.'

Her husband speaks of her ' sweet good-nature,' and of how she was always ready to be touched with other people's wants before her own. That such nobleness of character should shine out brilliantly during the siege was inevitable, and Sir Hugh tells us that, though she was of a timorous nature, she bore herself during great danger with 'a courage above her sex.' On one occasion Sir John Meldrum, the Parliamentary commander, sent proposals to Sir Hugh Cholmley, which he accompanied with savage threats, that if his terms were not immediately accepted he would make a general assault on the castle that night, and in the event of one drop of his men's blood being shed he would give orders for a general massacre of the garrison, sparing neither man nor woman.

To a man whose devotion to his beautiful wife was so great, a threat of this nature must have been a severe shock to his determination to hold out. But from his own writings we are able to picture for ourselves Sir Hugh's anxious and troubled face

lighting up on the approach of the cause of his chief concern. Lady Cholmley, without any sign of the inward misgivings or dejection which, with her gentle and shrinking nature, must have been a great struggle, came to her husband, and implored him to on no account let her peril influence his decision to the detriment of his own honour or the King's affairs.

Sir John Meldrum's proposals having been rejected, the garrison prepared itself for the furious attack commenced on May 11.

The assault was well planned, for while the Governor's attention was turned towards the gateway leading to the castle entrance, another attack was made at the southern end of the wall towards the sea, where until the year 1730 Charles's Tower stood. The bloodshed at this point was greater than at the gateway. At the head of a chosen division of troops, Sir John Meldrum climbed the almost precipitous ascent with wonderful courage, only to meet with such spirited resistance on the part of the besieged that, when the attack was abandoned, it was discovered that Meldrum had received a dangerous wound penetrating to his thigh, and that several of his officers and men had been killed. Meanwhile, at the gateway, the first

success of the assailants had been checked at the foot of the Grand Tower or Keep, for at that point the rush of drab-coated and helmeted men was received by such a shower of stones and missiles that many stumbled and were crushed on the steep pathway. Not even Cromwell's men could continue to face such a reception, and before very long the Governor could embrace his wife in the knowledge that the great attack had failed.

In between such scenes as these, when the air was filled with the shouts and yells of attackers and besieged, when the crack of the muskets and the intermittent reports of the cannon almost deafened her, Lady Cholmley was assiduously attending to the wounded and the many cases of scurvy, which was rampant among the garrison. One of her maids who shared these labours crept out of the castle one night with a view to reaching the town and escaping further drudgery and privations ; but a Roundhead sentry discovered her and sent her back to the castle, thinking that she was a spy. When the great keep was partially destroyed, Lady Cholmley was forced ' to lie in a little cabbin on the ground several months together, when she took a defluction of rhume upon one of her eyes, which troubled her ever after, and got also a touch

of the scurvy then rife in the castle, and of which it is thought she was not well after.' Who can wonder that Sir Hugh appreciated the courage of this noble lady, and I marvel still more at her fortitude when I read of the frailties her husband mentions so gently, fearing, no doubt, that without a few shadows no one would accept his picture as genuine. 'If she had taken impression of anything, it was hard to remove it with reason or argument, till she had considered of it herself; neither could she well endure adversity or crosses, though it pleased the Lord to exercise her with them, by my many troubles and the calamity of the times. She would be much troubled at evils which could neither be prevented nor remedied, and sometimes discontented without any great cause, especially in her disposition of health; for, being of a tender constitution, and spun of a fine thread, every disaster took impression on her body and mind, and would make her both sick and often inclinable to be melancholy, especially in my absence.'

At last, on July 22, 1645—his forty-fifth birthday—Sir Hugh was forced to come to an agreement with the enemy, by which he honourably surrendered the castle three days later. It was a sad procession that wound its way down the steep

pathway, littered with the débris of broken masonry : for many of Sir Hugh's officers and soldiers were in such a weak condition that they had to be carried out in sheets or helped along between two men, and the Parliamentary officer adds, rather tersely, that 'the rest were not very fit to march.' The scurvy had depleted the ranks of the defenders to such an extent that the women in the castle, despite the presence of Lady Cholmley, threatened to stone the Governor unless he capitulated.

The reduction of Scarborough Castle was considered a profound success to the side of the Parliament, 'The Moderate Intelligencer' of July 23, 1645, announcing the fact with great satisfaction, 'we heare likewise that *Scarborough* is also yeelded into our hands, Sir Hugh hath none other conditions for himself, but with his wife and children passe beyond seas. This is excellent good newes, and is a very terrible blow to the enemy.'

Three years later the castle was again besieged by the Parliamentary forces, for Colonel Matthew Boynton, the Governor, had declared for the King. The garrison held out from August to December, when terms were made with Colonel Hugh Bethell, by which the Governor, officers, gentlemen, and

soldiers, marched out with ‘their colours flying, drums beating, musquets loaden, bandoleers filled, matches lighted, and bullet in mouth, to a close called Scarborough Common,’ where they laid down their arms.

Before I leave Scarborough I must go back to early times, in order that the antiquity of the place may not be slighted owing to the omission of any reference to the town in the Domesday Book. Tosti, Count of Northumberland, who, as everyone knows, was brother of the Harold who fought at Senlac Hill, had brought about an insurrection of the Northumbrians, and having been dispossessed by his brother, he revenged himself by inviting the help of Haralld Hadrada, King of Norway. The Norseman promptly accepted the offer, and, taking with him his family and an army of warriors, sailed for the Shetlands, where Tosti joined him. The united forces then came down the east coast of Britain until they reached Scardaburgum, where they landed and prepared to fight the inhabitants. The town was then built entirely of timber, and there was, apparently, no castle of any description on the great hill, for the Norsemen, finding their opponents inclined to offer a stout resistance, tried other tactics. They gained possession of the hill,

constructed a huge fire, and when the wood was burning fiercely, flung the blazing brands down on to the wooden houses below. The fire spread from one hut to another with sufficient speed to drive out the defenders, who in the confusion which followed were slaughtered by the enemy.

This occurred in the momentous year 1066, when Harold, having defeated the Norsemen and slain Haralld Hadrada at Stamford Bridge, had to hurry southwards to meet William the Norman at Hastings. It is not surprising, therefore, that the compilers of the Conqueror's survey should have failed to record the existence of the blackened embers of what had once been a town. But such a site as the castle hill could not long remain idle in the stormy days of the Norman Kings, and William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness, recognising the natural defensibility of the rock, built the massive walls which have withstood so many assaults, and even now form the most prominent feature of Scarborough.

CHAPTER VI

WHITBY

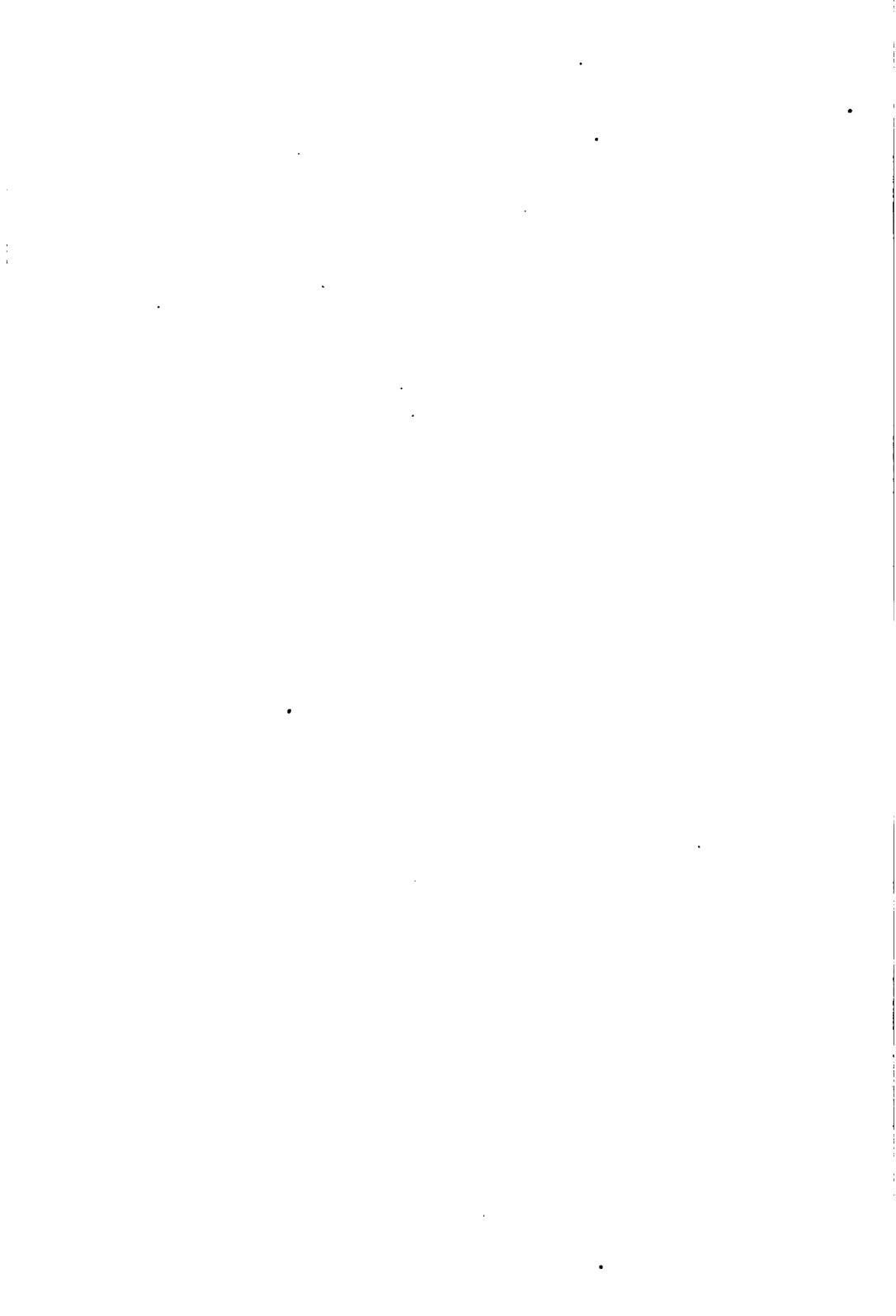
'Behold the glorious summer sea
As night's dark wings unfold,
And o'er the waters, 'neath the stars,
The harbour lights behold.'

E. Teuchemacher.

DESPITE a huge influx of summer visitors, and despite the modern town which has grown up to receive them, Whitby is still one of the most strikingly picturesque towns in England. But at the same time, if one excepts the abbey, the church, and the market-house, there are scarcely any architectural attractions in the town. The charm of the place does not lie so much in detail as in broad effects. The narrow streets have no surprises in the way of carved-oak brackets or curious panelled doorways, although narrow passages and steep flights of stone steps abound. On the other hand, the old parts of the town, when

seen from a distance, are always presenting themselves in new apparel.

In the early morning the East Cliff generally appears merely as a pale gray silhouette with a square projection representing the church, and a fretted one the abbey. But as the sun climbs upwards, colour and definition grow out of the haze of smoke and shadows, and the roofs assume their ruddy tones. At mid-day, when the sunlight pours down upon the medley of houses clustered along the face of the cliff, the scene is brilliantly coloured. The predominant note is the red of the chimneys and roofs and stray patches of brickwork, but the walls that go down to the water's edge are green below and full of rich browns above, and in many places the sides of the cottages are coloured with an ochre wash, while above them all the top of the cliff appears covered with grass. On a clear day, when detached clouds are passing across the sun, the houses are sometimes lit up in the strangest fashion, their quaint outlines being suddenly thrown out from the cliff by a broad patch of shadow upon the grass and rocks behind. But there is scarcely a chimney in this old part of Whitby that does not contribute to the mist of blue-gray smoke that slowly drifts up the face of the cliff, and thus,



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS IN WHITBY HARBOUR

THE town-hall, in Church Street, occupies the centre of the picture. On the top of the cliff the abbey can be seen peeping over the long red roofs of the old home of the Cholmleys.



when there is no bright sunshine, colour and detail are subdued in the haze.

In many towns whose antiquity and picturesqueness are more popular than the attractions of Whitby, the railway deposits one in some distressingly ugly modern excrescence, from which it may even be necessary for a stranger to ask his way to the old-world features he has come to see. But at Whitby the railway, without doing any harm to the appearance of the town, at once gives a visitor as typical a scene of fishing-life as he will ever find. When the tide is up and the wharves are crowded with boats, this upper portion of Whitby Harbour is at its best, and to step from the railway compartment entered at King's Cross into this busy scene is an experience to be remembered.

In the deepening twilight of a clear evening the harbour gathers to itself the additional charm of mysterious indefiniteness, and among the long-drawn-out reflections appear sinuous lines of yellow light beneath the lamps by the bridge. Looking towards the ocean from the outer harbour, one sees the massive arms which Whitby has thrust into the waves, holding aloft the steady lights that

‘ Safely guide the mighty ships
Into the harbour bay.’

If we keep to the waterside, modern Whitby has no terrors for us. It is out of sight, and might therefore have never existed. But when we have crossed the bridge, and passed along the narrow thoroughfare known as Church Street to the steps leading up the face of the cliff, we must prepare ourselves for a new aspect of the town. There, upon the top of the West Cliff, stand rows of sad-looking and dun-coloured lodging-houses, relieved by the aggressive bulk of a huge hotel, with corner turrets, that frowns savagely at the unfinished crescent, where there are many apartments with 'rooms facing the sea.' The only redeeming feature of this modern side of Whitby is the circumscribed area it occupies, so that the view from the top of the 199 steps we have climbed is not altogether vitiated. A distinctive feature of the west side of the river has been lost in the sails of the Union Mill, which were taken down some years ago, and the solid brick building where many of the Whitby people, by the excellent method of co-operation, obtained their flour at reduced prices is now the headquarters of some volunteers.

The town seems to have no idea of re-erecting the sails of the windmill, and as I have so far heard of no scheme for demolishing the unpleasant-look-

ing houses on the West Cliff, we will shut our eyes to these shortcomings, and admit that the task is not difficult in the presence of such a superb view over Whitby's glorious surroundings. We look over the chimney-stacks of the topmost houses, and see the silver Esk winding placidly in the deep channel it has carved for itself ; and further away we see the far-off moorland heights, brown and blue, where the sources of the broad river down below are fed by the united efforts of innumerable tiny streams deep in the heather. Behind us stands the massive-looking parish church, with its Norman tower, so sturdily built that its height seems scarcely greater than its breadth. There is surely no other church with such a ponderous exterior that is so completely deceptive as to its internal aspect, for St. Mary's contains the most remarkable series of beehive-like galleries that were ever crammed into a parish church. They are not merely very wide and ill-arranged, but they are superposed one above the other. The free use of white paint all over the sloping tiers of pews has prevented the interior from being as dark as it would have otherwise been, but the result of all this painted deal has been to give the building the most eccentric and indecorous appearance. Still, there are few who will fail to

thank the good folks of Whitby for preserving an ecclesiastical curiosity of such an unusual nature. The box-pews on the floor of the church are separated by very narrow gangways—we cannot call them aisles—and the gallery across the chancel arch is particularly noticeable for the twisted wooden columns supporting it. Various pews in the transepts and elsewhere have been reserved for many generations for the use of people from outlying villages, such as Aislaby, Ugglebarnby, and Hawskecum-Stainsacre, and it was this necessity for accommodating a very large congregation that taxed the ingenuity of the churchwardens, and resulted in the strange interior existing to-day.

The early history of Whitby from the time of the landing of Roman soldiers in Dunsley Bay seems to be very closely associated with the abbey founded by Hilda about two years after the battle of Winwidfield, fought on November 15, A.D. 654; but I will not venture to state an opinion here as to whether there was any town at Streoneshalh before the building of the abbey, or whether the place that has since become known as Whitby grew on account of the presence of the abbey. Such matters as these have been fought out by an expert in the archaeology of Cleveland—the late Canon Atkinson,



THE RED ROOFS OF WHITBY

looking across the harbour towards the East Cliff, with its clustered houses dominated by the sturdy old parish church. The 199 steps by which you climb the steep ascent can be partially seen, leading up diagonally towards the Caedmon memorial cross in the churchyard.



who seemed to take infinite pleasure in demolishing the elaborately constructed theories of those pains-taking historians of the eighteenth century, Dr. Young and Mr. Lionel Charlton.

Many facts, however, which throw light on the early days of the abbey are now unassailable. We see that Hilda must have been a most remarkable woman for her times, instilling into those around her a passion for learning as well as right-living, for despite the fact that they worked and prayed in rude wooden buildings, with walls formed, most probably, of split tree-trunks, after the fashion of the church at Greenstead in Essex, we find the institution producing, among others, such men as Bosa and John, both Archbishops of York, and such a poet as Cædmon. The legend of his inspiration, however, may be placed beside the story of how the saintly Abbess turned the snakes into the fossil ammonites with which the liassic shores of Whitby are strewn. Hilda, who probably died in the year 680, was succeeded by Ælfleda, the daughter of King Oswiu of Northumbria, whom she had trained in the abbey, and there seems little doubt that her pupil carried on successfully the beneficent work of the foundress.

Ælfleda had the support of her mother's presence

as well as the wise counsels of Bishop Trumwine, who had taken refuge at Streoneshalh, after having been driven from his own sphere of work by the depredations of the Picts and Scots. We then learn that *Ælfleda* died at the age of fifty-nine, but from that year—probably 718—a complete silence falls upon the work of the abbey ; for if any records were made during the next century and a half, they have been totally lost. About the year 867 the Danes reached this part of Yorkshire, and we know that they laid waste the abbey, and most probably the town also ; but the invaders gradually started new settlements, or ‘bys,’ and Whitby must certainly have grown into a place of some size by the time of Edward the Confessor, for just previous to the Norman invasion it was assessed for Dane-geld to the extent of a sum equivalent to £8,500 at the present time.

After the Conquest a monk named Reinfrid succeeded in reviving a monastery on the site of the old one, having probably gained the permission of William de Percy, the lord of the district. The new establishment, however, was for monks only, and was for some time merely a priory.

The form of the successive buildings from the time of Hilda until the building of the stately abbey

church, whose ruins are now to be seen, is a subject of great interest, but, unfortunately, there are few facts to go upon. The very first church was, as I have already suggested, a building of rude construction, scarcely better than the humble dwellings of the monks and nuns. The timber walls were most probably thatched, and the windows would be of small lattice or boards pierced with small holes. Gradually the improvements brought about would have led to the use of stone for the walls, and the buildings destroyed by the Danes probably resembled such examples of Anglo-Saxon work as may still be seen in the churches of Bradford-on-Avon and Monkwearmouth.

The buildings erected by Reinfrid under the Norman influence then prevailing in England must have been a slight advance upon the destroyed fabric, and we know that during the time of his successor, Serlo de Percy, there was a certain Godfrey in charge of the building operations, and there is every reason to believe that he completed the church during the fifty years of prosperity the monastery passed through at that time. But this was not the structure which survived, for towards the end of Stephen's reign, or during that of Henry II., the unfortunate convent was devas-

tated by the King of Norway, who entered the harbour, and, in the words of the chronicle, ‘laid waste everything, both within doors and without.’ The abbey slowly recovered from this disaster, and if any church were built on the ruins between 1160 and the reconstruction commenced in 1220, there is no part of it surviving to-day in the beautiful ruin that still makes a conspicuous landmark from the sea.

It was after the Dissolution that the abbey buildings came into the hands of Sir Richard Cholmley, who paid over to Henry VIII. the sum of £888 8s. 4d. The manors of Eskdaleside and Ugglebarnby, with all ‘their rights, members and appurtenances as they formerly had belonged to the abbey of Whitby,’ henceforward belonged to Sir Richard and his successors. Sir Hugh Cholmley, whose defence of Scarborough Castle has made him a name in history, was born on July 22, 1600, at Roxby, near Pickering. He has been justly called ‘the father of Whitby,’ and it is to him we owe a fascinating account of his life at Whitby in Stuart and Jacobean times. He describes how he lived for some time in the gate-house of the abbey buildings, ‘till my house was repaired and habitable, which then was very ruinous and all unhandsome,

the wall being only of timber and plaster, and ill-contrived within: and besides the repairs, or rather re-edifying the house, I built the stable and barn, I heightened the outwalls of the court double to what they were, and made all the wall round about the paddock; so that the place hath been improved very much, both for beauty and profit, by me more than all my ancestors, for there was not a tree about the house but was set in my time, and almost by my own hand. The Court levels, which laid upon a hanging ground, unhandsomely, very ill-watered, having only the low well, which is in the Almsers-close, which I covered; and also discovered, and erected, the other adjoining conduit, and the well in the courtyard from whence I conveyed by leaden pipes water into the house, brewhouse, and washhouse.'

In the spring of 1686 the reconstruction of the abbey house was finished, and Sir Hugh moved in with his family. 'My dear wife,' he says, '(who was excellent at dressing and making all handsome within doors) had put it into a fine posture, and furnished with many good things, so that, I believe, there were few gentlemen in the country, of my rank, exceeded it. . . . I was at this time made Deputy-lieutenant and Colonel over the Train-bands

within the hundred of Whitby Strand, Ryedale, Pickering, Lythe and Scarborough town ; for that, my father being dead, the country looked upon me as the chief of my family.'

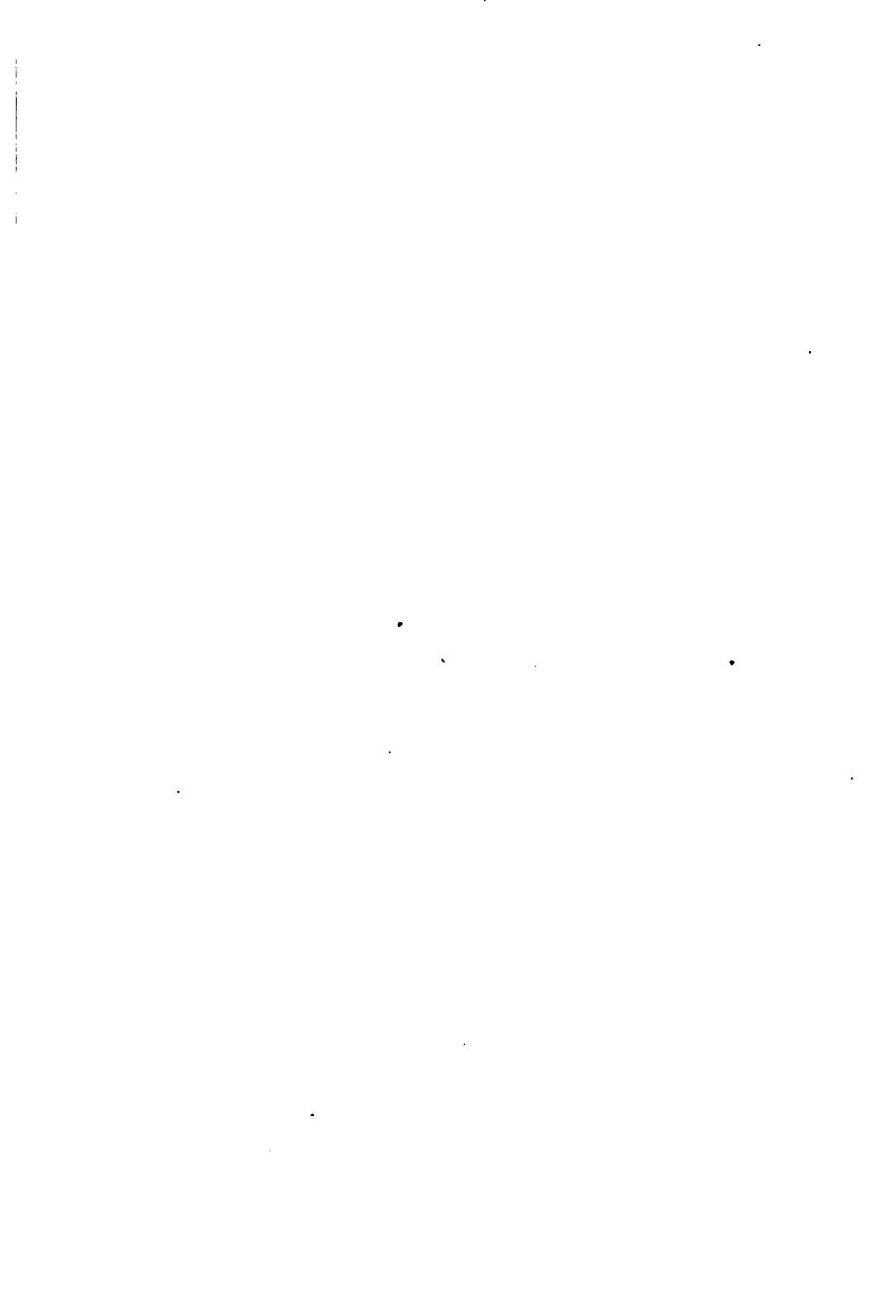
Sir Hugh had been somewhat addicted to gambling in his younger days, and had made a few debts of his own before he undertook to deal with his father's heavy liabilities, and in the early years of his married life he had been very much taken up with the difficult and arduous work of paying off the amounts due to the clamorous creditors. During this process he had been forced to live very quietly, and had incidentally sifted out his real friends from among his relations and acquaintances. Thus, it is with pardonable pride that he says : 'Having mastered my debts, I did not only appear at all public meetings in a very gentlemanly equipage, but lived in as handsome and plentiful fashion at home as any gentleman in all the country, of my rank. I had between thirty and forty in my ordinary family, a chaplain who said prayers every morning at six, and again before dinner and supper, a porter who merely attended the gates, which were ever shut up before dinner, when the bell rung to prayers, and not opened till one o'clock, except for some strangers who came to dinner, which was ever

fit to receive three or four besides my family, without any trouble ; and whatever their fare was, they were sure to have a hearty welcome. Twice a week, a certain number of old people, widows and indigent persons, were served at my gates with bread and good pottage made of beef, which I mention that those which succeed may follow the example.' Not content with merely benefiting the aged folk of his town, Sir Hugh took great pains to extend the piers, and in 1632 went to London to petition the ' Council-table ' to allow a general contribution for this purpose throughout the country. As a result of his efforts, ' all that part of the pier to the west end of the harbour ' was erected, and yet he complains that, though it was the means of preserving a large section of the town from the sea, the townsfolk would not interest themselves in the repairs necessitated by force of the waves. ' I wish, with all my heart,' he exclaims, ' the next generation may have more public spirit.'

Sir Hugh Cholmley also built a market-house for the town, and removed the bridge to its present position. Owing to rebuilding, neither of these actual works remains with us to-day, but their influence on the progress of Whitby must have been considerable.

On a June morning in the year after Sir Hugh had settled down so handsomely in his refurbished house, two Dutch men-of-war chased into the harbour ‘a small pickroon belonging to the King of Spain.’ The Hollanders had 400 men in one ship and 200 in the other, but the Spaniard had only thirty men and two small guns. The Holland ships proceeded to anchor outside the harbour, and, lowering their longboats, sent ashore forty men, all armed with pistols. But the Spaniards had been on the alert, and having warped their vessel to a safer position above the bridge, they placed their two guns on the deck, and every man prepared himself to defend the ship.

‘I, having notice of this,’ writes Sir Hugh, ‘fearing they might do here the like affront as they did at Scarborough, where they landed one hundred men, and took a ship belonging to the King of Spain out of the harbour, sent for the Holland Captains, and ordered them not to offer any act of hostility; for that the Spaniard was the King’s friend, and to have protection in his ports. After some expostulations, they promised not to meddle with the Dunkirker [Spaniard] if he offered no injury to them; which I gave him strict charge against, and to trust to the King’s protection.



EVENING AT WHITBY

THE view looking north-west from the church steps.
Beyond the west cliff one sees the rocky coast north
of Sandsend.



These Holland Captains leaving me, and going into the town, sent for the Dunkirk Captain to dine with them, and soon after took occasion to quarrel with him, at the same time ordered their men to fall on the Dunkirk ship, which they soon surprised, the Captain and most of the men being absent. I being in my courtyard, and hearing some pistols discharged, and being told the Dunkirker and Hollanders were at odds, made haste unto the town, having only a cane in my hand, and one that followed me without any weapon, thinking my presence would pacify all differences. When I came to the river-side, on the sand between the coal-yard and the bridge, I found the Holland Captain with a pistol in his hand, calling to his men, then in the Dunkirk ship, to send a boat for him. I gave him good words, and held him in treaty until I got near him, and then, giving a leap on him, caught hold of his pistol, which I became master of; yet not without some hazard from the ship, for one from thence levelled a musket at me; but I espying it, turned the Captain between me and him, which prevented his shooting.'

When Sir Hugh had secured the Captain, he sent a boatload of men to retake the ship, and as soon as the Hollanders saw it approaching, they

fled to their own vessels outside the harbour. In the afternoon Sir Hugh intercepted a letter to his prisoner, telling him to be of good cheer, for at midnight they would land 200 men and bring him away. This was a serious matter, and Sir Hugh sent to Sir John Hotham, the High Sheriff of the county, who at once came from Fyling, and summoned all the adjacent train-bands. There were about 200 men on guard all through the night, and evidently the Hollanders had observed the activity on shore, for they made no attack. The ships continued to hover outside the harbour for two or three days, until Sir Hugh sent the Captain to York. He was afterwards taken to London, where he remained a prisoner, after the fashion of those times, for nearly two years.

It was after the troublous times of the Civil War that Sir Hugh re-established himself at Whitby, and opened a new era of prosperity for himself and the townsfolk in the alum-works at Saltwick Nab.

CHAPTER VII

THE CLEVELAND HILLS

ON their northern and western flanks the Cleveland Hills have a most imposing and mountainous aspect, although their greatest altitudes do not aspire to more than about 1,500 feet. But they rise so suddenly to their full height out of the flat sea of green country that they often appear as a coast defended by a bold range of mountains. Roseberry Topping stands out in grim isolation, on its masses of alum rock, like a huge seaworn crag, considerably over 1,000 feet high. But this strangely menacing peak raises its defiant head over nothing but broad meadows, arable land, and woodlands, and his only warfare is with the lower strata of storm-clouds, which is a convenient thing for the people who live in these parts ; for long ago they used the peak as a sign of approaching storms, having reduced the warning to the easily-remembered couplet :

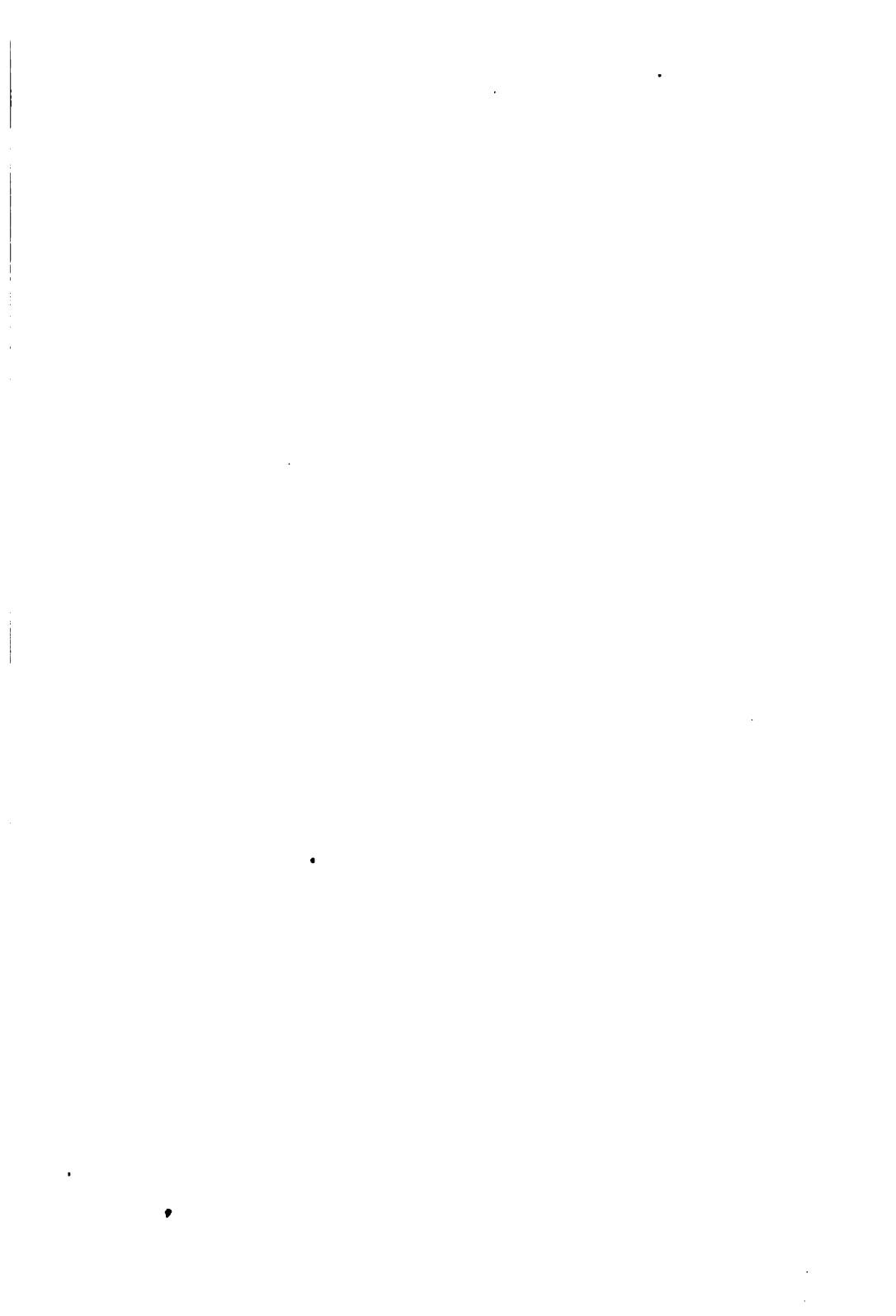
**'When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
Let Cleveland then beware of a clap.'**

In a similar manner the Scarborough folk used Oliver's Mount, the isolated hill at the back of the town, as a ready-made barometer, for they knew that

'When Oliver's Mount puts on his hat,
Scarborough town will pay for that.'

It is difficult to decide on the correct spelling of Roseberry Topping, as it is often spelt in the same way as the earldom, and as frequently in old writings it appears as 'Rosebury.' Camden, who wrote in Tudor times, called it Ounsberry Topping, which certainly does not help matters.

From the fact that you can see this remarkable peak from almost every point of the compass except south-westwards, it must follow that from the top of the hill there are views in all those directions. But to see so much of the country at once comes as a surprise to everyone. Stretching inland towards the backbone of England, there is spread out a huge tract of smiling country, covered with a most complex network of hedges, which gradually melt away into the indefinite blue edge of the world where the hills of Wensleydale rise from the plain. Looking across the little town of Guisborough, lying near the shelter of the hills, to the broad sweep of the North



**THE CLEVELAND HILLS FROM ABOVE
KILDALE**

THIS is part of the enormous view one has from the summit of Roseberry Topping. The obelisk to Captain Cook is a wonderful landmark for great distances over the moors. From this point of view, also, the level cultivated country has much the appearance of a green sea washing a mountainous coast.



Sea, this piece of Yorkshire seems so small that one almost expects to see the Cheviots away in the north. But, beyond the winding Tees and the drifting smoke of the great manufacturing towns on its banks, one must be content with the county of Durham, a huge section of which is plainly visible. Turning towards the brown moorlands, the cultivation is exchanged for ridge beyond ridge of total desolation—a huge tract of land in this crowded England where the population for many square miles at a time consists of the inmates of a lonely farm or two in the circumscribed cultivated areas of the dales.

Eight or nine hundred years ago these valleys were choked up with forests. The Early British inhabitants were more inclined to the hill-tops than the hollows, if the innumerable indications of their settlements be any guide, and there is every reason for believing that many of the hollows in the folds of the heathery moorlands were rarely visited by man. Thus, the suggestion has been made that a few of the last representatives of now extinct monsters may have survived in these wild retreats, for how otherwise do we find persistent stories in these parts of Yorkshire, handed down we cannot tell how many centuries, of strange creatures

described as ‘worms’? At Loftus they show you the spot where a ‘grisly worm’ had its lair, and in many places there are traditions of strange long-bodied dragons who were slain by various valiant men.

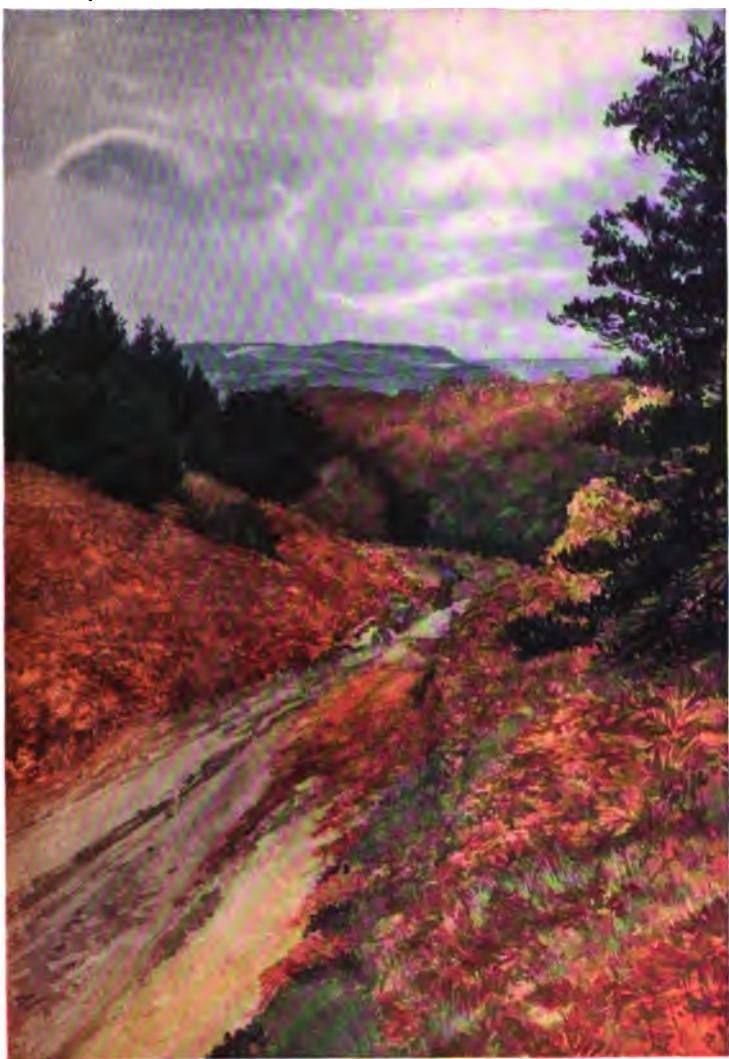
When we remember that the last wolf was killed in Scotland in the seventeenth century, that Africa is still adding to the list of living animals, and that the caves at Kirkdale, near Kirby Moorside, revealed the bones of elephants, tigers, hyenas, and rhinoceroses, in an excellent state of preservation, though they were all broken, we are inclined to believe that these strange stories may have had some basis of fact.

On Easby Moor, a few miles to the south of Roseberry Topping, the tall column to the memory of Captain Cook stands like a lighthouse on this inland coast-line. The lofty position it occupies among these brown and purply-green heights makes the monument visible over a great tract of the sailor’s native Cleveland. The people who live in Marton, the village of his birthplace, can see the memorial of their hero’s fame, and the country lads of to-day are constantly reminded of the success which attended the industry and perseverance of a humble Marton boy.



HUTTON WOODS, NEAR GUISBOROUGH

THIS view includes a little of several types of scenery. In the foreground is the lower edge of the moor, sufficiently protected to allow the bracken to overcome the ling. Beyond are the deep woods of Hutton; further away is the cultivated land by Up-leatham; and beyond all is the sea. The colours here in autumn are quite gorgeous.



The cottage where James Cook was born in 1728 has gone, but the field in which it stood is called Cook's Garth. The shop at Staithes, generally spoken of as a 'huckster's,' where Cook was apprenticed as a boy, has also disappeared ; but, unfortunately, that unpleasant story of his having taken a shilling from his master's till, when the attractions of the sea proved too much for him to resist, persistently clings to all accounts of his early life. There seems no evidence to convict him of this theft, but there are equally no facts by which to clear him. But if we put into the balance his subsequent term of employment at Whitby, the excellent character he gained when he went to sea, and Professor J. K. Laughton's statement that he left Staithes 'after some disagreement with his master,' there seems every reason to believe that the story is untrue. If it were otherwise, the towering monument on Easby Moor would be a questionable inspiration to posterity.

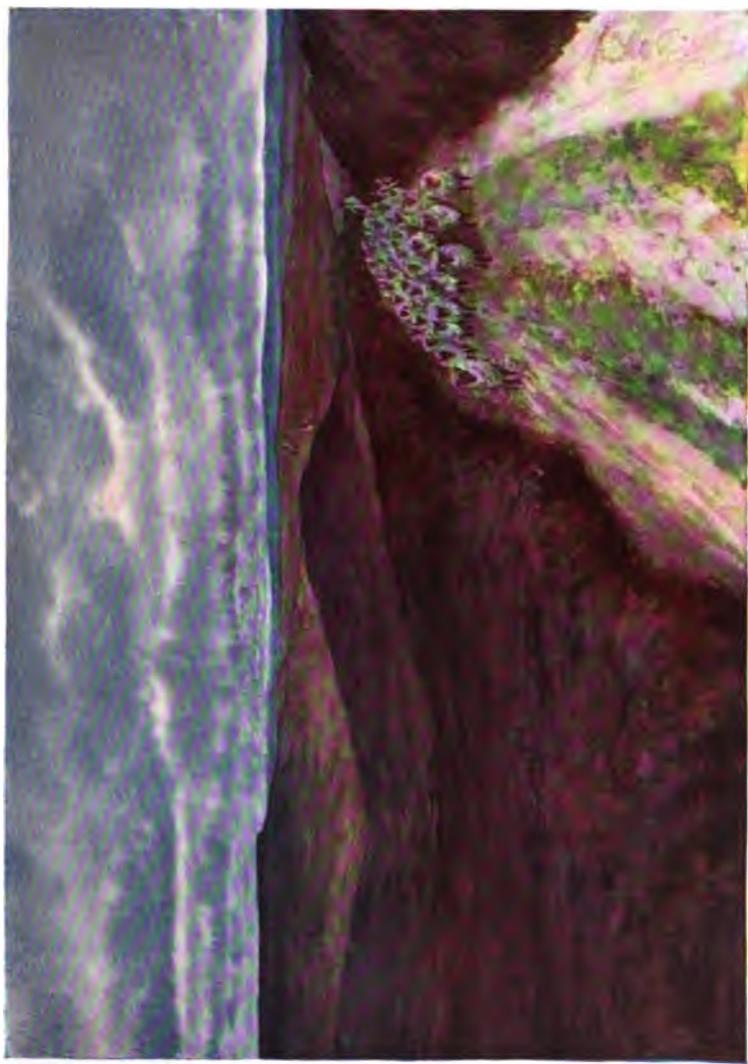
I have seldom seen a more uninhabited and inhospitable-looking country than the broad extent of purple hills that stretch away to the southwest from Great Ayton and Kildale Moors. Walking from Guisborough to Kildale on a wild and stormy afternoon in October, I was totally

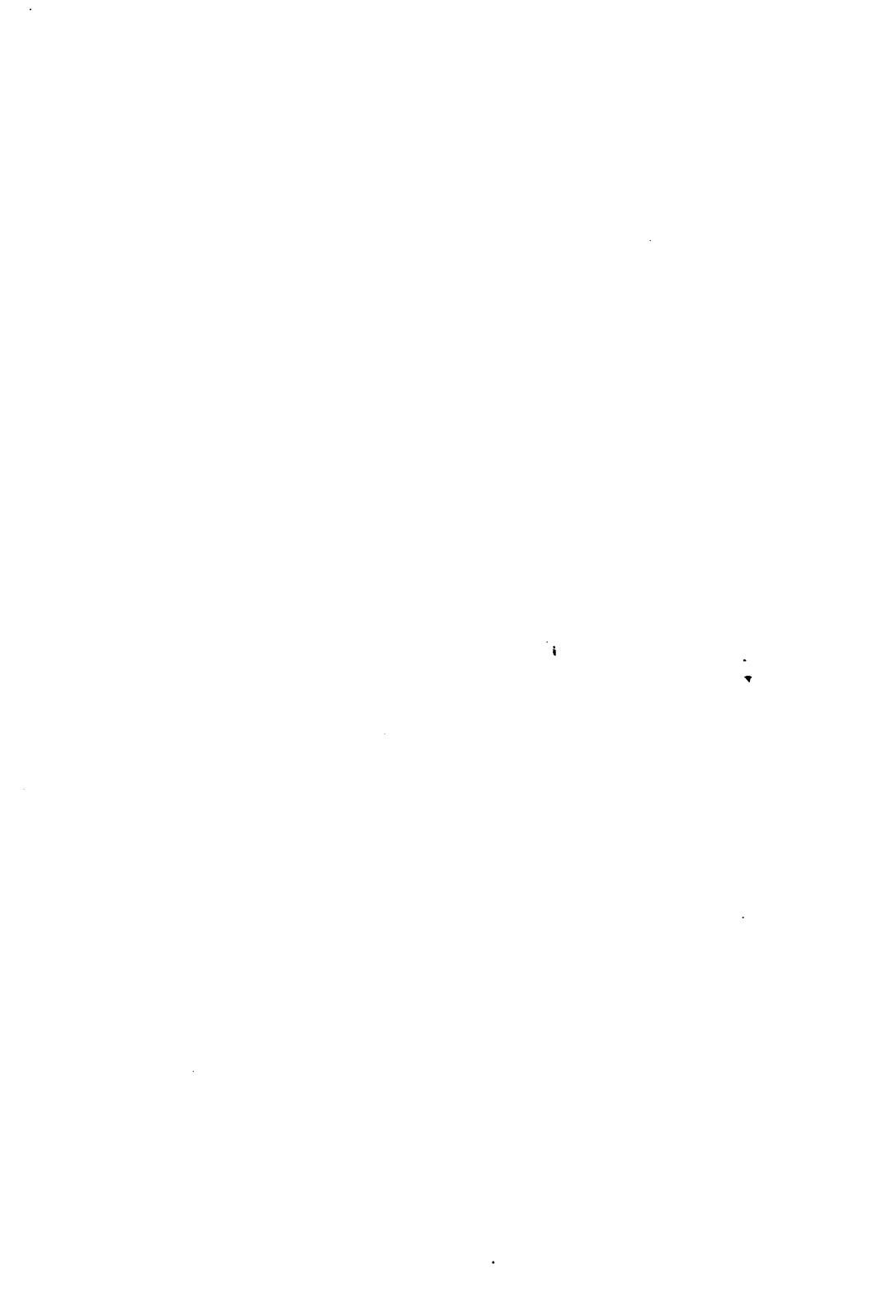
alone for the whole distance when I had left behind me the baker's boy who was on his way to Hutton with a heavy basket of bread and cakes. Hutton, which is somewhat of a model village for the retainers attached to Hutton Hall, stands in a lovely hollow at the edge of the moors. The steep hills are richly clothed with sombre woods, and the peace and seclusion reigning there is in marked contrast to the bleak wastes above. When I climbed the steep road on that autumn afternoon, and, passing the zone of tall, withered bracken, reached the open moorland, I seemed to have come out merely to be the plaything of the elements; for the south-westerly gale, when it chose to do so, blew so fiercely that it was difficult to make any progress at all. Overhead was a dark roof composed of heavy masses of cloud, forming long parallel lines of gray right to the horizon. On each side of the rough, water-worn road the heather made a low wall, two or three feet high, and stretched right away to the horizon in every direction. In the lulls, between the fierce blasts, I could hear the trickle of the water in the rivulets deep down in the springy cushion of heather. A few nimble sheep would stare at me from a distance, and then disappear, or some grouse might hover over a piece



**WIDE EXPANSE OF HEATHER, SEEN
FROM GREAT AYTON MOOR**

THE road—a rough one—leads over the great table-land between Guisborough and Kildale. On the left is Commandale, and right away to the south, ridge beyond ridge, one sees Danby Low Moor and its neighbours in the direction of Egton. Roseberry Topping is to the right, but cannot be seen from the road on account of the rising ground. The picture was made on a wild October afternoon.





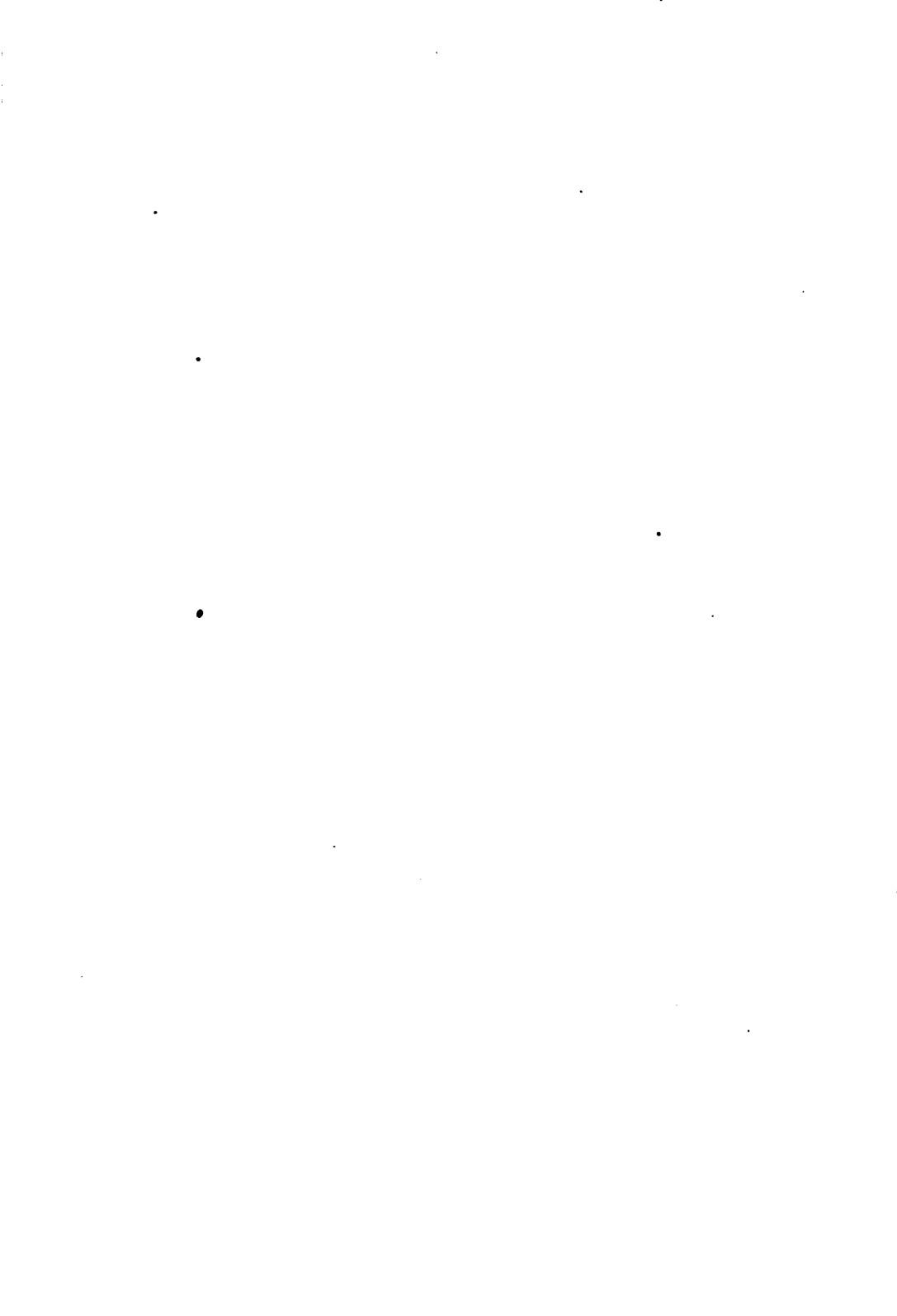
of rising ground ; but otherwise there were no signs of living creatures. Nearing Kildale, the road suddenly plunged downwards to a stream flowing through a green, cultivated valley, with a lonely farm on the further slope. There was a fir-wood above this, and as I passed over the hill, among the tall, bare stems, the clouds parted a little in the west, and let a flood of golden light into the wood. Instantly the gloom seemed to disappear, and beyond the dark shoulder of moorland, where the Cook monument appeared against the glory of the sunset, there seemed to reign an all-pervading peace, the wood being quite silent, for the wind had dropped.

The rough track through the trees descended hurriedly, and soon gave a wide view over Kildale. The valley was full of colour from the glowing west, and the steep hillsides opposite appeared lighter than the indigo clouds above, now slightly tinged with purple. The little village of Kildale nestled down below, its church half buried in yellow foliage.

The railway comes through Eskdale from Whitby to Stockton-on-Tees, and thus gives the formerly remote valley easy communication with the outside world. It is dangerous, however, not to allow

an ample margin for catching the trains, for there are only two or three in each direction in the autumn and winter, and a gap of about four hours generally separates the trains. I had been a long ramble over the moors on the north side of Eskdale, and had allowed the sun to set while I was still drawing on the top of Danby Beacon. But, having a good map with me, I was quite confident of finding the road to Lealholm without difficulty, as the distance was only a very few miles.

The crimson globe in the west disappeared behind the dark horizon over the two Fryup valleys, and left the world in twilight. But it would not be dark for an hour, and except for mistaking the sheep for boulders and boulders for sheep, and being consequently surprised when what I had imagined was a mass of gray stone suddenly disappeared on my approach, nothing unusual happened. I had no fear of losing my way, but what my map had led me to believe would be a plain road was a mere track in the heather, and at times it became too indistinct to follow easily. Lealholm Station lay in the valley on my right, but I could find no road leading there, and I wasted precious time in frequent consultations with the map. Coming to a farm, I inquired the way, and was directed over a number of muddy



A GOLDEN AFTERNOON

DANBY BEACON seen from the Castleton side.
Although cultivation climbs a considerable distance
up the slopes of Danby Low Moor, the view on the
further side is extremely wild and desolate.



fields, which gradually brought me down into the valley. It was now sufficiently dark for all the landmarks I had noticed to be scarcely visible, but, on inquiring at a cottage, I was told that it would take only ten minutes to walk to the station. I had a clear quarter of an hour, and, hurrying forward, soon found myself on a railway-bridge over a deep cutting. There was just enough light to see that no station was in sight, and it was impossible to find in which direction the station lay. There was no time to go back to the cottage, and there were no others to be seen. Looking at the map again, I could not discover the position of this bridge, for it was on no road, as it seemed merely to connect the pastures on either side. However, I felt fairly certain that I had rather overstepped the station, and therefore climbed down the bank into the cutting, and commenced walking towards the west. Coming out into the open, I thought I saw the lamps on the platforms about half a mile further on; but on pressing forward the lights became suddenly bigger, and in a minute my train passed me with a thundering rush. Evidently Lealholm was to the east, and not the west of that cutting. It was then 5.40, and the next train left for Whitby at about a quarter to ten. When the

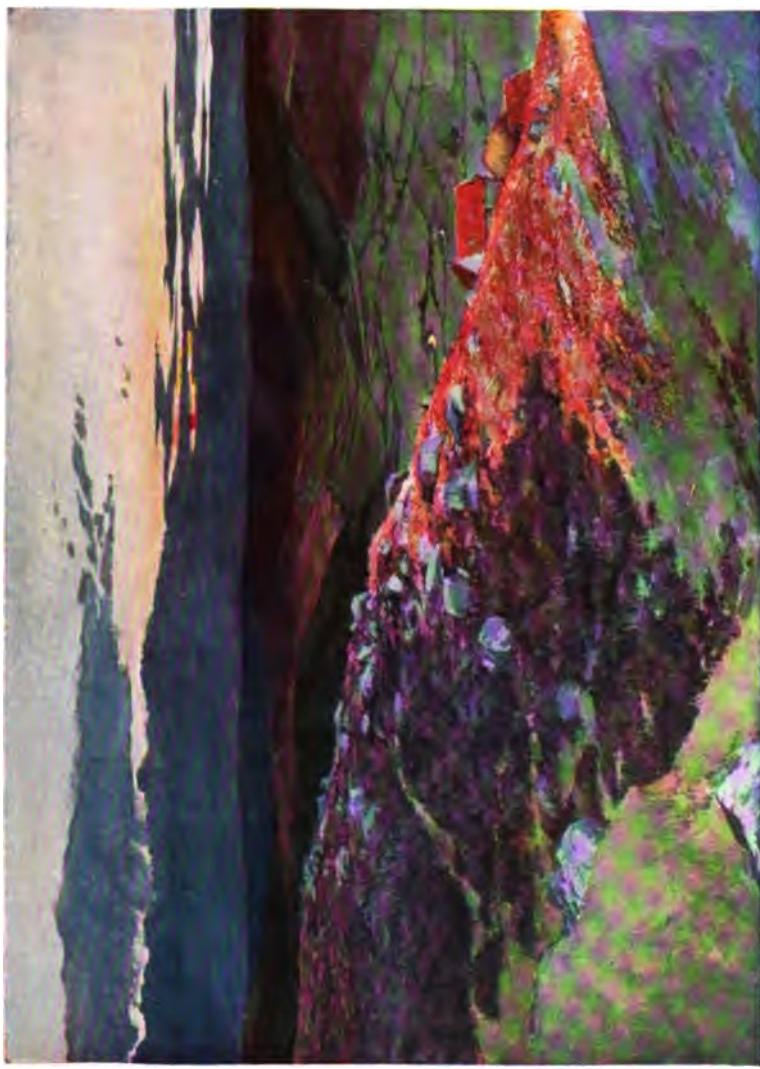
tail-lights of the train had disappeared into the cutting, I felt very much alone, and the silence of the countryside became oppressive. It seemed to me that this part of Yorkshire was just as lonely as when Canon Atkinson first commenced his work in Danby parish, and I was reminded of his friend's remark on hearing that he was going there: 'Why, Danby was not found out when they sent Bonaparte to St. Helena, or else they never would have taken the trouble to send him all the way there!'

The ruined Danby Castle can still be seen on the slope above the Esk, but the ancient Bow Bridge at Castleton, which was built at the end of the twelfth century, was barbarously and needlessly destroyed in 1873. A picture of the bridge has, fortunately, been preserved in Canon Atkinson's '*Forty Years in a Moorland Parish.*' That book has been so widely read that it seems scarcely necessary to refer to it here, but without the help of the Vicar, who knew every inch of his wild parish, the Danby district must seem much less interesting.



A SUNSET FROM DANBY BEACON

THE horizon is formed by Westerdale and Glaisdale Moors and Danby High Moor. Little Fryup Valley is seen leading away in that direction, and, just where it opens into the valley running transversely across the picture, a bend of the Eak can be seen reflecting the pale light of the sky. Sheep can just be distinguished among the grey boulders.



CHAPTER VIII

GUISBOROUGH AND THE SKELTON VALLEY

ALTHOUGH a mere fragment of the Augustinian Priory of Guisborough is standing to-day, it is sufficiently imposing to convey a powerful impression of the former size and magnificence of the monastic church. This fragment is the gracefully buttressed east end of the choir, which rises from the level meadow-land to the east of the town. The stonework is now of a greenish-gray tone, but in the shadows there is generally a look of blue. Beyond the ruin and through the opening of the great east window, now bare of tracery, you see the purple moors, with the ever-formidable Roseberry Topping holding its head above the green woods and pastures.

The destruction of the priory took place most probably during the reign of Henry VIII., but there are no recorded facts to give the date of the spoiling of the stately buildings. The materials were probably sold to the highest bidder, for in

the town of Guisborough there are scattered many fragments of richly-carved stone, and Ord, one of the historians of Cleveland, says : ‘ I have beheld with sorrow, and shame, and indignation, the richly ornamented columns and carved architraves of God’s temple supporting the thatch of a pig-house.’

The Norman priory church, founded in 1119, by the wealthy Robert de Brus of Skelton, was, unfortunately, burnt down on May 16, 1289. Walter of Hemingburgh, a canon of Guisborough, has written a quaintly detailed account of the origin of the fire. Translated from the monkish Latin, he says : ‘ On the first day of rogation-week, a devouring flame consumed our church of Gysburn, with many theological books and nine costly chalices, as well as vestments and sumptuous images ; and because past events are serviceable as a guide to future inquiries, I have thought it desirable, in the present little treatise, to give an account of the catastrophe, that accidents of a similar nature may be avoided through this calamity allotted to us. On the day above mentioned, which was very destructive to us, a vile plumber, with his two workmen, burnt our church whilst soldering up two holes in the old lead with fresh pewter. For some days he had already, with

a wicked disposition, commenced, and placed his iron crucibles, along with charcoal and fire, on rubbish, or steps of a great height, upon dry wood with some turf and other combustibles. About noon (in the cross, in the body of the church, where he remained at his work until after Mass) he descended before the procession of the convent, thinking that the fire had been put out by his workmen. They, however, came down quickly after him, without having completely extinguished the fire; and the fire among the charcoal revived, and partly from the heat of the iron, and partly from the sparks of the charcoal, the fire spread itself to the wood and other combustibles beneath. After the fire was thus commenced, the lead melted, and the joists upon the beams ignited; and then the fire increased prodigiously, and consumed everything.' Hemingburgh concludes by saying that all that they could get from the culprits was the exclamation, 'Quid potui ego?' Shortly after this disaster the Prior and convent wrote to Edward II., excusing themselves from granting a corody owing to their great losses through the burning of the monastery, as well as the destruction of their property by the Scots. But Guisborough, next to Fountains, was almost

the richest establishment in Yorkshire, and thus in a few years' time there arose from the Norman foundations a stately church and convent built in the Early Decorated style.

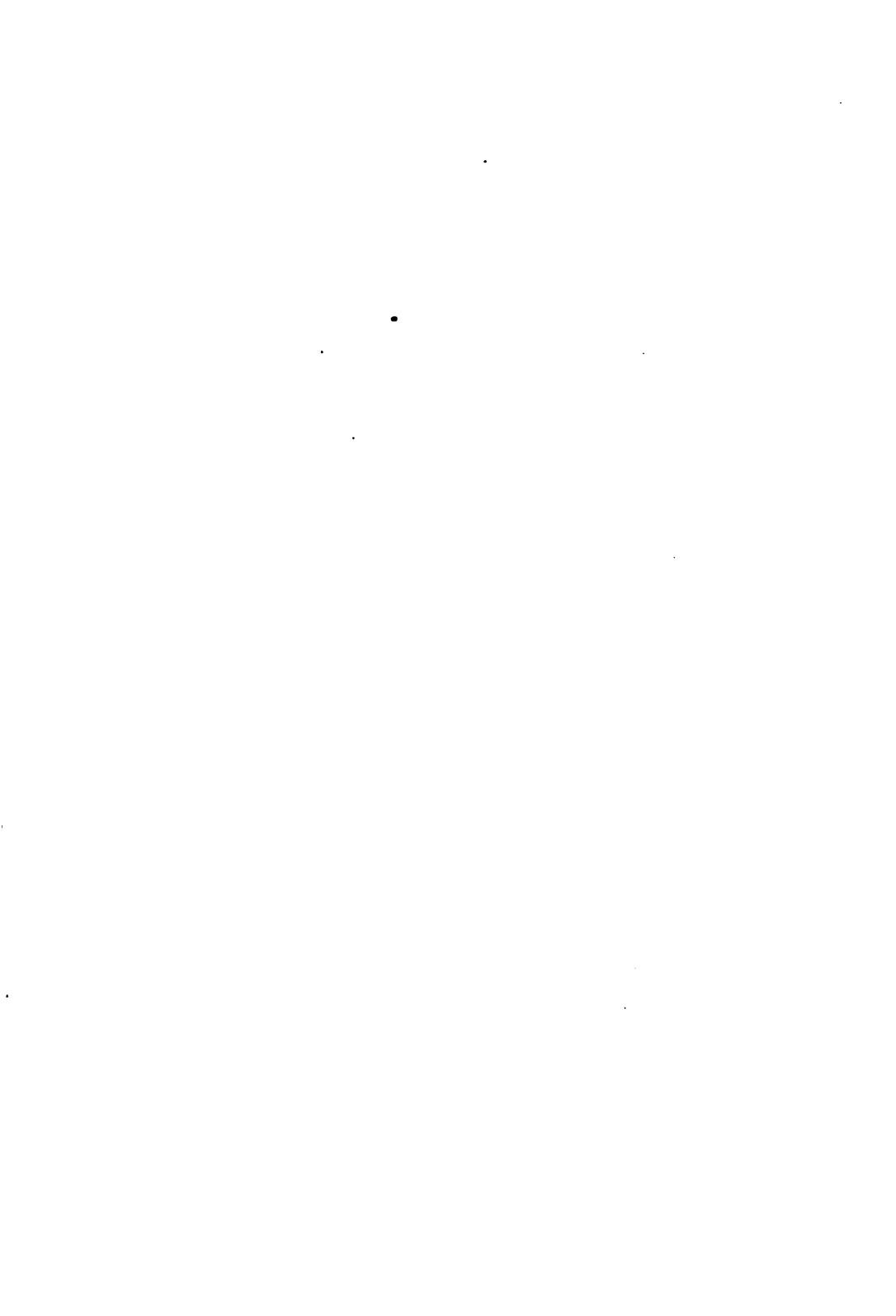
Glimpses of the inner life of the priory are given in the Archbishop's registers at York, which show how close and searching were the visitations by the Archbishop in person or his commissioners, and one of the documents throws light on the sad necessity for these inspections. It deals with Archbishop Wickwaine's visit in 1280, and we find that the canons are censured for many shortcomings. They were not to go outside the cloister after compline (the last service of the day) on the pretext of visiting guests. They were not to keep expensive schools for rich or poor, unless with special sanction. They were to turn out of the infirmary and punish the persons lying there who were only pretending to be ill, and the really sick were to be more kindly treated. There had evidently been discrimination in the quality of food served out to certain persons in the frater; but this was to be stopped, and food of one kind was to be divided equally. A more strict silence was to be kept in the cloister, and no one was to refrain from joining in the praises of God

whilst in the choir. There seems to have been much improper conversation among the canons, for they are specially adjured in Christ to abstain from repeating immoral stories. Some of the canons who had made themselves notorious for quarrelling and caballing were to be debarred from promotion, and were commended to the Prior and Subprior for punishment.

In 1809 Simon Constable, a refractory canon of Bridlington, was sent to Guisborough to undergo a course of penance, change of residence being always considered to give an excellent opportunity for thorough reform. However, in this case no good seems to have resulted, for about five years later he was sent back to Bridlington with a worse character than before, and, besides much prayer and humiliation, he was to receive a *disciplina* every Friday at the hands of the Prior. This made no improvement in his conduct, for in 1821 his behaviour brought him another penance and still greater severity. A few years after this the Archbishop seems to have reproached the community for the conduct of this unruly brother, which was scarcely fair. The last vision of Simon Constable shows him to be as impenitent as ever, and the Archbishop makes the awful threat that, if he does

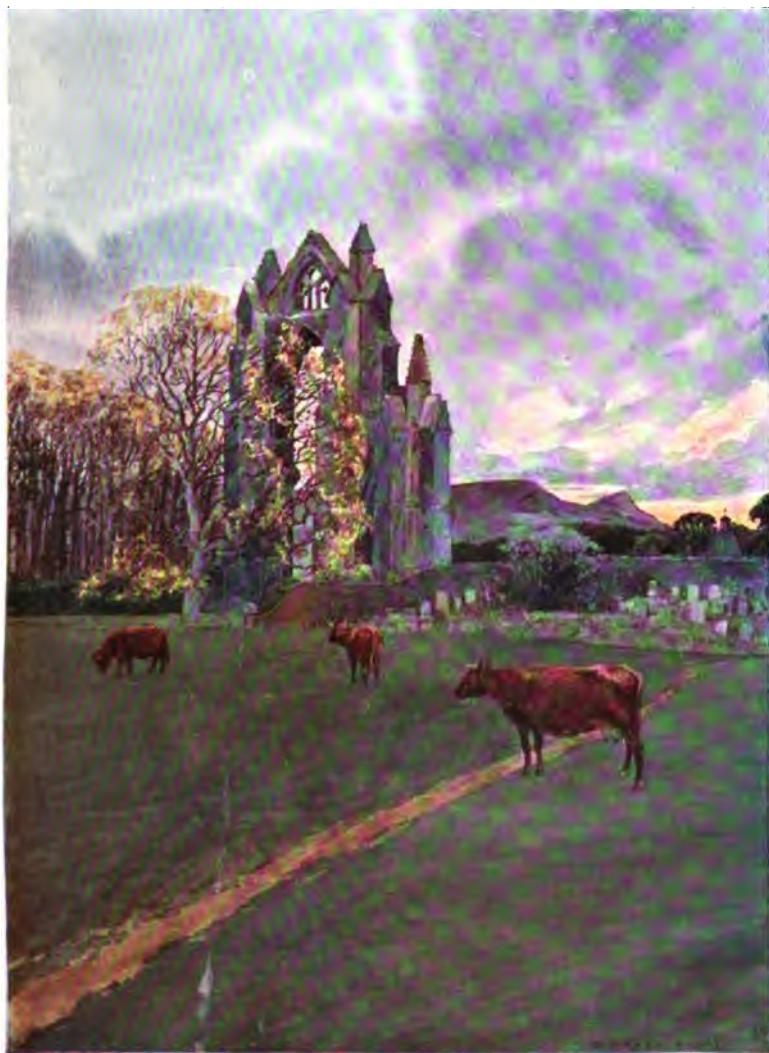
not reform at once, he will be put in a more confined place than he has ever been in before ! Can this suggest that the wicked canon was to be bricked up alive ?

These internal troubles were not, however, generally known to the outside world, but the unfaltering searchlight of the records falls upon such great folk as Peter de Mauley, fifth Baron Mulgrave, whose castle at Mulgrave, near Whitby, is mentioned elsewhere ; Lucy de Thweng, wife of Sir William le Latimer ; Sir Nicholas de Meynyl ; and Katherine, wife of Sir John Dentorp, whose conduct merely reflected the morals of medieval times. It was, indeed, no uncommon event for the congregation to hear some high-born culprit confessing his sins as he walked barefoot and scantily clothed in the procession in York Minster. An exceedingly beautiful crucifix of copper, richly gilded, was discovered during the early part of last century, when some men were digging amongst the foundations of an old building in Commondale. There seems little doubt that this was a cell or chapel belonging to the monastery, for the crucifix bears the date 1119, the year of the founding of Guisborough Priory. Another metal crucifix, probably belonging to the thirteenth



AN AUTUMN DAY AT GUISBOROUGH

BEYOND the ruins of the Augustinian priory are the Cleveland Hills, with Roseberry Topping appearing as a great menacing fang—a warning to all who would approach the inhospitable wastes beyond. The east end of the choir is practically all that remains of the priory church, which was built in Early Decorated times.



century, was discovered at Ingleby Arncliffe. It was beautifully inlaid with brilliant white, green, red, and blue enamels, and the figure of Christ was discovered to be hollow, and to contain two ancient parchments, written in monkish Latin and scarcely legible. One of them was a charm, addressed to 'ye elves, and demons and all kind of apparition,' who were called upon in the name of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, Martyrs, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John, and the elect generally, to 'hurt not this servant of God, Adam Osanna, by night nor by day, but that, through the very great mercy of God Jesus Christ, by the help of Saint Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, he may rest in peace from all the aforesaid and other evils.'

Another intensely interesting relic of the great priory is the altar-tomb, believed to be that of Robert de Brus of Annandale. The stone slabs are now built into the walls on each side of the porch of Guisborough Church. They may have been removed there from the abbey for safety at the time of the dissolution. Hemingburgh, in his chronicle for the year 1294, says: 'Robert de Brus the fourth died on the eve of Good Friday; who disputed with John de Balliol, before the King of England,

about the succession to the kingdom of Scotland. And, as he ordered when alive, he was buried in the priory of Gysburn with great honour, beside his own father.' A great number of other famous people were buried here in accordance with their wills. Guisborough has even been claimed as the resting-place of Robert Bruce, the champion of Scottish freedom, but there is ample evidence for believing that his heart was buried at Melrose Abbey and his body in the church of Dunfermline.

The memory of Mr. George Venables—that most excellent man who devoted many years to gathering funds for a charity school in the town—is preserved on a monument in the church. He had retired from business, but, in order to find the means to start the school, he resumed his labours in London, and devoted the whole of the profits to this useful object.

The central portion of the town of Guisborough, by the market-cross and the two chief inns, is quaint and fairly picturesque, but the long street as it goes westward deteriorates into rows of new cottages, inevitable in a mining country.

Mining operations have been carried on around Guisborough since the time of Queen Elizabeth, for the discovery of alum dates from that period, and



A YORKSHIRE POSTMAN

who performs his duties despite the loss of one
hand.



when that industry gradually declined, it was replaced by the iron-mines of to-day. Mr. Thomas Chaloner of Guisborough, in his travels on the Continent about the end of the sixteenth century, saw the Pope's alum-works near Rome, and was determined to start the industry in his native parish of Guisborough, feeling certain that alum could be worked with profit in his own county. As it was essential to have one or two men who were thoroughly versed in the processes of the manufacture, Mr. Chaloner induced some of the Pope's workmen by heavy bribes to come to England. The risks attending this overt act were terrible, for the alum-works brought in a large revenue to His Holiness, and the discovery of such a design would have meant capital punishment to the offender. The workmen were therefore induced to get into large casks, which were secretly conveyed on board a ship that was shortly sailing for England.

When the Pope received the intelligence some time afterwards, he thundered forth against Mr. Chaloner and the workmen the most awful and comprehensive curse. They were to be cursed most wholly and thoroughly in every part of their bodies, every saint was to curse them, and

from the thresholds of the holy church of God Almighty they were to be sequestered, that they might ‘be tormented, disposed of, and delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord God, “Depart from us ; we desire not to know Thy ways.”’

Despite the fearful nature of the curse, the venture prospered so much that the Darcy family, about the year 1600, set up another works in the neighbourhood of Guisborough ; and as this also brought considerable wealth to the owners, a third was started at Sandsend in 1615. Many others followed, and in 1649 Sir Hugh Cholmley started the works close to Saltwick Nab, within a short distance of his house at Whitby. But although there must have been more than twenty of these works in operation in the eighteenth century, owing to cheaper methods of producing alum the industry is now quite extinct in Cleveland.

The broad valley stretching from Guisborough to the sea contains the beautifully wooded park of Skelton Castle. The trees in great masses cover the gentle slopes on either side of the Skelton Beck, and almost hide the modern mansion. The buildings include part of the ancient castle of the Bruces, who were Lords of Skelton for many years.



THE SKELTON VALLEY

THE little church of Upleatham, seen on the left, is one of the smallest in England. It is not used for services at the present time. The mining-village of Skelton appears on the hill to the right, with its fine church-tower rising above the roofs. Skelton Castle shows among the masses of trees in its beautiful park.



It is recorded that Peter de Brus, one of the barons who helped to coerce John into signing the Great Charter at Runnymede, made a curious stipulation when he granted some lands at Leconfield to Henry Percy, his sister's husband. The property was to be held on condition that every Christmas Day he and his heirs should come to Skelton Castle and lead the lady by the arm from her chamber to the chapel.

The old church of Upleatham, standing by the road to Saltburn, is a quaint fragment of a Norman building. The tower, bearing the inscription 'William Crow, Chvrchwarden Bvlded Stepel 1664,' is an addition to what is probably only part of the nave of the little Norman building. It is now used merely as a cemetery chapel, but it is picturesquely situated, and on the north wall the carved Norman corbels may still be seen.

CHAPTER IX

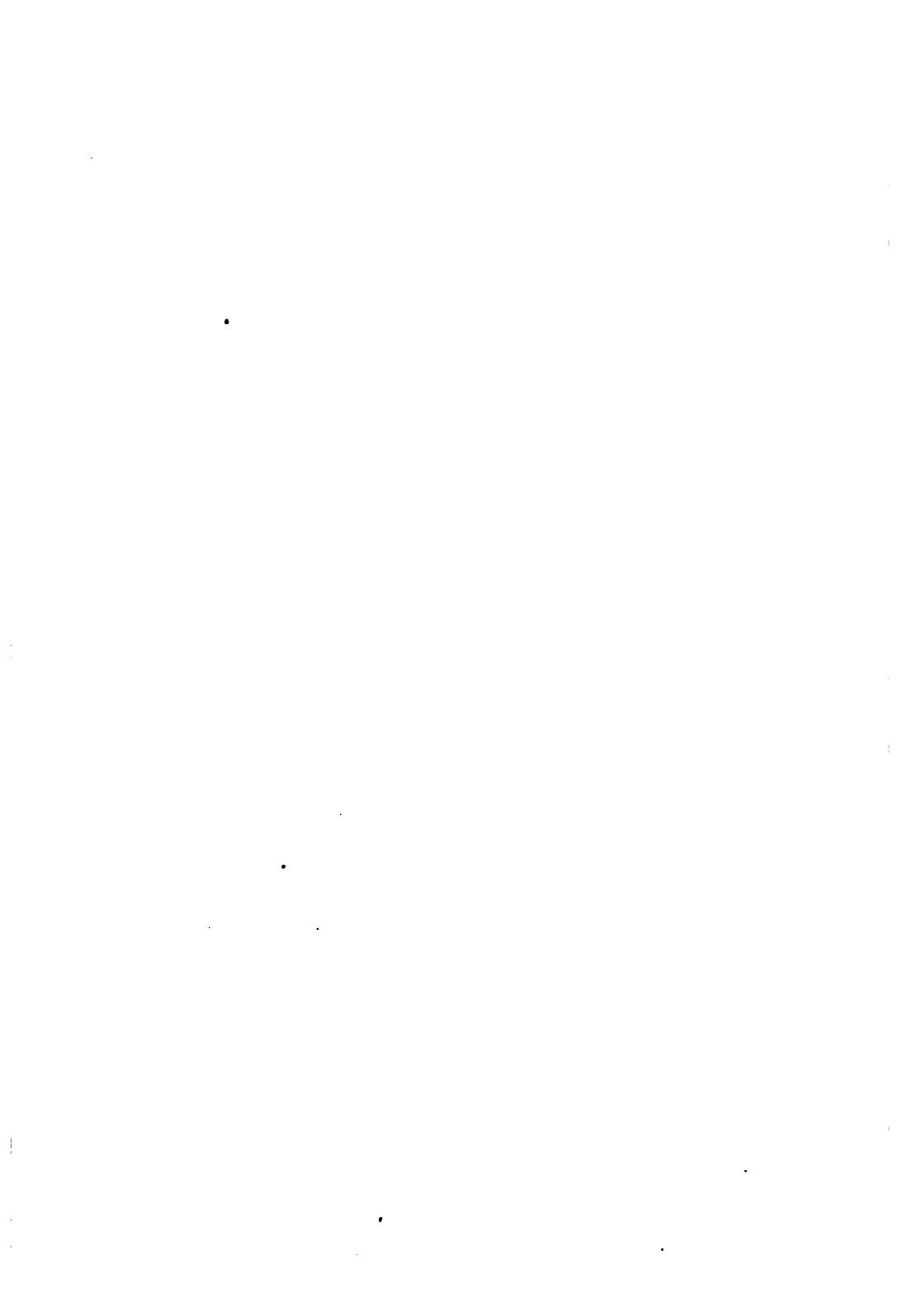
FROM PICKERING TO RIEVAULX ABBEY

THE broad Vale of Pickering, watered by the Derwent, the Rye, and their many tributaries, is a wonderful contrast to the country we have been exploring. The level pastures, where cattle graze and cornfields abound, seem to suggest that we are separated from the heather by many leagues ; but we have only to look beyond the hedgerows to see that the horizon to the north is formed by lofty moors only a few miles distant.

Just where the low meadows are beginning to rise steadily from the vale stands the town of Pickering, dominated by the lofty stone spire of its parish church and by the broken towers of the castle. There is a wide street, bordered by dark stone buildings, that leads steeply from the river to the church. The houses are as a rule quite featureless, but we have learnt to expect this in a county where stone is abundant, for only the extremely old and the palpably new buildings stand

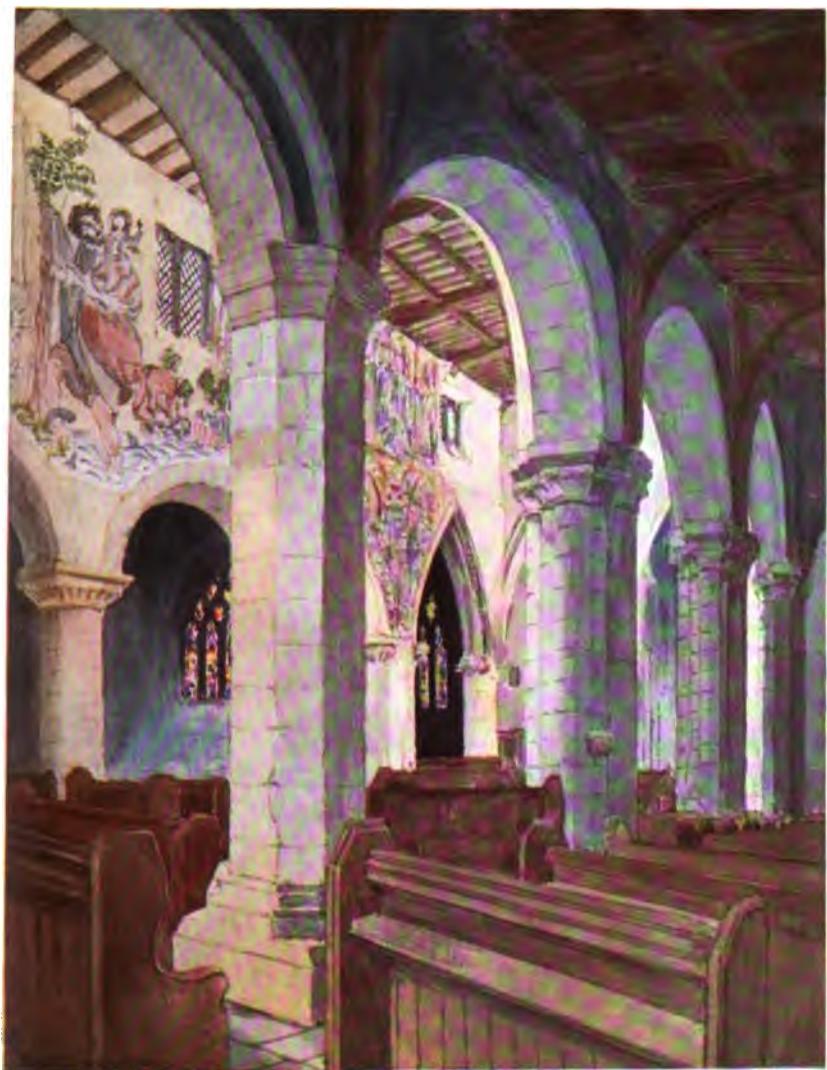
out from the gray austerity of the average Yorkshire town. In rare cases some of the houses are brightened with white and cream paint on windows and doors, and if these commendable efforts became less rare, Pickering would have as cheerful an aspect to the stranger as Helmsley, which we shall pass on our way to Rievaulx.

Approached by narrow passages between the gray houses and shops, the church is most imposing, for it is not only a large building, but the cramped position magnifies its bulk and emphasizes the height of the Norman tower, surmounted by the tall stone spire added during the fourteenth century. Going up a wide flight of steps, necessitated by the slope of the ground, we enter the church through the beautiful porch, and are at once confronted with the astonishingly perfect paintings which cover the walls of the nave. The pictures occupy nearly all the available wall-space between the arches and the top of the clerestory, and their crude quaintnesses bring the ideas of the first half of the fifteenth century vividly before us. There is a spirited representation of St. George in conflict with a terrible dragon, and close by we see a bearded St. Christopher holding a palm-tree with both hands, and bearing on his shoulder the infant



IN PICKERING CHURCH

THE Norman nave of the church is remarkable for its frescoes, which were discovered a few years ago. The north side, shown in the picture, gives representations of the martyrdom of St. Edmund, the coronation of the Virgin, and St. Christopher bearing the infant Christ.



Christ. Then comes Herod's feast, with the King labelled *Herodi*. The guests are shown with their arms on the table in the most curious positions, and all the royal folk are wearing ermine. The coronation of the Virgin, the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket, and the martyrdom of St. Edmund, who is perforated with arrows, complete the series on the north side. Along the south wall the paintings show the story of St. Catherine of Alexandria and the seven Corporal Acts of Mercy. Further on come scenes from the life of our Lord. There seems little doubt that all the paintings, including a number of others in the transepts and elsewhere that are now destroyed, were white-washed over at the time of the Reformation, and it was during some restoration work carried out in 1851 that indications of the paintings were accidentally laid bare. When the whole of the walls had been cleaned, careful coloured drawings were made, then colour wash was applied again, and the priceless paintings disappeared for a generation. The objections to what had been considered improper wall decoration for a parish church in the nineteenth century having been reasoned away, the pictures once more appeared, but in a very different condition to their first resurrection. However, the

drawings were in existence, so that a careful restoration was possible, and as we see them to-day the subdued tones closely follow the original colours.

The simple Norman arcade on the north side of the nave has plain round columns and semicircular arches, but the south side belongs to later Norman times, and has ornate columns and capitals. At least one member of the great Bruce family, who had a house at Pickering called Bruce's Hall, and whose ascendancy at Guisborough has already been mentioned, was buried here, for the figure of a knight in chain-mail by the lectern probably represents Sir William Bruce. In the chapel there is a sumptuous monument bearing the effigies of Sir David and Dame Margery Roucliffe. The knight wears the collar of S.S., and his arms are on his surcoat.

When John Leland, the 'Royal Antiquary' employed by Henry VIII., came to Pickering, he described the castle, which was in a more perfect state than it is to-day. He says: 'In the first Court of it be a 4 Toures, of the which one is Caullid Rosamunde's Toure.' Also of the inner court he writes of '4 Toures, wherof the Kepe is one.' This keep and Rosamund's Tower, as well as the ruins of some of the others, are still to be seen on

the outer walls, so that from some points of view the ruins are dignified and picturesque. The area enclosed was large, and in early times the castle must have been almost impregnable. But during the Civil War it was much damaged by the soldiers quartered there, and Sir Hugh Cholmley took lead, wood, and iron from it for the defence of Scarborough. The wide view from the castle walls shows better than any description the importance of the position it occupied, and we feel, as we gaze over the vale or northwards to the moors, that this was the dominant power over the whole countryside.

Although Lastingham is not on the road to Helmsley, the few additional miles will scarcely be counted when we are on our way to a church which, besides being architecturally one of the most interesting in the county, is perhaps unique in having at one time had a curate whose wife kept a public house adjoining the church. Although this will scarcely be believed, we have a detailed account of the matter in a little book published in 1806.

The clergyman, whose name was Carter, had to subsist on the slender salary of £20 a year and a few surplice fees. This would not have allowed any margin for luxuries in the case of a bachelor; but this poor man was married, and he had thirteen

children. He was a keen fisherman, and his angling in the moorland streams produced a plentiful supply of fish—in fact, more than his family could consume. But this, even though he often exchanged part of his catches with neighbours, was not sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, and drastic measures had to be taken. The parish was large, and, as many of the people were obliged to come ‘from ten to fifteen miles’ to church, it seemed possible that some profit might be made by serving refreshments to the parishioners. Mrs. Carter superintended this department, and it seems that the meals between the services soon became popular. But the story of ‘a parson-publican’ was soon conveyed to the Archdeacon of the diocese, who at the next visitation endeavoured to find out the truth of the matter. Mr. Carter explained the circumstances, and showed that, far from being a source of disorder, his wife’s public-house was an influence for good. ‘I take down my violin,’ he continued, ‘and play them a few tunes, which gives me an opportunity of seeing that they get no more liquor than necessary for refreshment; and if the young people propose a dance, I seldom answer in the negative; nevertheless, when I announce time for return, they are ever ready to obey my com-

mands.' The Archdeacon appears to have been a broad-minded man, for he did not reprimand Mr. Carter at all; and as there seems to have been no mention of an increased stipend, the parson-publican must have continued this strange anomaly.

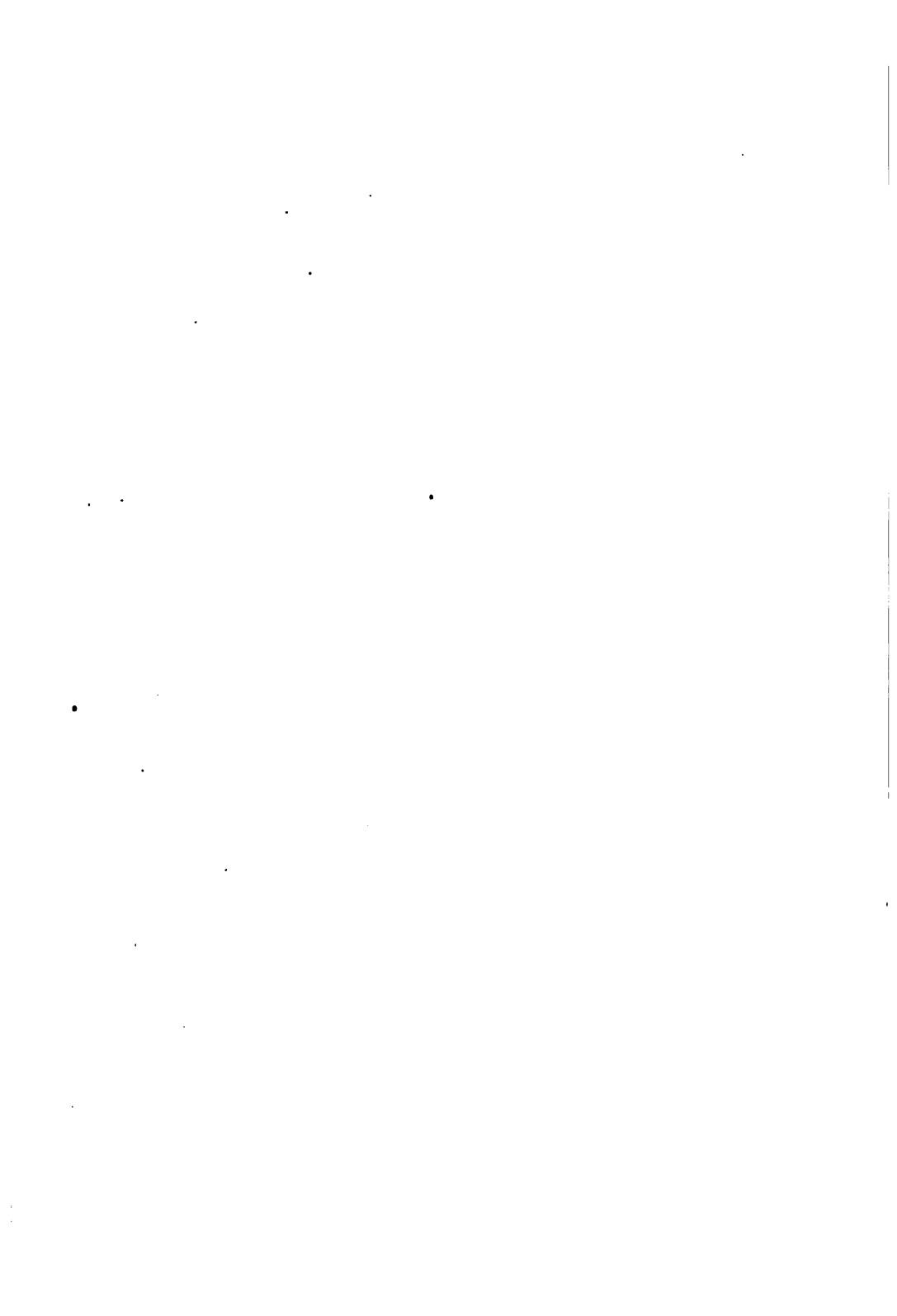
It is difficult to say whether the public-house was conducted in the crypt beneath the church or not. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Carter's inn was the present 'Blacksmith's Arms,' but there is distinct evidence for stating that cock-fighting used to take place secretly in the crypt. The writings of the Venerable Bede give a special interest to Lastingham, for he tells us how King Oidilward requested Bishop Cedd to build a monastery there. The Saxon buildings that appeared at that time have gone, so that the present church cannot be associated with the seventh century. No doubt the destruction was the work of the Danes, who plundered the whole of this part of Yorkshire. The church that exists to-day is of Transitional Norman date, and the beautiful little crypt, which has an apse, nave and aisles, is coeval with the superstructure.

The situation of Lastingham in a deep and picturesque valley surrounded by moors and overhung by woods is extremely rich.

Further to the west there are a series of beautiful dales, watered by becks whose sources are among the Cleveland Hills. On our way to Ryedale, the loveliest of these, we pass through Kirby Moorside, a little town which has gained a place in history as the scene of the death of the notorious George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, on April 17, 1687. The house in which he died is on the south side of the King's Head, and in one of the parish registers there is the entry under the date of April 19th, ‘Gorges viluas, Lord dooke of Bookingham, etc.’ Further down the street stands an inn with a curious porch, supported by turned wooden pillars, bearing the inscription :

‘Anno : Dom 1682 October xi
William Wood’

Kirkdale, with its world-renowned cave, to which we have already referred, lies about two miles to the west. The quaint little Saxon church there is one of the few bearing evidences of its own date, ascertained by the discovery in 1771 of a Saxon sundial, which had survived under a layer of plaster, and was also protected by the porch. A translation of the inscription reads : ‘Orm, the son of Gamal, bought St. Gregory’s Minster when it was all broken and fallen, and he caused it to be



THE MARKET-PLACE, HELMSLEY

THE picturesque half-timbered house is no modern imitation, as one is inclined to imagine at first sight, so rare is this class of building in the stone-built towns of Yorkshire. The market-cross, with its worn steps, stands on one side of the square, close to the new market-house, the central position being occupied by a Gothic cross, built in 1869 to the memory of the second Lord Feversham.

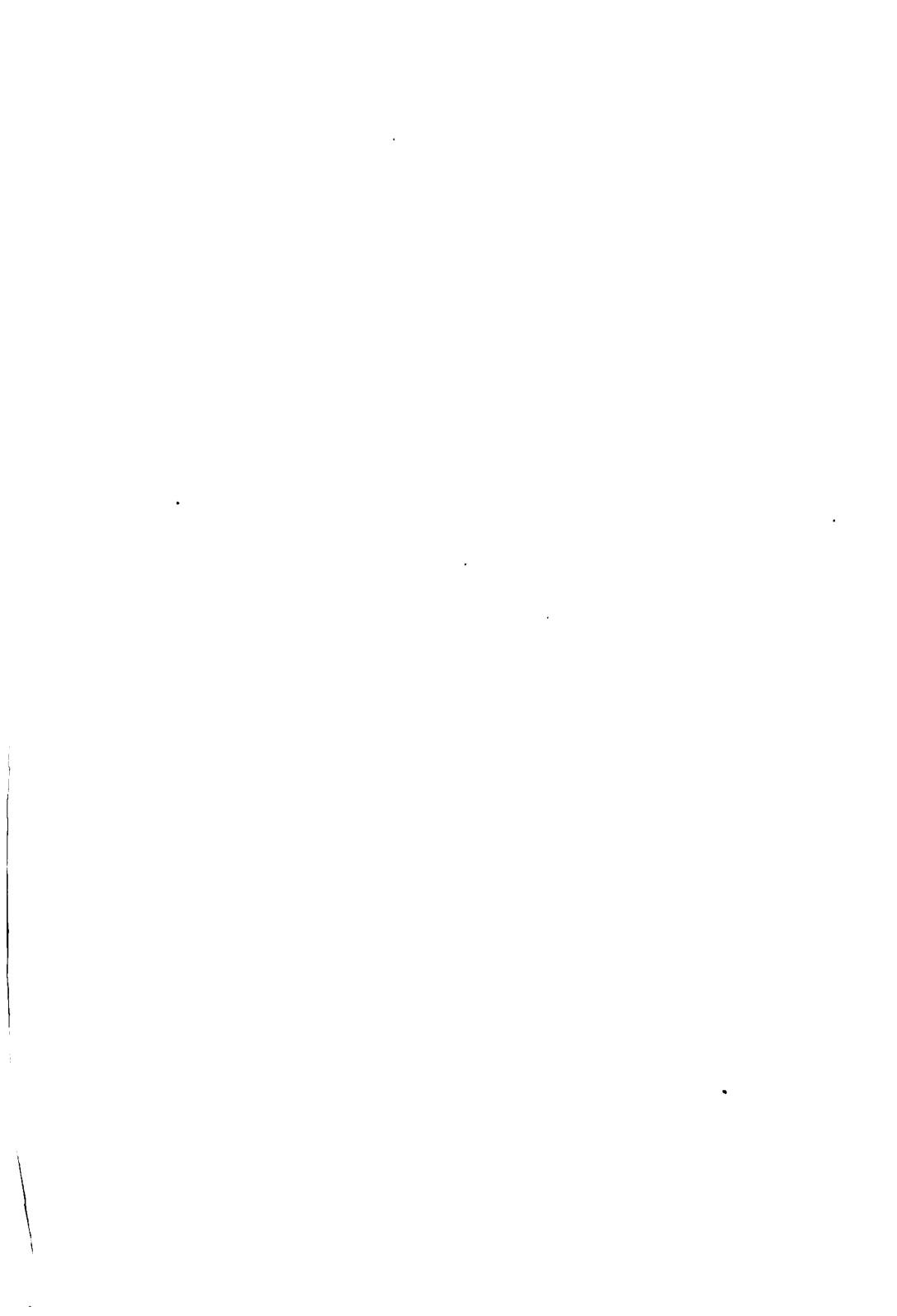


made anew from the ground, for Christ and St. Gregory, in the days of King Edward and in the days of Earl Tosti, and Hawarth wrought me and Brand the prior (priest or priests)." By this we are plainly told that a church was built there in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

A pleasant road leads through Nawton to the beautiful little town of Helmsley. A bend of the broad, swift-flowing Rye forms one boundary of the place, and is fed by a gushing brook that finds its way from Rievaulx Moor, and forms a pretty feature of the main street. The cottages in many cases have preserved their thatched roofs, and have seldom more than one story ; but they invariably appear well preserved and carefully painted, although these stone-built houses, with leaded casements, give little scope for ornament. But the Helmsley folk have realized the importance of white paint, and the window-frames, and even the strips of lead that hold the glass together, are picked out in this cheerful fashion. In the broad market-square the houses are large, but their gray respectability is broken by creepers and some pleasant spots of colour. The corner nearest to the church is particularly noticeable on account of a most picturesque gabled house, with a timber-

framed upper floor—a style of construction exceedingly rare in these parts of Yorkshire. The old stone cross, raised above its worn steps, stands in the open space close to the modern market hall, and humbly allows the central position to be occupied by a Gothic cross recently erected to the memory of the late Lord Feversham, of Duncombe Park.

A narrow turning by the market-house shows the torn and dishevelled fragment of the keep of Helmsley Castle towering above the thatched roofs in the foreground. The ruin is surrounded by tall elms, and from this point of view, when backed by a cloudy sunset, makes a wonderful picture. Like Scarborough, this stronghold was held for the King during the Civil War. After the Battle of Marston Moor and the fall of York, Fairfax came to Helmsley and invested the castle. He received a wound in the shoulder during the siege; but the garrison having surrendered on honourable terms, the Parliament ordered that the castle should be dismantled, and the thoroughness with which the instructions were carried out remind one of Knaresborough, for one side of the keep was blown to pieces by a terrific explosion and nearly everything else was destroyed.



RIEVAULX ABBEY FROM THE TERRACE

ONE of the Grecian temples placed at each end of the grassy terrace can be seen amongst the trees to the right. The river Rye, which gives its name to the abbey, runs along the foot of the wooded hills on the left.



All the beauty and charm of this lovely district is accentuated in Ryedale, and when we have accomplished the three long uphill miles to Rievaulx, and come out upon the broad grassy terrace above the abbey, we seem to have entered a Land of Beulah. We see a peaceful valley overlooked on all sides by lofty hills, whose steep sides are clothed with luxuriant woods ; we see the Rye flowing past broad green meadows ; and beneath the tree-covered precipice below our feet appear the solemn, roofless remains of one of the first Cistercian monasteries established in this country. There is nothing to disturb the peace that broods here, for the village consists of a mere handful of old and picturesque cottages, and we might stay on the terrace for hours, and, beyond the distant shouts of a few children at play and the crowing of some cocks, hear nothing but the hum of insects and the singing of birds. We take a steep path through the wood which leads us down to the abbey ruins.

Some grassy mounds are all that remain of the nave, but the magnificent Early English choir and the Norman transepts stand astonishingly complete in their splendid decay. The richly-draped hill-sides appear as a succession of beautiful pictures

framed by the columns and arches on each side of the choir. As they stand exposed to the weather, the perfectly proportioned mouldings, the clustered pillars in a wonderfully good state of preservation, and the almost uninjured clerestory are more impressive than in an elaborately-restored cathedral. Such enduring expressions of the ideas of perfection existing eight hundred years ago cannot fail to convey to the mind an overwhelming sense of man's glorious destiny.

CHAPTER X

DESCRIBES THE DALE COUNTRY AS A WHOLE

WHEN in the early years of life one learns for the first time the name of that range of mountains forming the backbone of England, the youthful scholar looks forward to seeing in later years the prolonged series of lofty hills known as the 'Pennine Range.' His imagination pictures Pen-y-ghent and Ingleborough as great peaks, seldom free from a mantle of clouds, for are they not called 'mountains of the Pennine Range,' and do they not appear in almost as large type in the school geography as Snowdon and Ben Nevis? But as the scholar grows older and more able to travel, so does the Pennine Range recede from his vision, until it becomes almost as remote as those crater-strewn mountains in the Moon which have a name so similar.

This elusiveness on the part of a natural feature so essentially static as a mountain range is attributable to the total disregard of the name of this

particular chain of hills. In the same way as the term 'Cumbrian Hills' is exchanged for the popular 'Lake District,' so is a large section of the Pennine Range paradoxically known as the 'Yorkshire Dales.'

It is because the hills are so big that the valleys are deep, and it is owing to the great watersheds that these long and narrow dales are beautified by some of the most copious and picturesque rivers in England. In spite of this, however, when one climbs any of the fells over 2,000 feet, and looks over the mountainous ridges on every side, one sees, as a rule, no peak or isolated height of any description to attract one's attention. Instead of the rounded or angular projections from the horizon that are usually associated with a mountainous district, there are great expanses of brown table-land that form themselves into long parallel lines in the distance, and give a sense of wild desolation in some ways more striking than the peaks of Scotland or Wales. The thick formations of mill-stone grit and limestone that rest upon the shale have generally avoided crumpling or distortion, and thus give the mountain views the appearance of having had all the upper surfaces rolled flat when they were in a plastic condition. Denudation and

the action of ice in the glacial epochs have worn through the hard upper stratum, and formed the long and narrow dales ; and in Littondale, Wharfedale, Wensleydale, and many other parts, one may plainly see the perpendicular wall of rock sharply defining the upper edges of the valleys. The softer rocks below generally take a gentle slope from the base of the hard gritstone to the river-side pastures below. At the edges of the dales, where waterfalls pour over the wall of limestone—as at Hardraw Scar, near Hawes—the action of water is plainly demonstrated, for one can see the rapidity with which the shale crumbles, leaving the harder rocks overhanging above.

Unlike the moors of the north-eastern parts of Yorkshire, the fells are not prolific in heather. It is possible to pass through Wensleydale—or, indeed, most of the dales—without seeing any heather at all. On the broad plateaux between the dales there are stretches of moor partially covered with ling ; but in most instances the fells and moors are grown over at their higher levels with bent and coarse grass, generally of a browny-ochrish colour, broken here and there by an outcrop of limestone that shows gray against the swarthy vegetation.

In the upper portions of the dales—even in the narrow river-side pastures—the fences are of stone, turned a very dark colour by exposure, and everywhere on the slopes of the hills a wide network of these enclosures can be seen traversing even the most precipitous ascents. Where the dales widen out towards the fat plains of the Vale of York, quickset hedges intermingle with the gaunt stone, and as one gets further eastwards the green hedge becomes triumphant. The stiles that are the fashion in the stone-fence districts make quite an interesting study to strangers, for, wood being an expensive luxury, and stone being extremely cheap, everything is formed of the more enduring material. Instead of a trap-gate, one generally finds an excessively narrow opening in the fences, only just giving space for the thickness of the average knee, and thus preventing the passage of the smallest lamb. Some stiles are constructed with a large flat stone projecting from each side, one slightly in front and overlapping the other, so that one can only pass through by making a very careful S-shaped movement. More common are the projecting stones, making a flight of precarious steps on each side of the wall.

Except in their lowest and least mountainous

parts, where they are subject to the influences of the plains, the dales are entirely innocent of red tiles and haystacks. The roofs of churches, cottages, barns and mansions, are always of the local stone, that weathers to beautiful shades of green and gray, and prevents the works of man from jarring with the great sweeping hillsides. Then, instead of the familiar gray-brown haystack, one sees in almost every meadow a neatly-built stone house with an upper story. The lower part is generally used as a shelter for cattle, while above is stored hay or straw. By this system a huge amount of unnecessary carting is avoided, and where roads are few and generally of exceeding steepness a saving of this nature is a benefit easily understood. Any soldier who served in South Africa during the latter part of the war would be struck with the advantages that these ready-made block-houses would offer if it were ever necessary to round up a mobile enemy who had taken refuge among the Yorkshire fells. Barbed-wire entanglements, and a system of telephones to link them together, would be all that was required to convert these stone barns into block-houses of a thoroughly useful type, for they are already loopholed.

The villages of the dales, although having none

of the bright colours of a level country, are often exceedingly quaint, and rich in soft shades of green and gray. In the autumn the mellowed tints of the stone houses are contrasted with the fierce yellows and browny-reds of the foliage, and the villages become full of bright colours. At all times, except when the country is shrivelled by an icy northern wind, the scenery of the dales has a thousand charms. By the edge of fine rivers that pour downwards in terraced falls one finds hamlets with their church towers, gray and sturdy, and the little patch of green shaded by ash-trees, all made diminutive by the huge and gaunt hillsides that dominate every view. Looking up the dales, there are often glimpses of distant heights that in their blue silhouettes give a more mountainous aspect to the scenery than one might expect.

In some of the valleys, such as Swaledale, the nakedness of the yellow-brown hills is clothed with a mantle of heavy woods—but enough has been said by way of introduction to give some notion of the general aspect of the dales, and in the succeeding chapters a closer scrutiny can be made.

The ways of approaching the Dale Country from the south are by means of the Great Northern, Midland, or Great Central routes to York, where

one has all the North-Eastern service to choose from. Ribblesdale is traversed by the Midland Main Line, so that those who wish to commence an exploration of these parts of Yorkshire from Settle, Skipton, or Hawes, must travel from St. Pancras Station.

CHAPTER XI

RICHMOND

FOR the purposes of this book we may consider Richmond as the gateway of the dale country. There are other gates and approaches, some of which may have advocates who claim their superiority over Richmond as starting-places for an exploration of this description, but for my part, I can find no spot on any side of the mountainous region so entirely satisfactory. If we were to commence at Bedale or Leyburn, there is no exact point where the open country ceases and the dale begins ; but here at Richmond there is not the very smallest doubt, for on reaching the foot of the mass of rock dominated by the castle and the town, Swaledale commences in the form of a narrow ravine, and from that point westwards the valley never ceases to be shut in by steep sides, which become narrower and grander with every mile.

The railway that keeps Richmond in touch with the world does its work in a most inoffensive manner, and by running to the bottom of the hill on which the town stands, and by there stopping short, we seem to have a strong hint that we have been brought to the edge of a new element in which railways have no rights whatever. This is as it should be, and we can congratulate the North-Eastern Company for its discretion and its sense of fitness. Even the station is built of solid stonework, with a strong flavour of mediævalism in its design, and its attractiveness is enhanced by the complete absence of other modern buildings. We are thus welcomed to the charms of Richmond at once. The rich sloping meadows by the river, crowned with dense woodlands, surround us and form a beautiful setting of green for the town, which has come down from the fantastic days of the Norman Conquest without any drastic or unseemly changes, and thus has still the compactness and the romantic outline of feudal times.

By some means Richmond avoided the manufactories that have entirely altered the character of such places as Skipton and Durham, but if we wish to see what might have happened or what may still befall this town, it is only necessary for

us to go a little way above the new bridge, and there, beneath the castle heights, see one of the most conspicuously and unnecessarily ugly gas-works that was ever dumped upon a fair scene. I suppose a day will arrive when the Mayor and Corporation will lay their heads together with the object of devising a plan for the removal of these dismal buildings to some site where they will be less offensive, but until that day they will continue to mar the charms of a town whose situation is almost unequalled in this island.

From whatever side you approach it, Richmond has always some fine combination of towers overlooking a confusion of old red roofs and of rocky heights crowned with ivy-mantled walls, all set in the most sumptuous surroundings of silvery river and wooded hills, such as the artists of the age of steel-engraving loved to depict. Every one of these views has in it one dominating feature in the magnificent Norman keep of the castle. It overlooks church towers and everything else with precisely the same aloofness of manner it must have assumed as soon as the builders of nearly eight hundred years ago had put the last stone in place. Externally, at least, it is as complete to-day as it was then, and as there is no ivy upon it,

I cannot help thinking that the Bretons who built it in that long-distant time would swell with pride were they able to see how their ambitious work has come down the centuries unharmed.

We can go across the modern bridge, with its castellated parapets, and climb up the steep ascent on the further side, passing on the way the parish church, standing on the steep ground outside the circumscribed limits of the wall that used to enclose the town in early times. Turning towards the castle, we go breathlessly up the cobbled street that climbs resolutely to the market-place in a foolishly direct fashion, which might be understood if it were a Roman road. There is a sleepy quietness about this way up from the station, which is quite a short distance, and we look for much movement and human activity in the wide space we have reached ; but here, too, on this warm and sunny afternoon, the few folks who are about seem to find ample time for conversation and loitering. At the further end of the great square there are some vast tents erected close to the big obelisk that forms the market-cross of the present day. Quantities of straw are spread upon the cobbles, and the youth of Richmond watches with intense interest the bulgings of the canvas walls of the

tents. With this they are obliged to be content for a time, but just as we reach this end of the square two huge swaying elephants issue forth to take their afternoon stroll in company with their son, whose height is scarcely more than half that of his parents. The children have not waited in vain, and they gaze awe-struck at the furrowed sides of the slate-gray monsters as they are led, slowly padding their way, across the square. We watch them as they pass under the shadow of Holy Trinity Church, then out in the sunshine again they go lurching past the old-fashioned houses until they turn down Frenchgate and disappear, with the excited but respectful knot of children following close behind.

On one side of us is the King's Head, whose steep tiled roof and square front has just that air of respectable importance that one expects to find in an old-established English hotel. It looks across the cobbled space to the curious block of buildings that seems to have been intended for a church but has relapsed into shops. The shouldering of secular buildings against the walls of churches is a sight so familiar in parts of France that this market-place has an almost Continental flavour, in keeping with the fact that Richmond grew up under the pro-

tection of the formidable castle built by that Alan Rufus of Brittany who was the Conqueror's second cousin. The town ceased to be a possession of the Dukes of Brittany in the reign of Richard II., but there had evidently been sufficient time to allow French ideals to percolate into the minds of the men of Richmond, for how otherwise can we account for this strange familiarity of shops with a sacred building which is unheard of in any other English town ? Where else can one find a pork-butcher's shop inserted between the tower and the nave, or a tobacconist doing business in the aisle of a church ? Even the lower parts of the tower have been given up to secular uses, so that one only realizes the existence of the church by keeping far enough away to see the sturdy pinnacled tower that rises above the desecrated lower portions of the building. In this tower hangs the curfew-bell, which is rung at 6 a.m. and 8 p.m., a custom, according to one writer, 'that has continued ever since the time of William the Conqueror.' The bell, we know, is not Norman, and the tower belongs to the Perpendicular period, but the church is referred to in Norman times, and Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., suggests an earlier survival. He may, of course,

be describing Norman grotesque carvings, but, on the other hand, he may be recording some relics of a more barbarous age when he writes: 'There is a Chapel in *Richemont* Toune with straung Figures in the Waulles of it. The Peple there dreme that it was ons [a temple of] Idoles.' I wonder if those carved figures were entirely destroyed in the days of the Commonwealth, or whether they were merely thrown aside during some restoration, and are waiting for digging or building operations to bring them to light.

All the while we have been lingering in the market-place the great keep has been looking at us over some old red roofs, and urging us to go on at once to the finest sight that Richmond can offer, and, resisting the appeal no longer, we make our way down a narrow little street leading out to a walk that goes right round the castle cliffs at the base of the ivy-draped walls. If this walk were at Harrogate or Buxton, we can easily imagine that its charms would be vitiated by some evidences of a popular recognition of its attractiveness. There would be a strong ornamental iron railing on the exposed side of the path; there would probably be an automatic-machine waiting to supply a souvenir picture

post-card of the view ; there would be notices—most excellent where they are needed—requesting visitors not to throw paper or orange-peel anywhere but in the receptacle supplied ; and, besides all this, there would, I have no doubt, be ornamental shrubberies, and here and there a few beds of flowers, kept with all the neatness of municipal horticulture. Such efforts would meet with some sort of response on the part of the public, and the castle walk would be sufficiently populous to prevent anyone from appreciating its charms. No ; instead of all this we find a simple asphalt path without any fence at all. There are two or three seats that are perfectly welcome, but there is a delightful absence of shrubberies or flower-beds, and the notices to the public fixed to the castle walls are weathered and quite inconspicuous. Beyond all this, the castle walk is generally a place in which one can be alone, and yet

‘This is not solitude ; ‘tis but to hold
Converse with Nature’s charms, and view her stores unrolled.’

From down below comes the sound of the river, ceaselessly chafing its rocky bottom and the big boulders that lie in the way. You can distinguish the hollow sound of the waters as they fall over ledges into deep pools, and you can watch the

silvery gleams of broken water between the old stone bridge and the dark shade of the woods. The masses of trees clothing the side of the gorge add a note of mystery to the picture by swallowing up the river in their heavy shade, for, owing to its sinuous course among the cliffs, one can see only a short piece of water beyond the bridge.

The old corner of the town at the foot of Bargate appears over the edge of the rocky slope, but on the opposite side of the Swale there is little to be seen beside the green meadows and shady coppices that cover the heights above the river.

There is a fascination in this view in its capacity for change. It responds to every mood of the weather, and every sunset that glows across the sombre woods has some freshness, some feature that is quite unlike any other. Autumn, too, is a memorable time for those who can watch the face of Nature from this spot, for when one of those opulent evenings of the fall of the year turns the sky into a golden sea of glory, studded with strange purple islands, there is unutterable beauty in the flaming woods and the pale river.

On the way back to the market-place we pass a decayed arch that was probably a postern in the walls of the town. There can be no doubt

whatever of the existence of these walls, for Leland begins his description of the town with the words ‘*Richemont Towne is waullid*,’ and in another place he says: ‘Waullid it was, but the waul is now decayid. The Names and Partes of 4 or 5 Gates yet remaine.’ He also tells us the names of some of these gates: ‘*Frenchegate yn the North Parte of the Towne*, and is the most occupied Gate of the Towne. *Finkel-streate Gate, Bargate*, all iii be downe.’ Leland also details how the wall enclosed little beside the market-place, the houses adjoining it, and the gardens behind them, and that the area occupied by the castle was practically the same as that of the town. We wonder why Richmond could not have preserved her gates as York has done, or why she did not even make the effort sufficient to retain a single one, as Bridlington and Beverley did. The two posterns—one we have just mentioned, and the other in Friar’s Wynd, on the north side of the market-place, with a piece of wall 6 feet thick adjoining—are interesting, but we would have preferred something much finer than these mere arches; and while we are grumbling over what Richmond has lost, we may also measure the disaster which befell the market-place in 1771,

when the old cross was destroyed. Before that year there stood on the site of the present obelisk a very fine cross which Clarkson, who wrote about a century ago, mentions as being the greatest beauty of the town to an antiquary. A high flight of steps led up to a square platform, which was enclosed by a richly ornamented wall about 6 feet high, having buttresses at the corners, each surmounted with a dog seated on its hind-legs. Within the wall rose the cross, with its shaft made from one piece of stone. There were 'many curious compartments' in the wall, says Clarkson, and 'a door that opened into the middle of the square,' but this may have been merely an arched opening. The enrichments, either of the cross itself or the wall, included four shields bearing the arms of the great families of Fitz-Hugh, Scrope (quartering Tibetot), Conyers, and Neville. From the description there is little doubt that this cross was a very beautiful example of Perpendicular or perhaps Decorated Gothic, in place of which we have a crude and bulging obelisk bearing the inscription: 'Rebuilt (!) A.D. 1771, Christopher Wayne, Esq., Mayor'; it should surely have read: 'Perpetrated during the Mayoralty of Christopher Wayne, Goth.' The old cross was

pulled down ‘for particular reasons,’ says Clarkson, but, even if those reasons had been valid, the stones might have been carefully marked, and the whole structure could have been rebuilt in some other part of the market-place.

Although, as we have seen, Leland, who wrote in 1588, mentions Frenchgate and Finkel Street Gate as ‘down,’ yet they must have been only partially destroyed, or were rebuilt afterwards, for Whitaker, writing in 1828, mentions that they were pulled down ‘not many years ago’ to allow the passage of broad and high-laden waggons. There can be little doubt, therefore, that, swollen with success after the demolition of the cross, the Mayor and Corporation proceeded to attack the remaining gateways, so that now not the smallest suggestion of either remains. But even here we have not completed the list of barbarisms that took place about this time. The Barley Cross, which stood near the larger one, must have been quite an interesting feature. It consisted of a lofty pillar with a cross at the top, and rings were fastened either on the shaft or to the steps upon which it stood, so that the cross might answer the purpose of a whipping-post. The pillory stood not far away, and the may-pole is also mentioned.

But despite all this squandering of the treasures that it should have been the business of the town authorities to preserve, the tower of the Grey Friars has survived, and, next to the castle, it is one of the chief ornaments of the town. Whitaker is by no means sure of the motives that led to its preservation—perhaps because he knew the Richmond people too well to expect much of them—for he writes: ‘Taste, however, or veneration, or lucky accident, has preserved the great tower of the “Freres” of Richmond.’ Certainly none of these causes saved any other portions of the buildings, for the beautiful Perpendicular tower stands quite alone. It is on the north side of the town, outside the narrow limits of the walls, and was probably only finished in time to witness the dispersal of the friars who had built it. It is even possible that it was part of a new church that was still incomplete when the Dissolution of the Monasteries made the work of no account except as building materials for the townsfolk. The actual day of the surrender was January 19, 1538, and we wonder if Robert Sanderson, the Prior, and the fourteen brethren under him, suffered much from the privations that must have attended them at that coldest period of the year. At

one time the friars, being of a mendicant order, and inured to hard living and scanty fare, might have made light of such a disaster, but in these later times they had expanded somewhat from their austere ways of living, and the dispersal must have cost them much suffering. Almost in this actual year Leland writes of ‘their Howse, Medow, Orchard, and a litle Wood,’ which he mentions as being walled in, and, seeing that the wall enclosed nearly sixteen acres, it appears probable that the gray-cloaked men can scarcely have been ignorant of all the luxuries of life. Notwithstanding this, they stoutly refused to acknowledge the King’s supremacy, and suffered accordingly.

Going back to the reign of Henry VII. or thereabouts, we come across the curious ballad of ‘The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Freres of Richmond’ quoted from an old manuscript by Sir Walter Scott in ‘Rokeby.’ It may have been as a practical joke, or merely as a good way of getting rid of such a terrible beast, that

‘Ralph of Rokeby, with goodwill,
The fryers of Richmond gaver her till.’

Friar Middleton, who with two lusty men was

sent to fetch the sow from Rokeby, could scarcely have known that she was

'The grisliest beast that ere might be,
Her head was great and gray :
She was bred in Rokeby Wood ;
There were few that thither goed,
That came on live [=alive] away.

'She was so grisley for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feete,
And bark came fro the tree ;
When fryer Middleton her saugh,
Weet ye well he might not laugh,
Full earnestly look'd hee.'

To calm the terrible beast when they found it almost impossible to hold her, the friar began to read 'in St. John his Gospell,' but

'The sow she would not Latin heare,
But rudely rushed at the frear,'

who, turning very white, dodged to the shelter of a tree, whence he saw with horror that the sow had got clear of the other two men. At this their courage evaporated, and all three fled for their lives along the Watling Street. When they came to Richmond and told their tale of the 'feind of hell' in the garb of a sow, the warden decided to hire on the next day two of the 'boldest

men that ever were borne.' These two, Gilbert Griffin and a 'bastard son of Spaine,' went to Rokeby clad in armour and carrying their shields and swords of war, and even then they only just overcame the grisly sow. They lifted the dead brute on to the back of a horse, so that it rested across the two panniers,

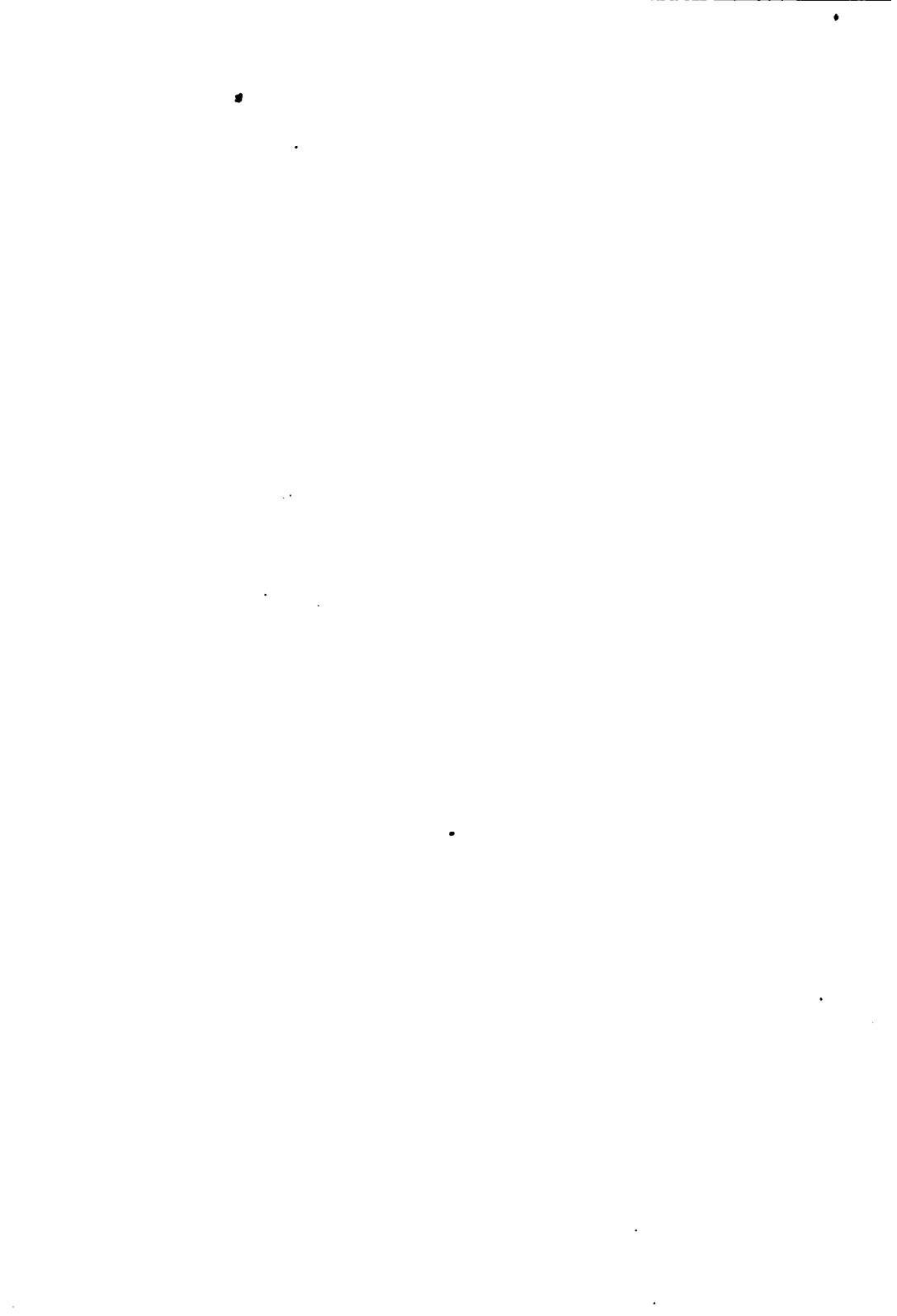
' And to Richmond they did hay :
When they saw her come,
They sang merrily *Te Deum*,
The fryers on that day.'

If we go across the river by the modern bridge, we can see the humble remains of St. Martin's Priory standing in a meadow by the railway. The ruins consist of part of a Perpendicular tower and a Norman doorway. Perhaps the tower was built in order that the Grey Friars might not eclipse the older foundation, for St. Martin's was a cell belonging to St. Mary's Abbey at York, and was founded by Wyman, steward or dapifer to the Earl of Richmond about the year 1100, whereas the Franciscans in the town owed their establishment to Radulph Fitz-Ranulph, a lord of Middleham in 1258. The doorway of St. Martin's, with its zigzag mouldings, must be part of Wyman's building, but no other traces of it remain.

Having come back so rapidly to the Norman age, we may well stay there for a time while we make our way over the bridge again and up the steep ascent of Frenchgate to the castle.

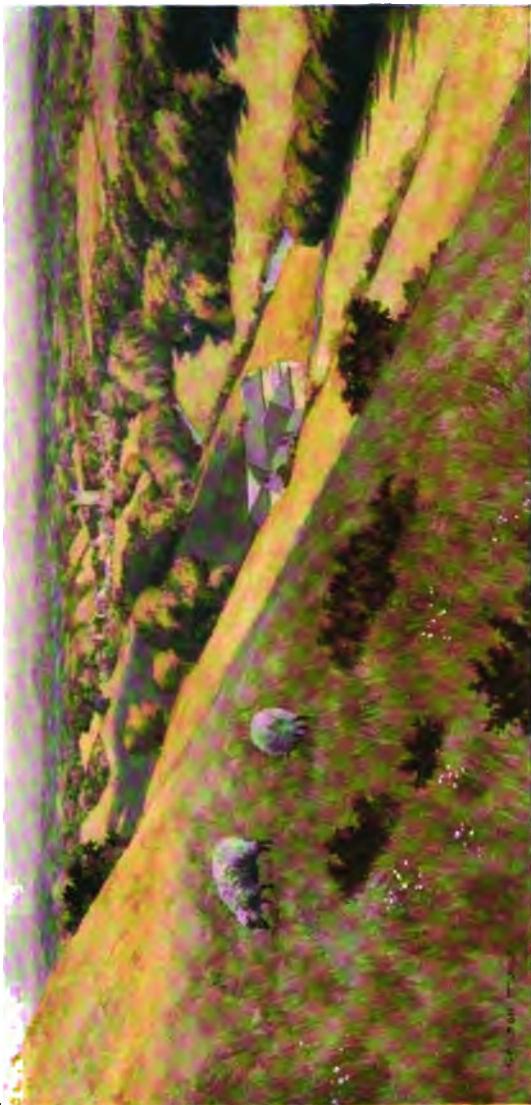
On entering the small outer barbican, which is reached by a lane from the market-place, we come to the base of the Norman keep. Its great height of nearly 100 feet is quite unbroken from foundations to summit, and the flat buttresses are featureless. The recent pointing of the masonry has also taken away any pronounced weathering, and has left the tower with almost the same gaunt appearance that it had when Duke Conan saw it completed. Passing through the arch in the wall abutting the keep, we come into the grassy space of over two acres, that is enclosed by the ramparts. There are some modern quarters for soldiers on the western side which we had not noticed before, and the grass is levelled in places for lawn tennis, but we had not expected to discover imposing views inside the walls, where the advantage of the cliffs is lost. We do find, however, architectural details which are missing outside. The basement of the keep was vaulted in a massive fashion in the Decorated period, but the walls are probably those of the first Earl Alan, who was the first 'Frenchman' who

owned the great part of Yorkshire which had formerly belonged to Edwin, the Saxon Earl. It is not definitely known by what stages the keep reached its present form, though there is every reason to believe that Conan, the fifth Earl of Richmond, left the tower externally as we see it to-day. This puts the date of the completion of the keep between 1146 and 1171. The floors are now a store for the uniforms and accoutrements of the soldiers quartered at Richmond, so that there is little to be seen as we climb a staircase in the walls, 11 feet thick, and reach the battlemented turrets. Looking downwards, we gaze right into the chimneys of the nearest houses, and we see the old roofs of the town packed closely together in the shelter of the mighty tower. A few tiny people are moving about in the market-place, and there is a thin web of drifting smoke between us and them. Everything is peaceful and remote; even the sound of the river is lost in the wind that blows freely upon us from the great moorland wastes stretching away to the western horizon. It is a romantic country that lays around us, and though the cultivated area must be infinitely greater than in the fighting days when these battlements were finished, yet I suppose the Vale



RICHMOND FROM THE WEST

FROM this point of view, a great stretch of fertile and richly wooded country is seen. The mediæval-looking town, perched on its rocky height above one of the deep windings of the Swale, plainly shows how its name of the Rich Mount suggested itself. The castle keep shows most prominently, but to the left of it can be seen the Grey Friar's Tower and those of the two churches.



of Mowbray which we gaze upon to the east must have been green, and to some extent fertile, when that Conan who was Duke of Brittany and also Earl of Richmond looked out over the innumerable manors that were his Yorkshire possessions. I can imagine his eye glancing down on a far more thrilling scene than the green three-sided courtyard enclosed by a crumbling gray wall, though to him the buildings, the men, and every detail that filled the great space, were no doubt quite prosaic. It did not thrill him to see a man-at-arms cleaning weapons, when the man and his clothes, and even the sword, were as modern and everyday as the soldier's wife and child that we can see ourselves, but how much would we not give for a half an hour of his vision, or even a part of a second, with a good camera in our hands ?

Instead of wasting time on vain thoughts of this character, it would perhaps be wiser to go down and examine the actual remains of these times that have survived all the intervening centuries.

In the lower part of what is called Robin Hood's Tower is the Chapel of St. Nicholas, with arcaded walls of early Norman date, and a long and narrow slit forming the east window. More interesting

than this is the Norman hall at the south-east angle of the walls. It was possibly used as the banqueting-room of the castle, and is remarkable as being one of the best preserved of the Norman halls forming separate buildings that are to be found in this country. The hall is roofless, but the corbels remain in a perfect state, and the windows on each side are well preserved. The builder was probably Earl Conan, for the keep has details of much the same character. It is generally called Scolland's Hall, after the Lord of Bedale of that name, who was a sewer or dapifer to the first Earl Alan of Richmond. Scolland was one of the tenants of the Earl, and under the feudal system of tenure he took part in the regular guarding of the castle.

There is probably much Norman work in various parts of the crumbling curtain walls, and at the south-west corner a Norman turret is still to be seen.

Unless the Romans established at Catterick had a station there, it seems very probable that before the Norman Conquest the actual site of Richmond was entirely vacant; for, though the Domesday Survey makes mention of one or two names that indicate some lost villages in the neighbourhood, there are no traces in the town of anything earlier

than the Norman period. No stones of Saxon origin, so far as evidence exists, have come to light during any restorations of the churches, and the only suggestion of anything pre-Norman is Leland's mention of those 'idoles' that were in his time to be seen in the walls of Holy Trinity Church.

For some reason this magnificent position for a stronghold was overlooked by the Saxons, the seat of their government in this part of Yorkshire being at Gilling, less than three miles to the north. The importance of this place, which is now nothing more than a village, is shown by the fact that it gave its name to the Gillingshire of early times as well as to the wapentakes of Gilling East and Gilling West. There was no naturally defensive site for a castle at Gilling, and the new owners of the land familiar with the enormous advantages of such sites as Falaise and Domfront were not slow to discover the bold cliff above the Swale just to the south. Alan Rufus, one of the sons of the Duke of Brittany, who received from the Conqueror the vast possessions of Earl Edwin, was no doubt the founder of Richmond. He probably received this splendid reward for his services soon after the suppression of the Saxon efforts for liberty under the northern Earls.

William, having crushed out the rebellion in the remorseless fashion which finally gave him peace in his new possessions, distributed the devastated Saxon lands among his supporters; thus a great part of the earldom of Mercia fell to this Breton.

The site of Richmond was fixed as the new centre of power, and the name, with its apparently obvious meaning, may date from that time, unless the suggested Anglo-Saxon derivation which gives it as Rice-munt—the hill of rule—is correct. After this Gilling must soon have ceased to be of any account. There can be little doubt that the castle was at once planned to occupy the whole area enclosed by the walls as they exist to-day, although the full strength of the place was not realized until the time of the fifth Earl, who, as we have seen, was most probably the builder of the keep in its final form, as well as other parts of the castle. Richmond must then have been considered almost impregnable, and this may account for the fact that it appears to have never been besieged. In 1174, when William the Lion of Scotland was invading England, we are told in Jordan Fantosme's Chronicle that Henry II., anxious for the safety of the honour of Richmond, and perhaps of its

custodian as well, asked : ‘ Randulf de Glanvile est-il en Richemunt ?’ The King was in France, his possessions were threatened from several quarters, and it would doubtless be a relief to him to know that a stronghold of such importance was under the personal command of so able a man as Glanville. In July of that year the danger from the Scots was averted by a victory at Alnwick, in which fight Glanville was one of the chief commanders of the English, and he probably led the men of Richmondshire.

It is a strange thing that Richmond Castle, despite its great pre-eminence, should have been allowed to become a ruin in the reign of Edward III.—a time when castles had obviously lost none of the advantages to the barons which they had possessed in Norman times. The only explanation must have been the divided interests of the owners, for, as Dukes of Brittany, as well as Earls of Richmond, their English possessions were frequently endangered when France and England were at war. And so it came about that when a Duke of Brittany gave his support to the King of France in a quarrel with the English, his possessions north of the Channel became Crown property. How such a condition

of affairs could have continued for so long is difficult to understand, but the final severing came at last, when the unhappy Richard II. was on the throne of England. The honour of Richmond then passed to Ralph Neville, the first Earl of Westmoreland, but the title was given to Edmund Tudor, whose mother was Queen Catherine, the widow of Henry V. Edmund Tudor, as all know, married Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of John of Gaunt, and died about two months before his wife—then scarcely fourteen years old—gave birth to his only son, who succeeded to the throne of England as Henry VII. He was Earl of Richmond from his birth, and it was he who carried the name to the Thames by giving it to his splendid palace which he built at Shene. Even the ballad of ‘The Lass of Richmond Hill’ is said to come from Yorkshire, although it is commonly considered a possession of Surrey.

Protected by the great castle, there came into existence the town of Richmond, which grew and flourished. The houses must have been packed closely together to provide the numerous people with quarters inside the wall which was built to protect the place from the raiding Scots. The area of the town was scarcely larger than the

castle, and although in this way the inhabitants gained security from one danger, they ran a greater risk from a far more insidious foe, which took the form of pestilences of a most virulent character. After one of these visitations the town of Richmond would be left in a pitiable plight. Many houses would be deserted, and fields became 'over-run with briars, nettles, and other noxious weeds.'

There is a record of the desolation and misery that was found to exist in Richmond during the reign of Edward III. A plague had carried off about 2,000 people; the Scots, presumably before the building of the wall, had by their inroads added to the distress in the town, and the castle was in such a state of dilapidation as to be worth nothing a year. In the thirteenth century Richmond had been the mart of a very large district. It was a great centre for the distribution of corn, and goods were brought from Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland to be sold in the market on Saturdays. Such an extensive trade produced a large class of burgesses, merchants, and craftsmen, who were sufficiently numerous to form themselves into no less than thirteen separate guilds. There were the mercers, grocers, and haberdashers united into one company; the glovers and skinners, who

combined under the name of fellmongers. There were the butchers, tailors, tanners, blacksmiths, and cappers, who kept themselves apart as distinct companies ; and the remaining nineteen trades were massed together in six guilds, such ill-assorted people as drapers, vintners, and surgeons going together. With various charters, giving all sorts of rights and immunities, these companies survived the disasters which befell the place, although the growth of other market towns, such as Bedale, Masham, and Middleham, undermined their position, and sometimes gave rise to loud complaints and petitions to be eased of the payments by which the citizens held their charter. With keen competition to contend against, the poor Richmond folk must have thought their lot a miserable one when a fresh pestilential scourge was inflicted upon them.

The first death took place on August 17, 1597, when Roger Sharp succumbed to a disease which spread with such rapidity that by December 15 in the following year 1,050 had died within the parish, and altogether there were 2,200 deaths in the rural deanery of Richmond. This plague was by no means confined to Richmond, and so great was the mortality that the assizes at Durham were not held,

and business generally in the northern parts of England was paralyzed.

In the Civil War the town was spared the disaster of a siege, perhaps because the castle was not in a proper state for defence. If fighting had occurred, there is little doubt that the keep would have been partially wrecked, as at Scarborough, and Richmond would have lost the distinction of possessing such an imposing feature.

As soon as one digs down a little into the story of a town with so rich a history as this, it is tantalizing not to go deeper. One would like to study every record that throws light on the events that were associated with the growth of both the castle and the town, so that one might discard the mistakes of the earlier writers and build up such a picture of feudal times as few places in England could equal. Richmond of to-day is so silent, so lacking in pageantry, that one must needs go to some lonely spot, and there dream of all the semi-barbarous splendours that the old walls have looked down upon when the cement between the great stones still bore the marks of the masons' trowels. One thinks of the days when the occupants of the castle were newly come from Brittany, when an alien tongue was heard on this cliff above the

Swale, even as had happened when the riverside echoes had had to accustom themselves to an earlier change when Romans had laughed and talked on the same spot. The men one dreams of are wearing suits of chain mail, or are in the dress so quaintly drawn in the tapestry at Bayeux, and they have brought with them their wives, their servants, and even their dogs. Thus Richmond began as a foreign town, and the folks ate and drank and slept as they had always done before they left France. Much of this alien blood was no doubt absorbed by the already mixed Anglo-Saxon and Danish population of Yorkshire, and perhaps, if his descent could be traced, one would find that the passer-by who has just disturbed our dreaming has Breton blood in his veins.

Easby Abbey is so much a possession of Richmond that we cannot go towards the mountains until we have seen something of its charms. The ruins slumber in such unutterable peace by the riverside that the place is well suited to our mood to go a-dreaming of the centuries which have been so long dead that our imaginations are not cumbered with any of the dull times that may have often set the canons of St. Agatha's yawning. The walk along the steep shady bank above the

river is beautiful all the way, and the surroundings of the broken walls and traceried windows are singularly rich. There is nothing, however, at Easby that makes a striking picture, although there are many architectural fragments that are full of beauty. Fountains, Rievaulx and Tintern, all leave Easby far behind, but there are charms enough here with which to be content, and it is, perhaps, a pleasant thought to know that, although on this sunny afternoon these meadows by the Swale seem to reach perfection, yet in the neighbourhood of Ripon there is something still finer waiting for us. Of the abbey church scarcely more than enough has survived for the preparation of a ground-plan, and many of the evidences are now concealed by the grass. The range of domestic buildings that surrounded the cloister garth are, therefore, the chief interest, although these also are broken and roofless. We can wander among the ivy-grown walls which, in the refectory, retain some semblance of their original form, and we can see the picturesque remains of the common-room, the guest-hall, the chapter-house, and the sacristy. Beyond the ruins of the north transept, a corridor leads into the infirmary, which, besides having an unusual position, is remarkable

as being one of the most complete groups of buildings set apart for this object. A noticeable feature of the cloister garth is a Norman arch belonging to a doorway that appears to be of later date. This is probably the only survival of the first monastery founded, it is said, by Roald, Constable of Richmond Castle in 1152. Building of an extensive character was, therefore, in progress at the same time in these sloping meadows, as on the castle heights, and St. Martin's Priory, close to the town, had not long been completed. Whoever may have been the founder of the abbey, it is definitely known that the great family of Scrope obtained the privileges that had been possessed by the constable, and they added so much to the property of the monastery that in the reign of Henry VIII. the Scropes were considered the original founders. Easby thus became the stately burying-place of the family, and the splendid tombs that appeared in the choir of their church were a constant reminder to the canons of the greatness of the lords of Bolton. Sir Henry le Scrope was buried beneath a great stone effigy, bearing the arms—azure, a bend or—of his house. Near by lay Sir William le Scrope's armed figure, and round about were many others of the family

buried beneath flat stones. We know this from the statement of an Abbot of Easby in the fourteenth century ; and but for the record of his words there would be nothing to tell us anything of these ponderous memorials, which have disappeared as completely as though they had had no more permanence than the yellow leaves that are just beginning to flutter from the trees. The splendid church, the tombs, and even the very family of Scrope, have disappeared ; but across the hills, in the valley of the Ure, their castle still stands, and in the little church of Wensley there can still be seen the parclose screen of Perpendicular date that one of the Scropes must have rescued when the monastery was being stripped and plundered.

The fine gatehouse of Easby Abbey, which is in a good state of preservation, stands a little to the east of the parish church, and the granary is even now in use.

On the sides of the parvise over the porch of the parish church are the arms of Scrope, Conyers, and Aske ; and in the chancel of this extremely interesting old building there can be seen a series of wall-paintings, some of which probably date from the reign of Henry III. This would make them earlier than those at Pickering.

CHAPTER XII

SWALEDALE

THERE is a certain elevated and wind-swept spot, scarcely more than a long mile from Richmond, that commands a view over a wide extent of romantic country. Vantage-points of this type, within easy reach of a fair-sized town, are inclined to be overrated, and, what is far worse, to be spoiled by the litter of picnic parties ; but Whitcliffe Scar is free from both objections. In magnificent September weather one may spend many hours in the midst of this great panorama without being disturbed by a single human being, besides a possible farm labourer or shepherd ; and if scraps of paper and orange-peel are ever dropped here, the keen winds that come from across the moors dispose of them as efficaciously as the keepers of any public parks.

The view is removed from a comparison with many others from the fact that one is situated at

the dividing-line between the richest cultivation and the wildest moorlands. Whitcliffe Scar is the Mount Pisgah from whence the jaded dweller in towns can gaze into a promised land of solitude,

‘Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been.’

The eastward view of green and smiling country is undeniably beautiful, but to those who can appreciate Byron’s enthusiasm for the trackless mountain there is something more indefinable and inspiring in the mysterious loneliness of the west. The long, level lines of the moorland horizon, when the sun is beginning to climb downwards, are cut out in the softest blue and mauve tints against the shimmering transparency of the western sky, and the plantations that clothe the sides of the dale beneath one are filled with wonderful shadows, which are thrown out with golden outlines. The view along the steep valley extends for a few miles, and then is suddenly cut off by a sharp bend where the Swale, a silver ribbon along the bottom of the dale, disappears among the sombre woods and the shoulders of the hills.

In this aspect of Swaledale one sees its mildest and most civilized mood; for beyond the purple

SWALEDALE IN THE EARLY AUTUMN

THE view is taken from a spot just above Richmond, known as Willance's Leap. One is looking due west, with the high mountains of Craven just beyond the blue plateau.





hillside that may be seen in the illustration, cultivation becomes more palpably a struggle, and the gaunt moors, broken by lines of precipitous scars, assume control of the scenery.

From 200 feet below, where the river is flowing along its stony bed, comes the sound of the waters ceaselessly grinding the pebbles, and from the green pastures there floats upwards a distant ba-baaing. No railway has penetrated the solitudes of Swaledale, and, as far as one may look into the future in such matters, there seems every possibility of this loneliest and grandest of the Yorkshire dales retaining its isolation in this respect. None but the simplest of sounds, therefore, are borne on the keen winds that come from the moorland heights, and the purity of the air whispers in the ear the pleasing message of a land where chimneys have never been.

Besides the original name of Whitcliffe Scar, this remarkable view-point has, since 1606, been popularly known as 'Willance's Leap.' In that year a certain Robert Willance, whose father appears to have been a successful draper in Richmond, was hunting in the neighbourhood, when he found himself enveloped in a fog. It must have been sufficiently dense to shut out even the nearest

objects ; for, without any warning, Willance found himself on the verge of the scar, and before he could check his horse both were precipitated over the cliff. We have no detailed account of whether the fall was broken in any way ; but, although his horse was killed instantly, Willance, by some almost miraculous good fortune, found himself alive at the bottom with nothing worse than a broken leg. Such a story must have been the talk of the whole of the Dale Country for months after the event, and it is in no way surprising that the spot should have become permanently associated with the rider's name. He certainly felt grateful for his astonishing escape, despite the amputation of the broken limb ; for, besides the erection of some inscribed stones that still mark the position of his fall from the cliff, Willance, in order to further commemorate the event, presented the Corporation of Richmond with a silver cup, which remains in the possession of the town.

Turning back towards Richmond, the contrast of the gently-rounded contours and the rich cultivation gives the landscape the appearance of a vast garden. One can see the great Norman keep of the castle dwarfing the church towers, and the red-roofed houses that cluster so picturesquely

under its shelter. The afternoon sunlight floods everything with its generous glow, and the shadows of the trees massed on the hill-slopes are singularly blue. At the bottom of the valley the Swale abandons its green meadows for a time, and disappears into the deep and leafy gorge that adds so much to the charm of Richmond. Beyond the town the course of the river can be traced as it takes its way past Easby Abbey and the sunny slopes crowned with woods that go down on either side to its sparkling waters, until the level plain confuses every feature in a maze of hedgerow and coppice that loses itself in the hazy horizon.

It is a difficult matter to decide which is the more attractive means of exploring Swaledale; for if one keeps to the road at the bottom of the valley many beautiful and remarkable aspects of the country are missed, and yet if one goes over the moors it is impossible to really explore the recesses of the dale. The old road from Richmond to Reeth avoids the dale altogether, except for the last mile, and its ups and its downs make the traveller pay handsomely for the scenery by the way. But this ought not to deter anyone from using the road; for the view of the village of Marske, cosily situated among the wooded heights that rise above the

beck, is missed by those who keep to the new road along the banks of the Swale. The romantic seclusion of this village is accentuated towards evening, when a shadowy stillness fills the hollows. The higher woods may be still glowing with the light of the golden west, while down below a softness of outline adds beauty to every object. The old bridge that takes the road to Reeth across Marske Beck needs no such fault-forgiving light, for it was standing in the reign of Elizabeth, and, from its appearance, it is probably centuries older. There used to be a quaint little mill close to the bridge, but this was, unfortunately, swept away when some alterations were being made in the surroundings of Marske Hall, a seat of the Huttons. It was one of this family, in whose hands the manor of Marske has remained for over 800 years, to whom the idea occurred of converting what was formerly a precipitous ravine, with bare rocky scars on either side, into the heavily wooded and romantic spot one finds to-day. Beyond the beautifying of this little branch valley of Swaledale, the Huttons are a notable family in having produced two Archbishops. They both bore the same name of Matthew Hutton. The first, who is mentioned by Thomas Fuller in his 'Worthies' as 'a learned Prelate,' was

raised to the Archbishopric of York from Durham in 1594. This Matthew Hutton seems to have found favour with Elizabeth, for, beyond his rapid progress in the Church, there is still preserved in Marske Hall a gold cup presented to him by the Queen.* The second Archbishop was promoted from Bangor to York, and finally to Canterbury in 1757.

Rising above the woods near Marske Hall there appears a tall obelisk, put up to the memory of Captain Matthew Hutton about a century ago, when that type of memorial had gained a prodigious popularity. An obelisk towering above a plantation can scarcely be considered an attractive feature in a landscape, for its outline is too strongly suggestive of a mine-shaft ; but how can one hope to find beauty in any of the architectural efforts of a period that seems to have been dead to art ?

The new road to Reeth from Richmond goes down at an easy gradient from the town to the banks of the river, which it crosses when abreast of Whitcliffe Scar, the view in front being at first much the same as the nearer portions of the dale seen from that height. Down on the left, however, there are some chimney-shafts, so recklessly black

* Murray.

that they seem to be no part whatever of their sumptuous natural surroundings, and might almost suggest a nightmare in which one discovered that some of the vilest chimneys of the Black Country had taken to touring in the beauty spots of the country.

As one goes westward, the road penetrates right into the bold scenery that invites exploration when viewed from 'Willance's Leap.' There is a Scottish feeling—perhaps Alpine would be more correct—in the steeply-falling sides of the dale, all clothed in firs and other dense plantations; and just where the Swale takes a decided turn towards the south there is a view up Marske Beck that adds much to the romance of the scene. Behind one's back the side of the dale rises like a dark green wall entirely in shadow, and down below, half buried in foliage, the river swirls and laps its gravelly beaches, also in shadow. Beyond a strip of pasture begin the tumbled masses of trees which, as they climb out of the depths of the valley, reach the warm, level rays of sunlight that turns the first leaves that have passed their prime into the fierce yellows and burnt siennas which, when faithfully represented at Burlington House, are often considered overdone. Even the gaunt obelisk near Marske Hall responds

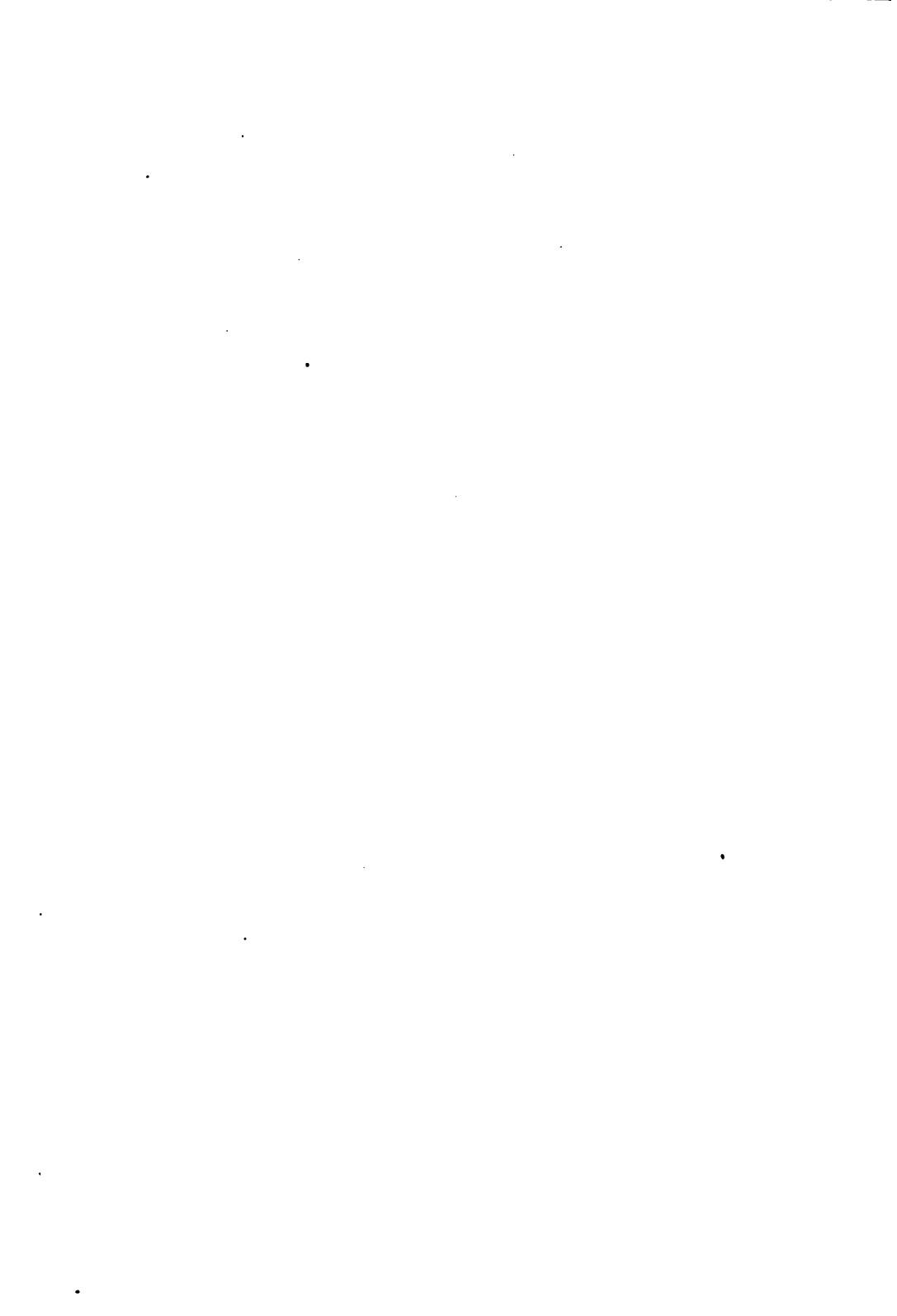
to a fine sunset of this sort, and shows a gilded side that gives it almost a touch of grandeur.

Evening is by no means necessary to the attractions of Swaledale, for a blazing noon gives lights and shades and contrasts of colour that are a large portion of Swaledale's charms. If instead of taking either the old road by way of Marske, or the new one by the riverside, one had crossed the old bridge below the castle, and left Richmond by a very steep road that goes to Leyburn, one would have reached a moorland that is at its best in the full light of a clear morning. The road goes through the gray little village of Hudswell, which possesses some half-destroyed cottages that give it a forlorn and even pathetic character. As one goes on towards the open plateau of Downholme Moor, a sense of keen regret will force itself upon the mind ; for here, in this gloriously healthy air, there are cottages in excess of the demand, and away in the great centres of labour, where the atmosphere is lifeless and smoke - begrimed, overcrowding is a perpetual evil. Perhaps the good folks who might have been dwelling in Hudswell, or some other breezy village, prefer their surroundings in some gloomy street in Sheffield ; perhaps those who lived in these broken little homes died long ago, and

there are none who sigh for space and air after the fashion of caged larks ; perhaps—— But we have reached a gate now, and when we are through it and out on the bare brown expanse, with the ‘wide horizons beckoning’ on every side, the wind carries away every gloomy thought, and leaves in its place one vast optimism, which is, I suppose, the joy of living, and one of God’s best gifts to man.

The clouds are big, but they carry no threat of rain, for right down to the far horizon from whence this wind is coming there are patches of blue proportionate to the vast spaces overhead. As each white mass passes across the sun, we are immersed in a shadow many acres in extent ; but the sunlight has scarcely fled when a rim of light comes over the edge of the plain, just above the hollow where Downholme village lies hidden from sight, and in a few minutes that belt of sunshine has reached some sheep not far off, and rimmed their coats with a brilliant edge of white. Shafts of whiteness, like searchlights, stream from behind a distant cloud, and everywhere there is brilliant contrast and a purity to the eye and lungs that only a Yorkshire moor possesses.

Making our way along a grassy track, we cross the heather and bent, and go down an easy



DOWNHOLME MOOR, ABOVE SWALEDALE

"Wide horizons beckoning, far beyond the hill,
Greatness overhead,
The flock's contented tread
An' trample o' the morning wind adown the open
trail."

H. H. BASHFORD.



slope towards the gray roofs of Downholme. The situation is pretty, and there is a triangular green beyond the inn ; but, owing to the church being some distance away, the village seems to lack in features.

A short two miles up the road to Leyburn, just above Gill Beck, there is an ancient house known as Walburn Hall, and also the remains of the chapel belonging to it, which dates from the Perpendicular period. The buildings are now used as a farm, but there are still enough suggestions of a dignified past to revivify the times when this was a centre of feudal power. Although the architecture is not Norman, there is a fragment in one of the walls that seems to indicate an earlier house belonging to the Walburns, for one of them—Wymer de Walburn—held a certain number of oxgangs of land there in 1286.

Turning back to Swaledale by a lane on the south side of Gill Beck, Downholme village is passed a mile away on the right, and the bold scenery of the dale once more becomes impressive. The sunshine has entirely gone now, and, although there are still some hours of daylight left, the ponderous masses of blue-gray cloud that have slowly spread themselves from one horizon to the other have caused a gloom to take the place of the

morning's dazzling sunshine. When we get lower down, and have a glimpse of the Swale over the hedge, a most imposing scene is suddenly visible. We would have illustrated it here, but the Dale Country is so prolific in its noble views that a selection of twenty pictures must of pure necessity do injustice to the many scenes it omits.

Two great headlands, formed by the wall-like terminations of Cogden and Harkerside Moors, rising one above the other, stand out magnificently. Their huge sides tower up nearly a thousand feet from the river, until they are within reach of the lowering clouds that every moment threaten to envelop them in their indigo embrace. There is a curious rift in the dark cumulus revealing a thin line of dull carmine that frequently changes its shape and becomes nearly obliterated, but its presence in no way weakens the awesomeness of the picture. The dale appears to become huger and steeper as the clouds thicken, and what have been merely woods and plantations in this heavy gloom become mysterious forests. The river, too, seems to change its character, and become a pale serpent, uncoiling itself from some mountain fastness where no living creatures, besides great auks and carrion birds, dwell.

In such surroundings as these there were established in the Middle Ages two religious houses, within a mile of one another, on opposite sides of the swirling river. On the north bank, not far from Marrick village, you may still see the ruins of Marrick Priory in its beautiful situation much as Turner painted it a century ago. Leland describes Marrick as ‘a Priory of Blake Nunnes of the Foundation of the Askes.’ It was, we know, an establishment for Benedictine Nuns, founded or endowed by Roger de Aske in the twelfth century. At Ellerton, on the other side of the river a little lower down, the nunnery was of the Cistercian Order; for, although very little of its history has been discovered, Leland writes of the house as ‘a Priori of White clothid Nunnes.’ After the Battle of Bannockburn, when the Scots raided all over the North Riding of Yorkshire, they came along Swaledale in search of plunder, and we are told that Ellerton suffered from their violence. The ruins that witnessed these scenes remain most provokingly silent, and Heaven knows if they ever echoed to the cries of the defenceless nuns or the coarse laughter of the Scots, for the remains tell us nothing at all.

Where the dale becomes wider, owing to the

branch valley of Arkengarthdale, there are two villages close together. Grinton is reached first, and is older than Reeth, which is a short distance north of the river. The parish of Grinton is one of the largest in Yorkshire. It is more than twenty miles long, containing something near 50,000 acres, and according to Mr. Speight, who has written a very detailed history of Richmondshire, more than 80,000 acres of this consist of mountain, grouse-moor, and scar. For so huge a parish the church is suitable in size, but in the upper portions of the dales one must not expect any very remarkable exteriors; and Grinton, with its low roofs and plain battlemented tower, is much like other churches in the neighbourhood. Inside there are suggestions of a Norman building that has passed away, and the bowl of the font seems also to belong to that period. The two chapels opening from the chancel contain some interesting features, which include a hagioscope, and both are enclosed by old screens.

Leaving the village behind, and crossing the Swale, you soon come to Reeth, which may, perhaps, be described as a little town. It must have thrived with the lead-mines in Arkengarthdale and along the Swale, for it has gone back since the period of its former prosperity, and is

glad of the fact that its splendid situation, and the cheerful green which the houses look upon, have made it something of a holiday resort, although it still retains its grayness and its simplicity, both of which may be threatened if a red-roofed hotel were to make its appearance, the bare thought of which is an anxiety to those who appreciate the soft colours of the locality.

When Reeth is left behind, there is no more of the fine 'new' road which makes travelling so easy for the eleven miles from Richmond. The surface is, however, by no means rough along the nine miles to Muker, although the scenery becomes far wilder and more mountainous with every mile. The dale narrows most perceptibly; the woods become widely separated, and almost entirely disappear on the southern side; and the gaunt moors, creeping down the sides of the valley, seem to threaten the narrow belt of cultivation, that becomes increasingly restricted to the river margins. Precipitous limestone scars fringe the browny-green heights in many places, and almost girdle the summit of Calver Hill, the great bare height that rises a thousand feet above Reeth. The farms and hamlets of these upper parts of Swaledale are of the same grays, greens, and browns as the moors

and scars that surround them. The stone walls, that are often high and forbidding, seem to suggest the fortifications required for man's fight with Nature, in which there is no encouragement for the weak. In the splendid weather that so often welcomes the mere summer rambler in the upper dales the austerity of the widely scattered farms and villages may seem a little unaccountable ; but a visit in January would quite remove this impression, though even in these lofty parts of England the worst winter snowstorm has, in quite recent years, been of trifling inconvenience. Bad winters will, no doubt, be experienced again on the fells ; but leaving out of the account the snow that used to bury farms, flocks, roads, and even the smaller gills, in a vast smother of whiteness, there are still the winds that go shrieking over the desolate heights, there is still the high rainfall, and there are still destructive thunderstorms that bring with them hail of a size that we seldom encounter in the lower levels. Mr. Lockwood records a remarkable storm near Sedbergh in which there were only three flashes. The first left senseless on the ground two brothers who were tending sheep, the second killed three cows that were sheltering under an oak, and the third unroofed a large portion of a

barn and split up two trees. In this case the ordinary conditions of thunderstorms would seem to have been reversed, the electric discharge taking place from the earth to the clouds; otherwise, it is hard to account for such destruction with each flash.

The great rapidity with which the Swale, or such streams as the Arkle, can produce a devastating flood can scarcely be comprehended by those who have not seen the results of even moderate rain-storms on the fells. When, however, some really wet days have been experienced in the upper parts of the dales, it seems a wonder that the bridges are not more often in jeopardy. Long lines of pale-gray clouds, with edges so soft that they almost coalesce, come pressing each other on to the bare heights, and, almost before one mass has transformed itself into silvery streaks on the fellsides, there are others pouring down on their emaciated remains.

Of course, even the highest hills of Yorkshire are surpassed in wetness by their Lakeland neighbours; for whereas Hawes Junction, which is only about seven miles south of Muker, has an average yearly rainfall of about 62 inches, Mickleden, in Westmorland, can show 187, and certain spots in

Cumberland aspire towards 200 inches in a year. No figures seem to exist for Swaledale, but in the lower parts of Wensleydale the rainfall is only half of what has been given for Hawes, which stands at the head of that valley.

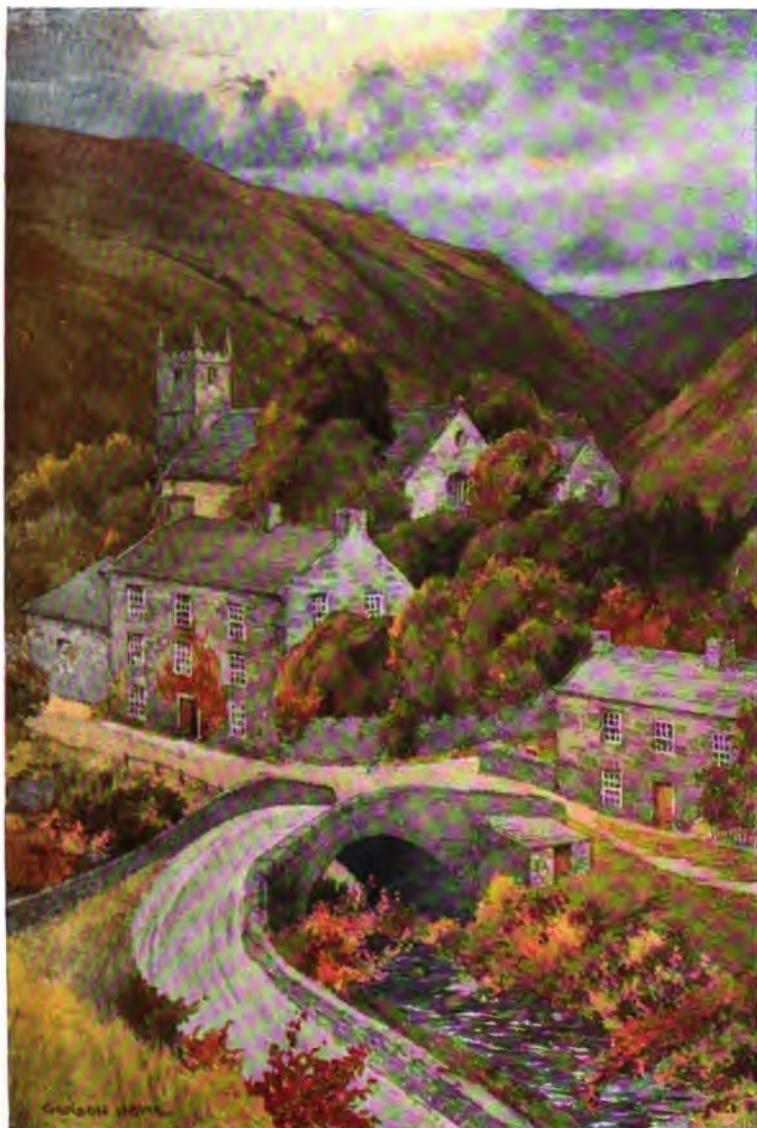
The weather conditions being so severe, it is not surprising to find that no corn at all is grown in Swaledale at the present day. Some notes, found in an old family Bible in Teesdale, are quoted by Mr. Joseph Morris. They show the painful difficulties experienced in the eighteenth century from such entries as : '1782. I reaped oats for John Hutchinson, when the field was covered with snow,' and : '1799, Nov. 10. Much corn to cut and carry. A hard frost.'

Muker, notwithstanding all these climatic difficulties, has some claim to picturesqueness, despite the fact that its church is better seen at a distance, for a close inspection reveals its rather poverty-stricken state. The square tower, so typical of the dales, stands well above the weathered roofs of the village, and there are sufficient trees to tone down the severities of the stone walls, that are inclined to make one house much like its neighbour, and but for natural surroundings would reduce the hamlets to the same uniformity. At Muker, however, there is a steep

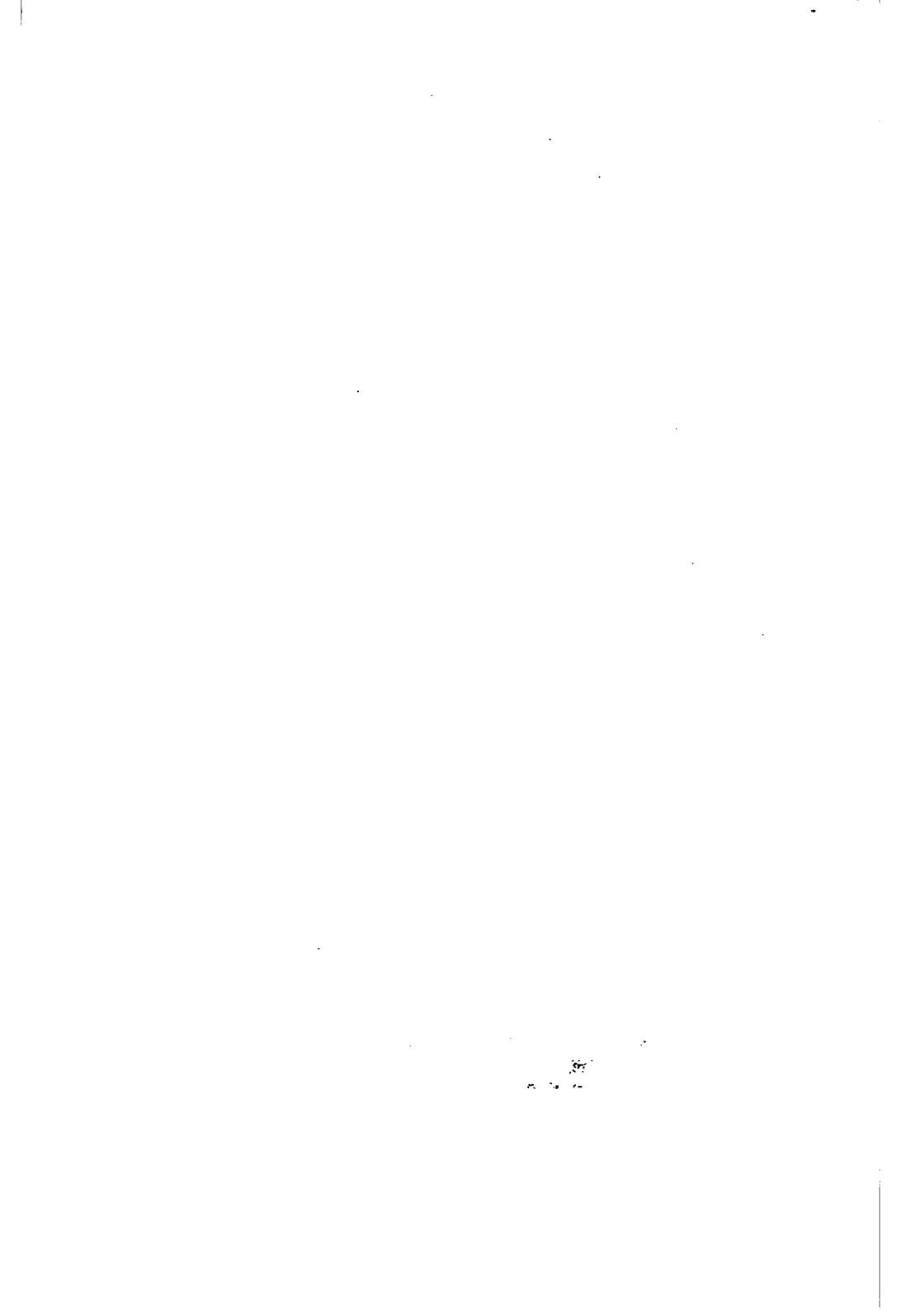


MUKER ON A STORMY AFTERNOON

THIS is a typical village of the dales, with its simple square-towered church and its greeny-grey roofs. The hill on the left is Kisdon, and one is looking up the narrowest portion of Swaledale.



GARDEN HOME



bridge and a rushing mountain stream that joins the Swale just below. The road keeps close to this beck, and the houses are thus restricted to one side of the way. There is a bright and cheerful appearance about the Farmers' Arms, the small inn that stands back a little from the road with a cobbled space in front. Inside you may find a grandfather clock by Pratt of Askrigg in Wensleydale, a portrait of Lord Kitchener, and a good square meal of the ham and eggs and tea order.

Away to the south, in the direction of the Buttertubs Pass, is Stags Fell, 2,218 feet above the sea, and something like 1,800 feet above Muker. Northwards, and towering over the village, is the isolated mass of Kisdon Hill, on two sides of which the Swale, now a mountain stream, rushes and boils among boulders and ledges of rock. This is one of the finest portions of the dale, and, although the road leaves the river and passes round the western side of Kisdon, there is a path that goes through the glen, and brings one to the road again at Keld.

Just before you reach Keld, the Swale drops 80 feet at Kisdon Force, and after a night of rain there are many other waterfalls to be seen in this district. These are not to me, however, the chief

CHAPTER XIII

WENSLEYDALE

THE approach from Muker to the upper part of Wensleydale is by a mountain road that can claim a grandeur which, to those who have never explored the dales, might almost seem impossible. I have called it a road, but it is, perhaps, questionable whether this is not too high-sounding a term for a track so invariably covered with large loose stones and furrowed with water-courses. At its highest point the road goes through the Butter-tubs Pass, taking the traveller to the edge of the pot-holes that have given their name to this thrilling way through the mountain ridge dividing the Swale from the Ure.

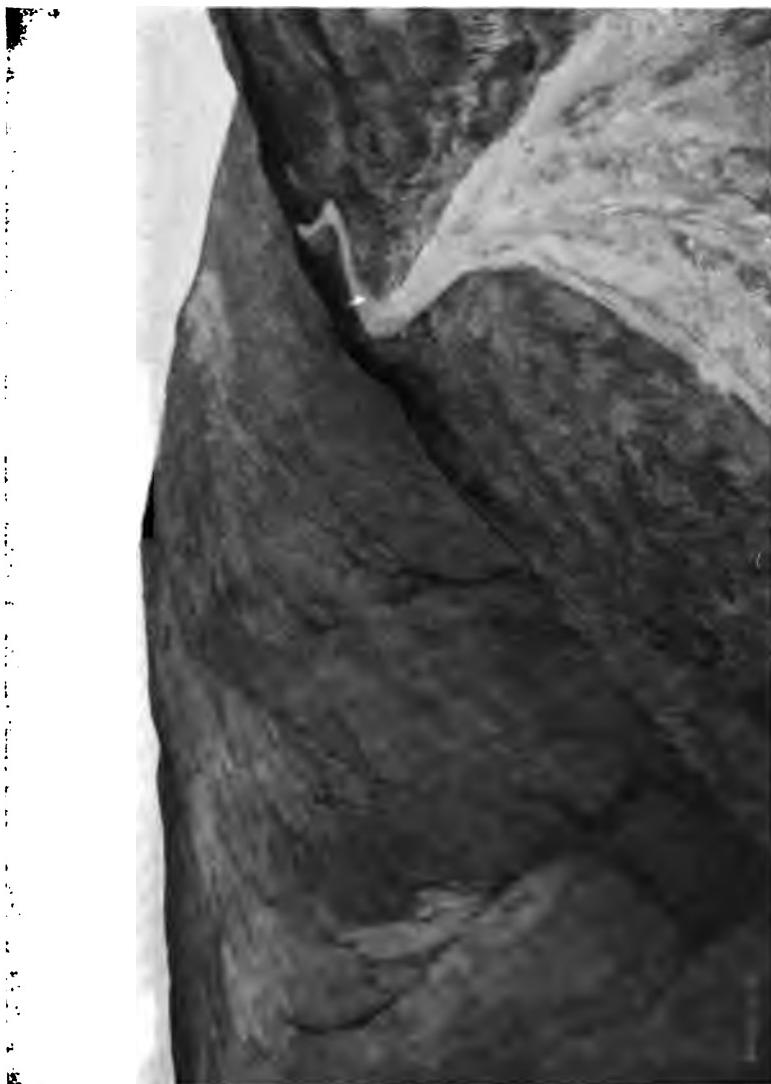
Such a lonely and dangerous road should no doubt be avoided at night, but yet I am always grateful for the delays which made me so late that darkness came on when I was at the highest portion of the pass. It was late in September, and

it was the day of the feast at Hawes, which had drawn to that small town farmers and their wives, and most, if not all, the young men and maidens within a considerable radius. I made my way slowly up the long ascent from Muker, stumbling frequently on the loose stones and in the water-worn runnels that were scarcely visible in the dim twilight. The huge, bare shoulders of the fells began to close in more and more as I climbed. Towards the west lay Great Shunner Fell, its vast brown-green mass being sharply defined against the clear evening sky; while further away to the north-west there were blue mountains going to sleep in the soft mistiness of the distance. Then the road made a sudden zigzag, but went on climbing more steeply than ever, until at last I found that the stony track had brought me to the verge of a precipice. There was not sufficient light to see what dangers lay beneath me, but I could hear the angry sound of a beck falling upon quantities of bare rocks. At the edge of the road the ground curved away in an insidious manner without any protecting bank, and I instinctively drew towards the inner side of the way, fearing lest a stumble among the stones that still covered the road might precipitate me into the gorge.



TWILIGHT IN THE BUTTER-TUBS PASS

THE Butter-tubs are some deep pot-holes in the limestone that lie just by the high stony road that goes from Hawes in Wensleydale to Muker in Swaledale.



below, where, even if one survived the fall, there would be every opportunity of succumbing to one's injuries before anyone came along the beck side. The place is, indeed, so lonely that I can quite believe it possible that a man might die there and be reduced to a whitened skeleton before discovery. Of course, one might be lucky enough to be found by a shepherd, or some sheepdog might possibly come after wanderers from a flock that had found their way to this grim recess ; but then, everyone is not equally on good terms with that jade Fortune, and to such folk I offer this word of caution. But here I have only commenced the dangers of this pass, for if one does not keep to the road, there is on the other side the still greater menace of the Buttertubs, the dangers of which are too well known to require any emphasis of mine. Those pot-holes which have been explored with much labour, and the use of winches and tackle and a great deal of stout rope, have revealed in their cavernous depths the bones of sheep that disappeared from flocks which have long since become mutton. This road is surely one that would have afforded wonderful illustrations to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' for the track is steep and narrow and painfully rough ; dangers lie on either

side, and safety can only be found by keeping in the middle of the road.

What must have been the thoughts, I wonder, of the dalesmen who on different occasions had to go over the pass at night in those still recent times when wraithes and hobs were terrible realities? In the parts of Yorkshire where any records of the apparitions that used to enliven the dark nights have been kept, I find that these awesome creatures were to be found on every moor, and perhaps some day in my reading I shall discover an account of those that haunted this pass. Perhaps a considerate Providence has kept me from the knowledge of the form these spirits assume in this particular spot, for the reason I will recount. I had reached the portion of the road where it goes so recklessly along the edge of the precipitous scars, when, far away on the gloomy fell-side ahead of me, there glimmered a strange little light that disappeared for a moment and then showed itself again. Soon afterwards it was hidden, I supposed by some hollow in the ground. Had I been bred in the dales in the time of our grandfathers, I should have fled wildly from such a sight, and probably found an early grave in the moist depths of one of the Buttertubs. As it was,

although quite alone and without any means of defence, I went on steadily, until at last, out of the darkness, I heard a laugh that sounded human enough, and then came to me the sound of a heavy cart lumbering slowly over the stones. The breeze wafted to me a suggestion of tobacco, and in a moment my anxiety had gone. The cart contained two girls, and by the horse's head walked a man, while another followed on horseback. One of the men lit his pipe again, and in the momentary flare I could see his big, genial face, the farm-horse, and the two happy maidens. We said 'Good-night' to prove each other's honesty, and after a while the sound of the cart died away, as it went slowly along the windings of the pass. After this I was seldom alone, for I had fallen in with the good folks who had gone over to the feast at Hawes, and were now homeward bound in the darkness.

Although there are probably few who care for rough moorland roads at night, the Buttertubs Pass in daylight is still a memorable place. The pot-holes can then be safely approached, and one can peer into the blackness below until the eyes become adapted to the gloom. Then one sees the wet walls of limestone and the curiously-formed isolated pieces of rock that almost suggest columnar

basalt. In crevices far down delicate ferns are growing in the darkness. They shiver as the cool water drips upon them from above, and the drops they throw off fall down lower still into a stream of underground water that has its beginnings no man knows where. On a hot day it is cooling simply to gaze into the Buttertubs, and the sound of the falling waters down in these shadowy places is pleasant after gazing on the dry fell-sides.

Just beyond the head of the pass, where the descent to Hawes begins, the shoulders of Great Shunner Fell drop down, so that not only straight ahead, but also westwards, one can see a splendid mountain view. Ingleborough's flat top is conspicuous in the south, and in every direction there are indications of the geology of the fells. The hard stratum of millstone grit that rests upon the limestone gives many of the summits of the hills their level character, and forms the sharply-defined scars that encircle them. Lower down the hills are generally rounded. It used to puzzle Dr. Whitaker, the historian of these parts, 'how, upon a surface which must at first have consisted of angles and right lines only, nothing but graceful curves should now appear, as if some plastic hand had formed the original surface over again for use

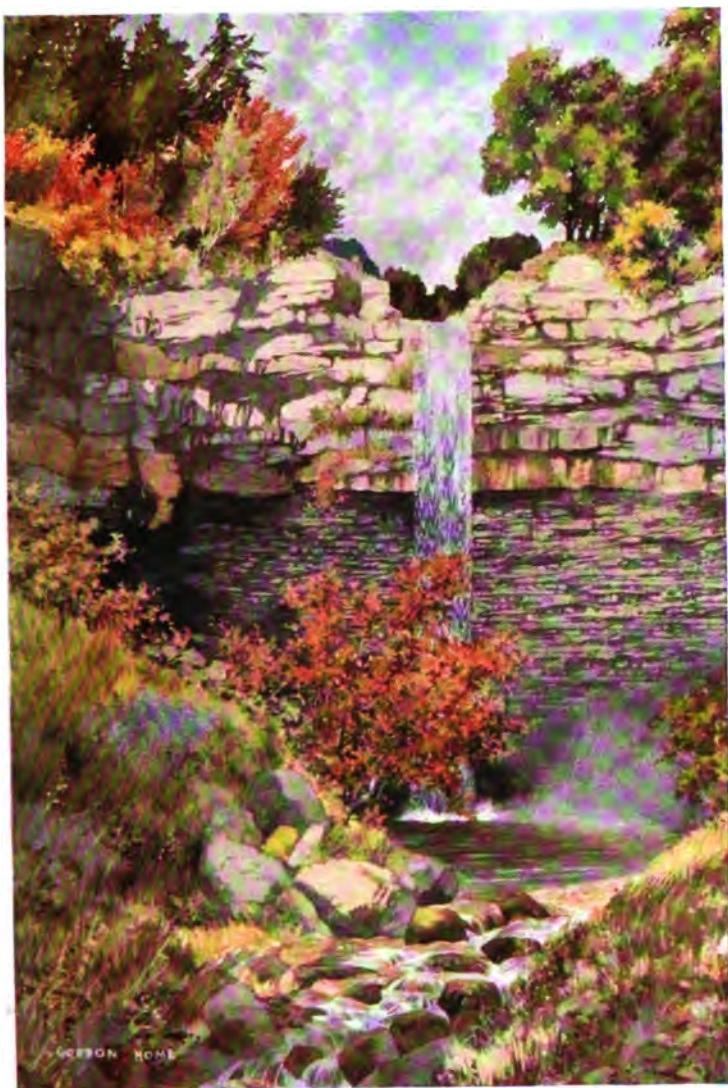
and beauty at once.' Then, with the blankest pessimism, he goes on to say that 'these are among the many questions relating to the theory of the earth which the restless curiosity of man will ever be asking without the hope or possibility of a solution'! The exclamation mark is mine, for I cannot restrain my feelings of astonishment that a learned man writing in 1805 should deny to us the knowledge we have of the action of ice and the other forces of denudation, by which we are able to understand to such a very great extent the agencies that have produced the contours of the Yorkshire mountains. The sudden changes of weather that take place among these watersheds would almost seem to be cause enough to explain the wearing down of the angularities of the heights. Even while we stand on the bridge at Hawes we can see three or four ragged cloud edges letting down on as many places torrential rains, while in between there are intervals of blazing sunshine, under which the green fells turn bright yellow and orange in powerful contrast to the indigo shadows on every side. Such rapid changes from complete saturation to sudden heat are trying to the hardest rocks, and at Hardraw, close at hand, there is a still more palpable process of denudation in active operation.

Such a morning as this is quite ideal for seeing the remarkable waterfall known as Hardraw Scar or Force. The footpath that leads up the glen leaves the road at the side of the 'Green Dragon' at Hardraw, where the innkeeper hands us a key to open the gate we must pass through. Being September, and an uncertain day for weather, we have the whole glen to ourselves, until behind some rocks we discover a solitary angler. There is nothing but the roughest of tracks to follow, for the carefully-made pathway that used to go right up to the fall was swept away half a dozen years ago, when the stream in a fierce mood cleared its course of any traces of artificiality. We are deeply grateful, and make our way among the big rocks and across the slippery surfaces of shale, with the roar of the waters becoming more and more insistent. The sun has turned into the ravine a great searchlight that has lit up the rock walls and strewn the wet grass beneath with sparkling jewels. On the opposite side there is a dense blue shadow over everything except the foliage on the brow of the cliffs, where the strong autumn colours leap into a flaming glory that transforms the ravine into an astonishing splendour. A little more careful scrambling by the side of the stream, and



HARDRAW FORCE

THIS fall of water on a tributary of the Ure is generally considered to be the finest in Yorkshire. The water comes over a lip of overhanging rock, and drops sheer into a pool 80 feet below. It is a most romantic spot at all times, but it is seen at its best after a heavy rainfall. It is possible to walk behind the fall on a slippery spray-drenched path.





we see a white band of water falling from the overhanging limestone into the pool about ninety feet below. Off the surface of the water drifts a mist of spray, in which a soft patch of rainbow hovers until the sun withdraws itself for a time and leaves a sudden gloom in the horseshoe of overhanging cliffs. The place is, perhaps, more in sympathy with a cloudy sky, but, under sunshine or cloud, the spout of water is a memorable sight, and its imposing height places Hardraw among the small group of England's finest waterfalls. Everyone, however, realizes the disappointment so often experienced in visiting such sights in dry weather, and the water at Harddraw sometimes shrinks to a mere trickle, leaving only the rock chasm to tell the traveller what can happen in really wet weather. The beck that takes this prodigious leap rises on Great Shunner Fell, and if that mountain has received the attentions of some low clouds during the night, there is generally a gushing stream of water pouring over the projecting lip of hard limestone. The shale that lies beneath this stratum is soft enough to be worked away by the water until the limestone overhangs the pool to the extent of ten or twelve feet, so that the water falls sheer into the circular basin, leaving a space between

the cliff and the fall where it is safe to walk on a rather moist and slippery path that is constantly being sprayed from the surface of the pool.

In hard winters, such as that of 1881, the waters freeze up into a great mass of ice, through which the fall makes its way by keeping an open pipe down the centre. It is recorded that in the winter of 1789-40 the fall began to freeze at the top and bottom, and that it eventually met, making ‘one hollow column which was seventy-two yards and three-quarters in circumference.’

As we turn away from the roar of the waters the sun comes through the clouds once more and illuminates the glen with such a generous light that we long to be in the open again, so that we may see all the play of the sweeping shadows along the slopes of Wensleydale. As we cross the Ure we have a view of the wet roofs of Hawes shining in dazzling light. The modern church-tower, with a pinnacle at one corner only, stands out conspicuously, but the little town looks uninteresting, although it does not spoil the views of the head of the dale. The street is wide and long, and would be very dull but for the splendid surroundings which the houses cannot quite shut out. As we are here for pleasure, and not to make an

examination of every place in the dale country, we will hurry out of the town at once, making our way southwards to the little hamlet of Gayle, where old stone cottages are scattered on each side of the Duerley Beck. Dodd Fell, where the beck has its source, is mantled by a cloud that is condensing into rain with such rapidity that, if we wait on the bridge for a time, we shall be able to see the already swollen waters rise still higher as they come foaming over the broad cascades. The stream has much the colour of ale, and the creamy foam adds to the effect so much that one might imagine that some big brew-house had collapsed and added the contents of its vats to the stream. But we have only to realize that, as upper Wensleydale produces no corn and no hops, breweries could scarcely exist. When Leland wrote, nearly four hundred years ago, he said : ‘*Uredale* veri little Corne except Bygg or Otes, but plentiful of Gresse in Communes,’ so that, although this dale is so much more genial in aspect, and so much wider than the valley of the Swale, yet crops are under the same disabilities. Leaving Gayle behind, we climb up a steep and stony road above the beck until we are soon above the level of green pasturage. The stone walls still

cover the hillsides with a net of very large mesh, but the sheep find more bent than grass, and the ground is often exceedingly steep. Higher still climbs this venturesome road, until all around us is a vast tumble of gaunt brown fells, divided by ravines whose sides are scarred with runnels of water, which have exposed the rocks and left miniature screees down below. At a height of nearly 1,600 feet there is a gate, where we will turn away from the road that goes on past Dodd Fell into Langstrothdale, and instead climb a smooth grass track sprinkled with half-buried rocks until we have reached the summit of Wether Fell, 400 feet higher. There is a scanty growth of ling upon the top of this height, but the hills that lie about on every side are browny-green or of an ochre colour, and there is little of the purple one sees in the Cleveland Hills.

The cultivated level of Wensleydale is quite hidden from view, so that we look over a vast panorama of mountains extending in the west as far as the blue fells of Lakeland. I have painted the westward view from this very summit, so that any written description is hardly needed; but behind us, as we face the scene illustrated here, there is a wonderful expanse that includes the



A RUGGED VIEW ABOVE WENSLEYDALE

THE picture shows the mountains to the north-west of Wether Fell (2,015 feet), the heathery summit of which appears in the foreground. Hawes lies to the right, hidden by the steep sides of the dale.



heights of Addlebrough, Stake Fell, and Penhill Beacon, which stand out boldly on the southern side of Wensleydale. I have seen these hills lightly covered with snow, but that can give scarcely the smallest suggestion of the scene that was witnessed after the remarkable snowstorm of January, 1895, which blocked the roads between Wensleydale and Swaledale until nearly the middle of March. Roads were cut out, with walls of snow on either side from 10 to 15 feet in height, but the wind and fresh falls almost obliterated the passages soon after they had been cut. In Langstrothdale Mr. Speight tells of the extraordinary difficulties of the dales-folk in the farms and cottages, who were faced with starvation owing to the difficulty of getting in provisions. They cut ways through the drifts as high as themselves in the direction of the likeliest places to obtain food, while in Swaledale they built sledges. It is difficult to imagine such scenes after a hot climb on a warm afternoon, even though great white masses of cumulus are lying in serried ridges near the horizon; but, having seen the Lake District under a thick mantle of snow from the top of Helvellyn, I have some idea of the scene in Wensleydale after that stupendous fall.

When we have left the highest part of Wether

Fell, we find the track taking a perfectly straight line between stone walls. The straightness is so unusual that there can be little doubt that it is a survival of one of the Roman ways connecting their station on Brough Hill, just above the village of Bainbridge, with some place to the south-west. The track goes right over Cam Fell, and is known as the Old Cam Road, but I cannot recommend it for any but pedestrians. When we have descended only a short distance, there is a sudden view of Semmerwater, the only piece of water in Yorkshire that really deserves to be called a lake. It is a pleasant surprise to discover this placid patch of blue lying among the hills, and partially hidden by a fellside in such a way that its area might be far greater than 105 acres. Those who know Turner's painting of this lake would be disappointed, no doubt, if they saw it first from this height. The picture was made at the edge of the water with the Carlow Stone in the foreground, and over the mountains on the southern shore appears a sky that would make the dullest potato-field thrilling.

A short distance lower down, by straying a little from the road, we get a really imposing view of Bardale, into which the ground falls suddenly from our very feet. Sheep scamper nimbly down their

convenient little tracks, but there are places where water that overflows from the pools among the bent and ling has made blue-gray seams and wrinkles in the steep places that give no foothold even to the toughest sheep. Raydale and Cragdale also send down beckts that join with Bardale Beck just before they enter Semmerwater. Just now the three glens are particularly imposing, for some of the big clouds that have been sweeping across the heavens all day are massing themselves on the edges of the heights, and by eclipsing themselves have assumed an angry indigo hue that makes the scene almost Scottish.

Perhaps it is because Yorkshire folk are so unused to the sight of lakes that both Semmerwater and Gormire, near Thirsk, have similar legends connected with their miraculous origin. Where the water now covers the land, says the story, there used to stand a small town, and to it there once came an angel disguised as a poor and ill-clad beggar. The old man slowly made his way along the street from one house to another asking for food, but at each door he met with the same blank refusal. He went on, therefore, until he came to a poor little cottage outside the town. Although the couple who lived there were almost as old and

as poor as himself, the beggar asked for something to eat as he had done at the other houses. The old folk at once asked him in, and, giving him bread, milk, and cheese, urged him to pass the night under their roof. Then in the morning, when the old man was about to take his departure, came the awful doom upon the inhospitable town, for the beggar held up his hands, and said :

‘ Semmerwater, rise ! Semmerwater, sink !
And swallow the town, all save this house,
Where they gave me meat and drink.’

Of course, the waters obeyed the disguised angel ; and, for proof, have we not the existence of the lake, and is there not also pointed out an ancient little cottage standing alone at the lower end of the lake ?

We lose sight of Semmerwater behind the ridge that forms one side of the branch dale in which it lies, but in exchange we get beautiful views of the sweeping contours of Wensleydale. High upon the further side of the valley Askrigg’s gray roofs and pretty church stand out against a steep fell-side ; further down we can see Nappa Hall, surrounded by trees, just above the winding river, and Bainbridge lies close at hand. We soon come to the broad and cheerful green, surrounded by a

picturesque scattering of old but well preserved cottages ; for Bainbridge has sufficient charms to make it a pleasant inland resort for holiday times that is quite ideal for those who are content to abandon the sea. The overflow from Semmerwater, which is called the Bain, fills the village with its music as it falls over ledges of rock in many cascades along one side of the green. There is a steep bridge, which is conveniently placed for watching the waterfalls ; there are white geese always drilling on the grass, and there are still to be seen the upright stones of the stocks. The pretty inn called the 'Rose and Crown,' overlooking a corner of the green, states upon a board that it was established in 1445. This date at one time appeared in raised letters upon a stone over the doorway, which, Mr. Speight tells us, 'had formerly a good Norman arch.' Anything of that period would, of course, carry the origin of the building back some centuries earlier than the year claimed for the establishment of the inn. The great age of the village, owing to its existence in Roman times, as well as the importance it gained through being not only situated at important cross-roads, but also on the edge of the forest of Wensleydale, would account for the early establishment of some

sort of hostelry for the entertainment of travellers. Even at the present day a horn-blowing custom has been preserved at Bainbridge. It takes place at ten o'clock every night between Holy Rood (September 27) and Shrovetide, but somehow the reason for the observance has been forgotten. The medieval regulations as to the carrying of horns by foresters and those who passed through forests would undoubtedly associate the custom with early times, and this happy old village certainly gains our respect for having preserved anything from such a remote period. When we reach Bolton Castle we shall find in the museum there an old horn from Bainbridge.

Besides having the length and breadth of Wensleydale to explore with or without the assistance of the railway, Bainbridge has as its particular possession the valley containing Semmerwater, with the three romantic dales at its head. Counterside, a hamlet perched a little above the lake, has an old hall, where George Fox stayed in 1677 as a guest of Richard Robinson. The inn bears the date 1667 and the initials 'B. H. J.,' which may be those of one of the Jacksons, who were Quakers at that time.

On the other side of the river, and scarcely more

than a mile from Bainbridge, is the little town of Askrigg, which supplies its neighbour with a church and a railway-station. There is a charm in its breezy situation that is ever present, for even when we are in the narrow little street that curves steeply up the hill there are peeps of the dale that are quite exhilarating. The square-topped Addlebrough is separated from us by a great airy space, and looking up and down the broad dale which widens eastwards and becomes narrower and more rugged to the west, there appears to be a vastness lying around us which no plain can suggest. We can see Wether Fell, with the road we traversed yesterday plainly marked on the slopes, and down below, where the Ure takes its way through bright pastures, there is a mist of smoke ascending from Hawes. Blocking up the head of the dale are the spurs of Dodd and Widdale Fells, while beyond them appears the blue summit of Bow Fell. We find it hard to keep our eyes away from the distant mountains, which fascinate one by appearing to have an importance that is perhaps diminished when they are close at hand. All the big clouds that yesterday could scarcely hold up their showers for the shortest intervals have disappeared; perhaps they

have now reached the river in liquid form, and are sparkling in the sunshine that now comes, without interruption, from their spotless cenotaph. We will follow Shelley's metaphor no further, for there is water enough everywhere to fill the dales with all the roarings and murmurings that the forces and gills can supply, and we would gladly forget the cloud's 'silent laugh' as it begins to unbuild the blue dome of heaven.

We find ourselves halting on a patch of grass by the restored market-cross to look more closely at a fine old house overlooking the three-sided space. There is no doubt as to the date of the building, for a plain inscription begins '*Gulielmus Thornton posuit hanc domum MDCLXXVIII.*' The bay windows, as may be seen in the illustration, have heavy mullions and transoms, and there is a dignity about the house which must have been still more apparent when the surrounding houses were lower than at present. The wooden gallery that is constructed between the bays was, it is said, built as a convenient place for watching the bull-fights that took place just below. In the grass there can still be seen the stone to which the bull-ring was secured. The churchyard runs along the west side of the little market-place, so



A JACOBEAN HOUSE AT ASKRIGG

THE village of Askrigg, perched picturesquely on the northern slopes of Wensleydale, possesses this imposing stone house. It overlooks the open space by the church, where bull-fights took place in the early part of last century. The ring is still to be seen in the patch of grass, and the wooden balcony between the projecting bays of the house was a favourite position for watching the contests.



that there is an open view on that side, made interesting by the Perpendicular church. The simple square tower and the unbroken roof-lines are battlemented, like so many of the churches of the dales; inside we find Norman pillars that are quite in strange company, if it is true that they were brought from the site of Fors Abbey, a little to the west of the town. The greater part of the church dates from 1466, and shortly after this reconstruction of the thirteenth-century building a chantry in the south aisle, dedicated to St. Anne, was founded by one of the Metcalfes of Nappa Hall, which we shall pass on our way to Aysgarth.

Wensleydale generally used to be famed for its hand-knitting, but I think Askrigg must have turned out more work than any place in the valley, for the men as well as the womenfolk were equally skilled in this employment, and Mr. Whaley says they did their work in the open air 'while gossiping with their neighbours.' This statement is, nevertheless, exceeded by what appears in a volume entitled 'The Costume of Yorkshire.' In that work of 1814, which contains a number of George Walker's quaint drawings, reproduced by lithography, we find a picture having a strong

suggestion of Askrigg in which there is a group of old and young of both sexes seated on the steps of the market-cross, all knitting, and a little way off a shepherd is seen driving some sheep through a gate, and he also is knitting. The letterpress describes how a woman named Slinger, who lived in Cotterdale, used to walk to and from Hawes Market with her goods on her head, knitting steadily all the way. Knitting-machines have long since killed this industry, but Askrigg has somehow survived the loss. Grandfather-clocks are still made in the little town, as they have been for a great number of years. We have already noticed an old Askrigg clock at Muker, and if we keep our eyes open we shall come across others, as well as examples from Leyburn, Middleham, and other places in the dale that possessed a clock-maker.

It is interesting to those who wish to get a correct idea of a place before visiting it to know that they may easily be led astray by even the best guides. When we read in Murray that Askrigg is a 'dull little town of gray houses,' we are at once predisposed against the place, although we might know that all the houses in the dales are gray. No suggestion is given of the splendid situa-

tion, and one might imagine that all the houses, with the exception of the one near the church, are featureless and quite uninteresting. This, of course, would be a total misapprehension, for many of the buildings are old, with quaint doorways and steps, and there are mossy roofs that add colour to the stone, which is often splashed with orange and pale emerald lichen. In writing of Hawes, on the other hand, Murray omits to mention the lack of picturesqueness in its really dull street, merely saying that 'the town itself is growing and improving.' Not content, however, with this approval of the place, the guide goes still further astray by stating that the dale in the neighbourhood of Hawes 'is broad and open, and not very picturesque'! I cannot help exclaiming at such a statement, although I may be told that all this is a mere matter of individual opinion, for is not Wensleydale broad and open from end to end, and is not Hawes situated in the midst of some of the wildest and noblest fells in Yorkshire? It is true that the town lies on the level ground by the river, and thus the views from it do not form themselves into such natural pictures as they do at Askrigg, but I am inclined to blame the town rather than the scenery.

From Askriigg there is a road that climbs up from the end of the little street at a gradient that looks like 1 in 4, but it is really less formidable. Considering its steepness the surface is quite good, but that is due to the industry of a certain road-mender with whom I once had the privilege to talk when, hot and breathless, I paused to enjoy the great expanse that lay to the south. He was a fine Saxon type, with a sunburnt face and equally brown arms. Road-making had been his ideal when he was a mere boy, and since he had obtained his desire he told me that he couldn't be happier if he were the King of England. And his contentment seemed to me to be based largely upon his intense pleasure in bringing the roads to as great a perfection as his careful and thinking labour could compass. He did not approve of steam-rollers, for his experience had taught him that if the stones were broken small enough they bound together quickly enough. Besides this, he disapproved of a great camber or curve on the road which induces the traffic to keep in the middle, leaving a mass of loose stones on either side. The result of his work may be seen on the highway from Askriigg to Bainbridge, where a conspicuous smoothness has come to a road that was recently

one of the most indifferent in the district. Perhaps he may eventually be given the maintenance of the way over the Buttertubs Pass; and if he ever induces that road to become a little more civilized, this enthusiastic workman will gain the appreciation of the whole neighbourhood. The road where we leave him, breaking every large stone he can find, goes on across a belt of brown moor, and then drops down between gaunt scars that only just leave space for the winding track to pass through. It afterwards descends rapidly by the side of a gill, and thus enters Swaledale.

There is a beautiful walk from Askrigg to Mill Gill Force. The distance is scarcely more than half a mile across sloping pastures and through the curious stiles that appear in the stone walls. So dense is the growth of trees in the little ravine that one hears the sound of the waters close at hand without seeing anything but the profusion of foliage overhanging and growing among the rocks. After climbing down among the moist ferns and moss-grown stones, the gushing cascades appear suddenly set in a frame of such lavish beauty that they hold a high place among their rivals in the dale, and the particular charms of this spot are hardly surpassed by any others in the whole

county. Higher up there is Whitfield Force, which has a fall of nearly 50 feet. Its setting, too, among great rock walls and an ancient forest growth, is most fascinating, especially when one finds that very few go beyond the greater falls below.

Keeping to the north side of the river, we come to Nappa Hall at a distance of a little over a mile to the east of Askrigg. It is now a farmhouse, but its two battlemented towers proclaim its former importance as the chief seat of the family of Metcalfe. The date of the house is about 1459, and the walls of the western tower are 4 feet in thickness. The Nappa lands came to James Metcalfe from Sir Richard Scrope of Bolton Castle shortly after his return to England from the field of Agincourt, and it was probably this James Metcalfe who built the existing house. We are told something about the matter by Leland, who says: '*Knappey in Yorkshire*, now the chifest House of the *Metecalfes*, was boute by one *Thomas Metcalfe*, Sunne to *James Metcalfe*, of one of the Lordes *Scopes of Bolton*.' He also says that 'on it was but a Cotage or litle better House, ontill this *Thomas* began ther to build, in the which Building 2 Toures be very fair, beside other Log-

ginges.' Mr. Speight thinks that Leland made some mistake as to the Metcalfe who purchased the estate, and also as to the builder of the house; and in his account of Nappa the author of 'Romantic Richmondshire' has, with the aid of the Metcalfe Records, been able to correct several inaccuracies which have been written about this distinguished and numerous family.

Until the year 1880 there was still kept at Nappa Hall a fine old four-post bedstead, which was, according to tradition, the one slept in by Mary Queen of Scots when she is said to have stayed in the house. Nothing exists, however, to give the slightest colour to this story, but the bed, now somewhat altered, is still in existence at Newby Hall, near Ripon.

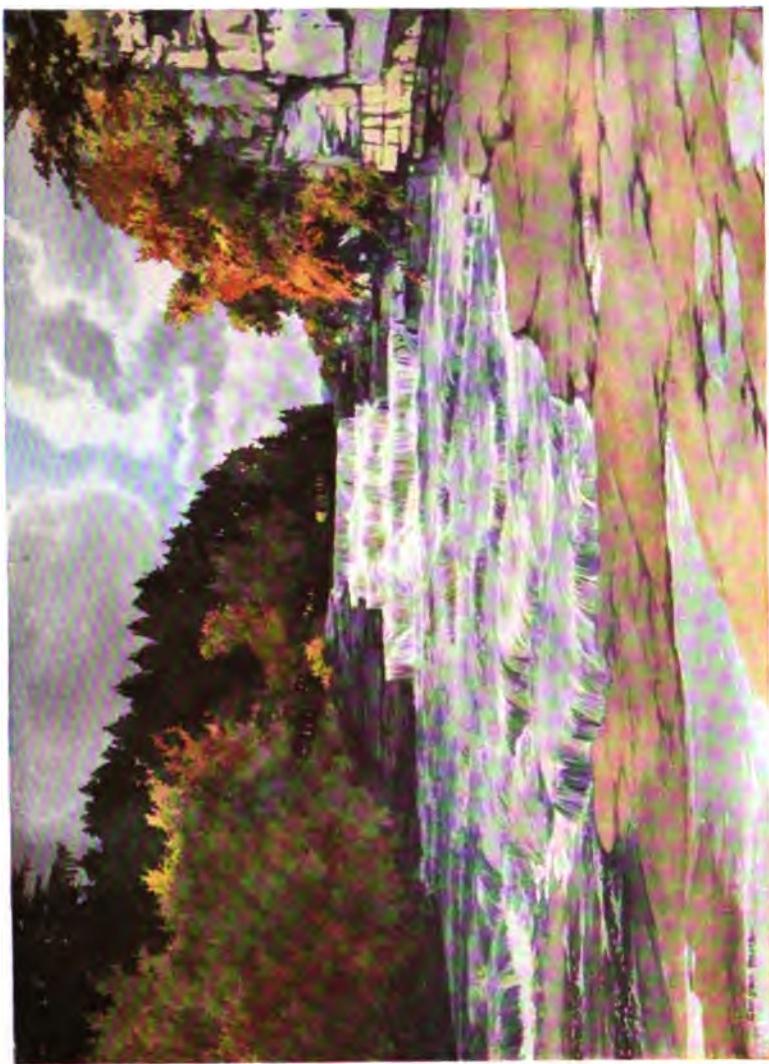
The road down the dale passes Woodhall Park, and then, after going down close to the Ure, it bears away again to the little village of Carperby. It has a triangular green surrounded by white posts. At the east end stands an old cross, dated 1674, and the ends of the arms are ornamented with grotesque carved heads. The cottages have a neat and pleasant appearance, and there is much less austerity about the place than one sees higher up the dale. A branch road leads down to Aysgarth

Station, and just where the lane takes a sharp bend to the right a footpath goes across a smooth meadow to the banks of the Ure. The rainfall of the last few days, which showed itself at Mill Gill Force, at Hardraw Scar, and a dozen other falls, has been sufficient to swell the main stream at Wensleydale into a considerable flood, and behind the bushes that grow thickly along the river-side we can hear the steady roar of the cascades of Aysgarth. The waters have worn down the rocky bottom to such an extent that in order to stand in full view of the splendid fall we must make for a gap in the foliage, and scramble down some natural steps in the wall of rock forming low cliffs along each side of the flood. Although it is still September, the rocks are overhung with the most brilliant autumn foliage. The morning sunlight coming across a dark plantation of firs on the southern bank lights up the yellow and red leaves, and turns the foaming waters into a brilliant white where they are not under the shadow of the trees. The water comes over three terraces of solid stone, and then sweeps across wide ledges in a tempestuous sea of waves and froth, until there come other descents which alter the course of parts of the stream, so that as we look across the riotous flood we can



AYSGARTH FORCE

THE beautiful river Ure that flows through Wensleydale falls over a series of rocky ledges close to the village of Aysgarth. The picture shows the lower series of falls on the morning following a wet night.



see the waters flowing in many opposite directions. Lines of cream-coloured foam spread out into chains of bubbles which join together, and then, becoming detached, again float across the smooth portions of each low terrace. Where the water is smooth and shaded by the overhanging mass of trees it assumes a dark green-brown colour, and shows up the chains and necklaces of sportive bubbles which the cascades produce. I suppose it was because Leland did not see the other great falls in Wensleydale that he omits any mention of High Force on the Tees and Hardraw Scar, but yet mentions 'where *Ure* Ryver faullethe very depe betwixt 2 scarry Rokks.'

Besides these lower falls, we can see, if we go up the course of the river towards Aysgarth, a single cascade called the Middle Force, and from the bridge which spans the river with one great arch we have a convenient place to watch the highest series of falls. But neither of these have half the grandeur of the lowest of the series which is illustrated here. There is a large mill by the bridge, and, ascending the steep roadway that goes up to the village, we soon reach the pathway to the church. Perhaps because Aysgarth Force is famous enough to attract large crowds of sightseers

on certain days throughout the summer, the church is kept locked, and as we wish to see the splendid Perpendicular screen, saved from the wreck of Jervaulx Abbey, we must make our way to the Vicarage, and enter the church in the company of a custodian who watches us with suspicious eyes, fearing, no doubt, that if he looks away or waits in the churchyard we may feel anxious to leave our initials on the reading-desk. Apart from the screen, the choir stalls, and the other woodwork of the choir, there is very little interest in the church owing to the rebuilding that has taken place, and left few traces of antiquity beyond suggestions of Early English work in the tower. There is a short-cut by some footpaths that brings us to Aysgarth village, which seems altogether to disregard the church, for it is separated from it by a distance of nearly half a mile. There is one pleasant little street of old stone houses irregularly disposed, many of them being quite picturesque, with mossy roofs and ancient chimneys. This village, like Askrigg and Bainbridge, is ideally situated as a centre for exploring a very considerable district. There is quite a network of roads to the south, connecting the villages of Thoralby and West Burton with Bishop Dale, and the main road

through Wensleydale. Thoralby is very old, and is beautifully situated under a steep hillside. It has a green overlooked by little gray cottages, and lower down there is a tall mill with curious windows built upon Bishop Dale Beck. Close to this mill there nestles a long, low house of that dignified type to be seen frequently in the North Riding, as well as in the villages of Westmorland. The huge chimney, occupying a large proportion of one gable-end, is suggestive of much cosiness within, and its many shoulders, by which it tapers towards the top, make it an interesting feature of the house. The lower part of Bishop Dale is often singularly beautiful in the evening. If we stop and lean over a gate, we can see Stake Fell towering above us — an indistinct blue wall with a sharply-broken edge. Above appears a pale-yellow sky, streaked with orange-coloured clouds so thin as to look almost like smoke. The intense silence is broken by the buzz of a swift-flying insect, and then when that has gone other sounds seem to intensify the stillness. Suddenly a shrill bellow from a cow echoes through the valley, a sheep-dog barks, and we can hear the distant cough of cattle, which are quite invisible in the gathering twilight. A farmer in his cart drives slowly by up the steep

lane, and then the silence becomes more complete than before, and the fells become blue-black against a sky which is just beginning to be spangled with the palest of stars. They seem to flicker so much that the soft evening breeze threatens to blow them out altogether.

The dale narrows up at its highest point, but the road is enclosed between gray walls the whole of the way over the head of the valley. A wide view of Langstrothdale and upper Wharfedale is visible when the road begins to drop downwards, and to the east Buckden Pike towers up to his imposing height of 2,802 feet. We shall see him again when we make our way through Wharfedale, but we could go back to Wensleydale by a mountain-path that climbs up the side of Cam Gill Beck from Starbottom, and then, crossing the ridge between Buckden Pike and Tor Mere Top, it goes down into the wild recesses of Waldendale. So remote is this valley that wild animals, long extinct in other parts of the dales, survived there until almost recent times.

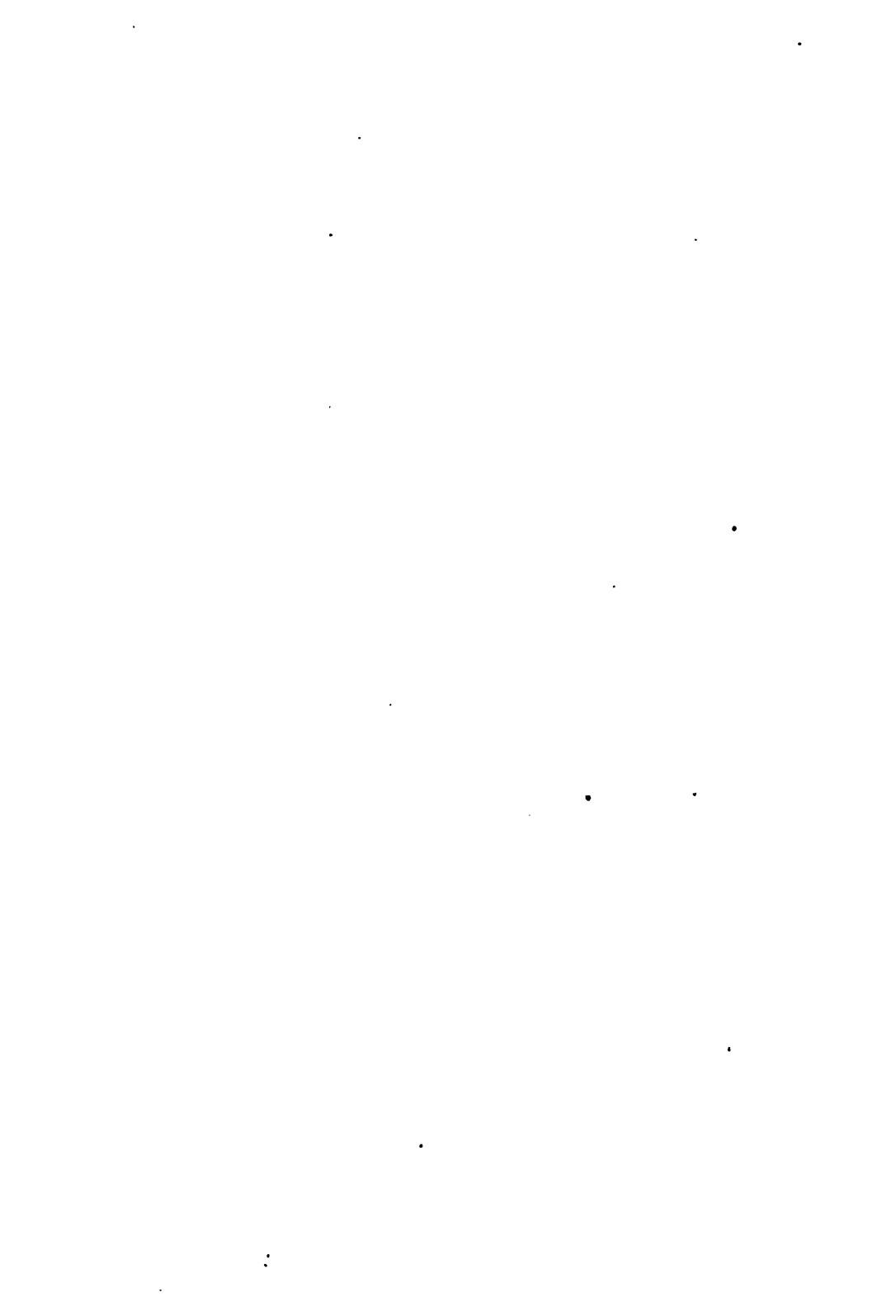
When we have crossed the Ure again, and taken a last look at the Upper Fall from Aysgarth Bridge, we betake ourselves by a footpath to the main highway through Wensleydale, turning aside before

reaching Redmire in order to see the great castle of the Scropes at Bolton. It is a vast quadrangular mass, with each side nearly as gaunt and as lofty as the others. At each corner rises a great square tower, pierced, with a few exceptions, by the smallest of windows. Only the base of the tower at the north-east corner remains to-day, the upper part having fallen one stormy night in November, 1761, possibly having been weakened during the siege of the castle in the Civil War. We go into the court-yard through a vaulted archway on the eastern side. Many of the rooms on the side facing us are in good preservation, and an apartment in the south-west tower, which has a fireplace, is pointed out as having been used by Mary Queen of Scots when she was imprisoned here after the Battle of Langside in 1568. It was the ninth Lord Scrope who had the custody of the Queen, and he was assisted by Sir Francis Knollys. Mary, no doubt, found the time of her imprisonment irksome enough, despite the magnificent views over the dale which her windows appear to have commanded ; but the monotony was relieved to some extent by the lessons in English which she received from Sir Francis, whom she describes as 'her good schoolmaster.' While still a prisoner, Mary addressed to him her first English letter,

which begins : ‘ Mester Knoleis, I heve sum neus from Scotland ’; and half-way through she begs that he will excuse her writing, seeing that she had ‘ neuur vsed it afor,’ and was ‘ hestet.’ The letter concludes with ‘ thus, affter my commendations, I prey God heuu you in his kipin. Your assured gud frind, MARIE R.’ Then comes a postscript : ‘ Excus my iuel writin thes furst tym’—‘ iuel’ being no doubt intended for ‘ evil.’

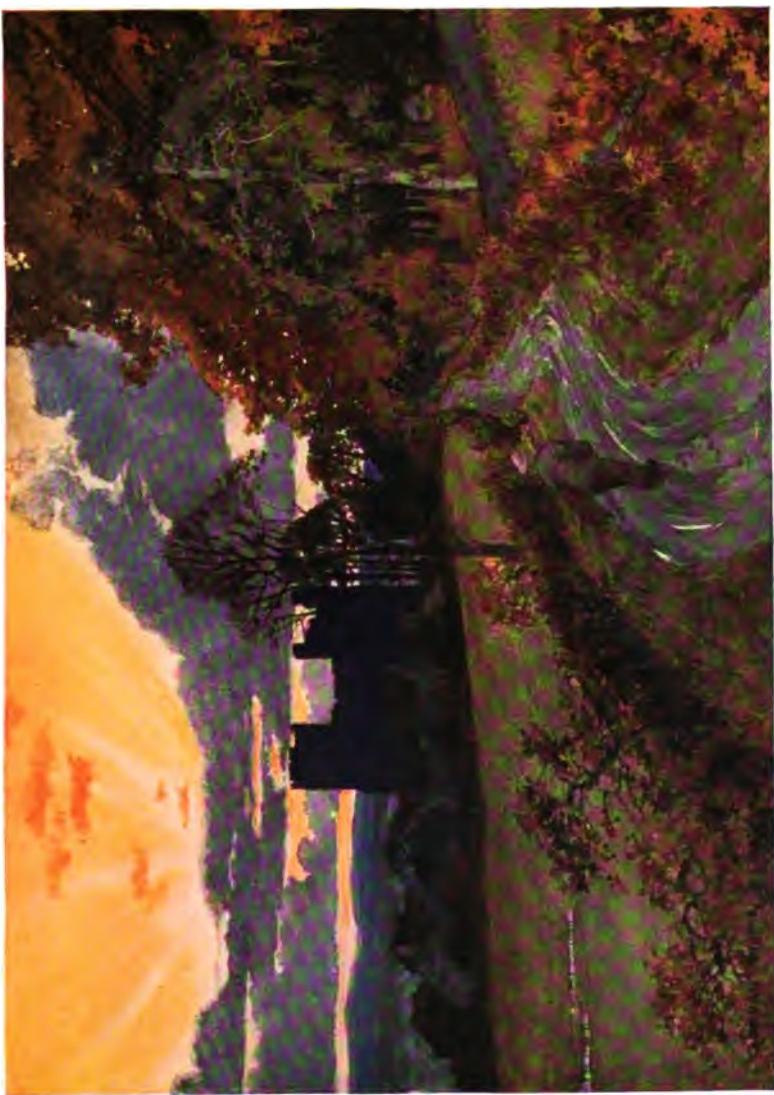
Another relic of the Queen’s captivity at Bolton was a pane of glass, upon which she had scratched ‘ Marie R.’ with a diamond ring ; but it was damaged during the execution of some repairs to the castle, and in removing the glass for greater security from the castle to Bolton Hall it was hopelessly smashed.

The stories of Mary’s attempts at escape have long been considered mere fabrications, for, despite many intimate details of the months spent at Bolton, no reference to such matters have been discovered. In the face of this denial on the part of recorded history, Leyburn Shawl still holds affectionately to the story that Mary Stuart did leave the castle unobserved, and that she was overtaken there in the place called the Queen’s Gap.



BOLTON CASTLE, WENSLEYDALE

IN this feudal stronghold Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned for six months in 1568. She was brought from Carlisle by Lord Scrope, the owner of Bolton Castle. The building forms a gaunt square, lofty and almost featureless, except for the broken towers which rise at each of the four corners. Lord Chancellor Scrope built the castle in the reign of Richard II., and his descendants occupied it for three centuries.



As we leave the grim castle, so full of memories of a great family and of a lovely Queen, we turn back before it is hidden from our gaze, and see the towers silhouetted against a golden sky much as it is depicted in these pages. We think of all the Scropes who have come and gone since that Lord Richard received license in 1879 to crenellate the fortress he had built, and we regret again the disappearance of all those sumptuous tombs that once adorned the choir of Easby Abbey. However, there are memorials to members of the family in Wensley Church lying a little to the east beyond the wooded park of Bolton Hall, and we shall arrive there before long if we keep to the right at the turning beneath the height known as Scarth Nick. On the opposite side of the dale Penhill Beacon stands out prominently, with its flat summit reflecting just enough of the setting sun to recall a momentous occasion when from that commanding spot a real beacon-fire sent up a great mass of flame and sparks. It was during the time of Napoleon's threatened invasion of England, and the lighting of this beacon was to be the signal to the volunteers of Wensleydale to muster and march to their rendezvous. The watchman on Penhill, as he sat by the piled-up brushwood, wondering,

no doubt, what would happen to him if the dreaded invasion were really to come about, saw, far away across the Vale of Mowbray, a light which he at once took to be the beacon upon Roseberry Topping. A moment later tongues of flame and smoke were pouring from his own hilltop, and the news spread up the dale like wildfire. The volunteers armed themselves rapidly, and with drums beating they marched away, with only such delay as was caused by the hurried leave-takings with wives and mothers, and all the rest who crowded round. The contingent took the road to Thirsk, and on the way were joined by the Mashamshire men. Whether it was with relief or disappointment I do not know; but when the volunteers reached Thirsk they heard that they had been called out by a false alarm, for the light seen in the direction of Roseberry Topping had been caused by accident, and the beacon on that height had not been lit. After all, the scare did no harm, for it showed the mettle of the Dalesmen, and they were afterwards thanked by Parliament for their prompt response to the signal.

On the side of Penhill that looks full towards Bolton Castle there still remain the foundations of the chapel of the Knight Templars, who must have

established their hospital there soon after 1146, when the Order was instituted in England.

Wensley stands just at the point where the dale, to which it has given its name, becomes so wide that it begins to lose its distinctive character. The village is most picturesque and secluded, and it is small enough to cause some wonder as to its distinction in naming the valley. It is suggested that the name is derived from *Wodenslag*, and that in the time of the Northmen's occupation of these parts the place named after their chief god would be the most important. In its possession of a pleasant sloping green, dominated by a great elm, round whose base has been built a circular platform, Wensley is particularly happy. The Ure, flowing close at hand, is crossed by a fine old bridge, whose pointed arches must have survived many centuries ; for Leland says that it was built by ' *Alwine, Parson of Wencelaw,*' ' 200 Yer ago and more,' that statement being made about the year 1588.

In the little church standing on the south side of the green there is so much to interest us that we are almost unable to decide what to examine first, until, realizing that we are brought face to face with a beautiful relic of Easby Abbey, we turn our attention to the parclose screen. It sur-

rounds the family pew of Bolton Hall, and on three sides we see the Perpendicular woodwork fitted into the east end of the north aisle. The side that fronts the nave has an entirely different appearance, being painted and of a classic order, very lacking in any ecclesiastical flavour, an impression not lost on those who, with every excuse, called it 'the opera box.' In the panels of the early part of the screen are carved inscriptions and arms of the Scropes covering a long period, and, though many words and letters are missing, it is possible to make them more complete with the help of the record made by the heralds in 1665.

On the floor of the chancel is the brass to Sir Simon de Wenselawe, a priest of the fourteenth century. There is no trace of any inscription, and the name was only discovered by a reference to the brass in the will of Oswald Dykes, a rector who died in Jacobean times, and desired that he might be buried under the stone which now bears his name above the figure of the priest. This brass is the best in the North Riding, and it closely resembles the one to Abbot de la Mare in St. Albans Abbey.

A charming lane, overhung by big trees, runs above the river-banks for nearly two miles of the

way to Middleham; then it joins the road from Leyburn, and crosses the Ure by a suspension bridge, defended by two very formidable though modern archways. Climbing up past the church, we enter the cobbled market-place, which wears a rather decayed appearance in sympathy with the departed magnificence of the great castle of the Nevilles. It commands a vast view of Wensleydale from the southern side, in much the same manner as Bolton does from the north; but the castle buildings are entirely different, for Middleham consists of a square Norman keep, very massive and lofty, surrounded at a short distance by a strong wall and other buildings, also of considerable height, built in the Decorated period, when the Nevilles were in possession of the stronghold. The Norman keep dates from the year 1190, when Robert Fitz Randolph, grandson of Ribald, a brother of the Earl of Richmond, began to build the Castle. It was, however, in later times, when Middleham had come to the Nevilles by marriage, that really notable events took place in this fortress. It was here that Warwick, the ‘King-maker,’ held Edward IV. prisoner in 1467, and in Part III. of the play of ‘King Henry VI.,’ Scene V. of the fourth act is laid in a park near Middleham Castle.

Richard III.'s only son, Edward Prince of Wales, was born here in 1476, the property having come into Richard's possession by his marriage with Anne Neville. The tower in which the boy was born is pointed out to-day, but how the knowledge has been preserved I am quite unable to say. When he was only eight years old, this little Prince died in the castle in which he had first seen the light.

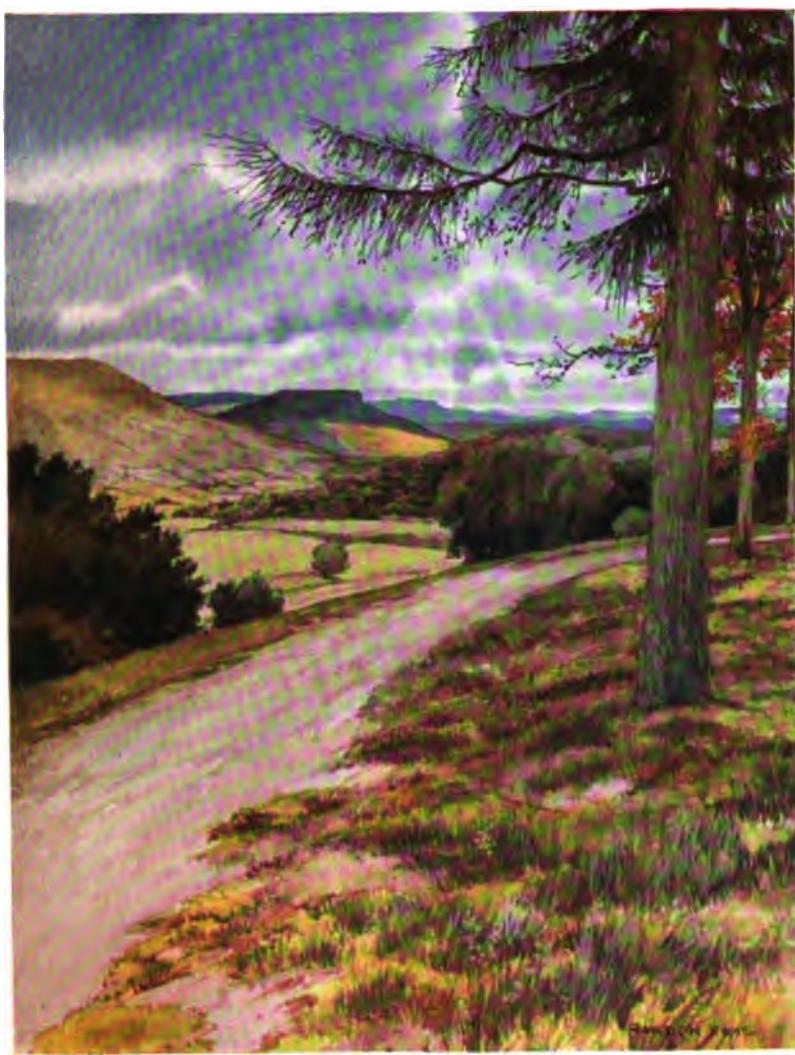
The efforts to blow up the projecting towers of the Norman portion of the castle are most plainly visible, but the splendid masonry, like that of Corfe, in the Isle of Purbeck, has held together, although great gaps have been torn out below, so that one can scarcely understand why the upper part has not collapsed. The church contains some interesting details, but they are not very apparent to the uninformed, to whom the building might appear somewhat dull. All can, however, be interested in the old cross in the market-place, and also in the Swine Cross in the upper market, which shows the battered shape of some animal, carved either in the form of the boar of Richard III. or the bear of Warwick.

We have already seen Leyburn Shawl from near Wensley, but its charm can only be appreciated by seeing the view up the dale from its larch-crowned



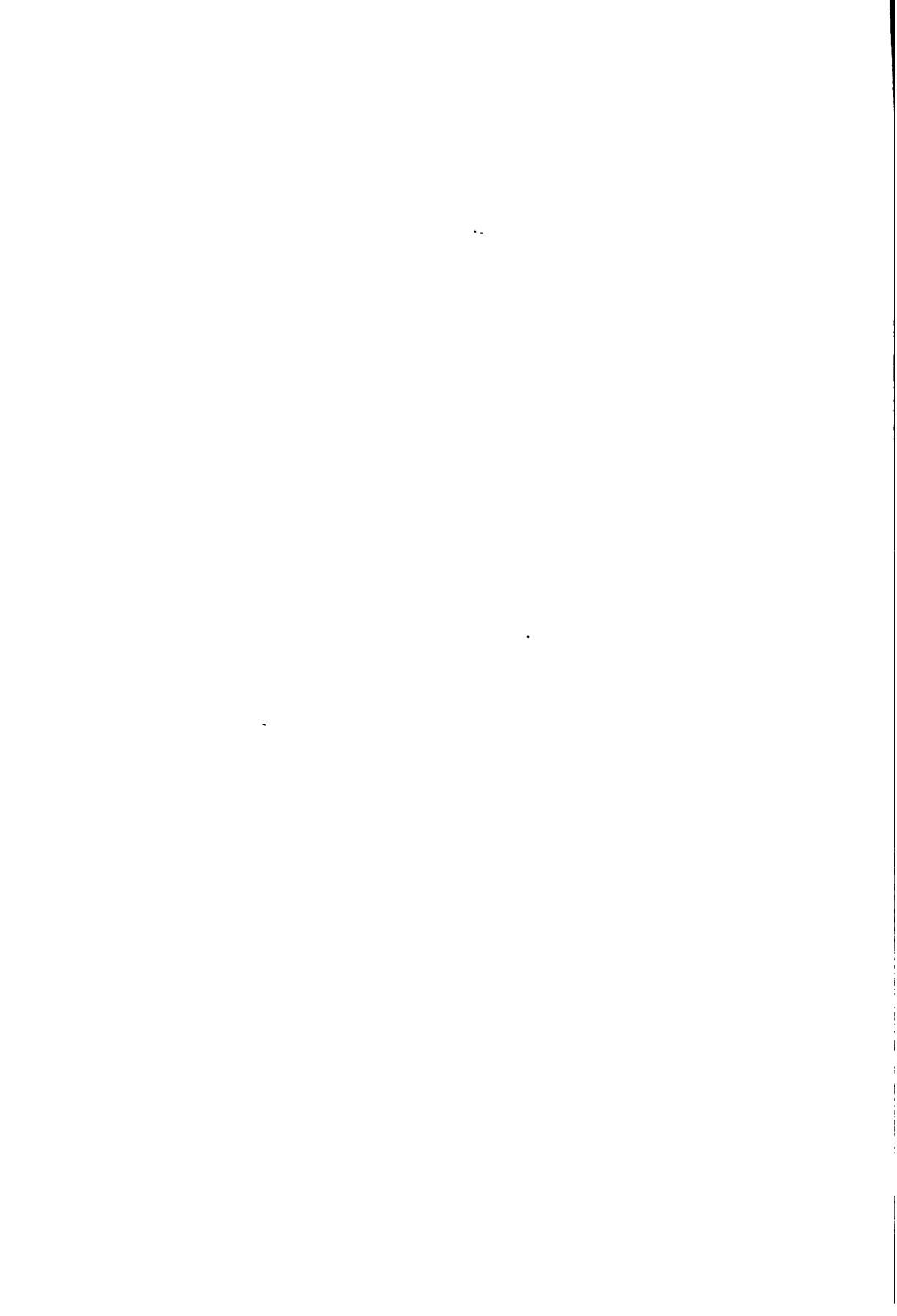
THE VIEW UP WENSLEYDALE FROM
LEYBURN SHAWL

THIS is one of the spots in this beautiful dale that repays a visit a thousandfold. The effects are best on a clear day, when sunlight and shadows are chasing one another over the hills and woodlands.



termination. Perhaps if we had seen nothing of Wensleydale, and the wonderful views it offers, we should be more inclined to regard this somewhat popular spot with greater veneration; but after having explored both sides of the dale, and seen many views of a very similar character, we cannot help thinking that the vista is somewhat over-rated. Leyburn itself is a cheerful little town, with a modern church and a very wide main street which forms a most extensive market-place. There is a bull-ring still visible in the great open space, but beyond this and the view from the Shawl Leyburn has few attractions, except its position as a centre or a starting-place from which to explore the romantic neighbourhood.

As we leave Leyburn we get a most beautiful view up Coverdale, with the two Whernsides standing out most conspicuously at the head of the valley, and it is this last view of Coverdale, and the great valley from which it branches, that remains in the mind as one of the finest pictures of this most remarkable portion of Yorkshire.

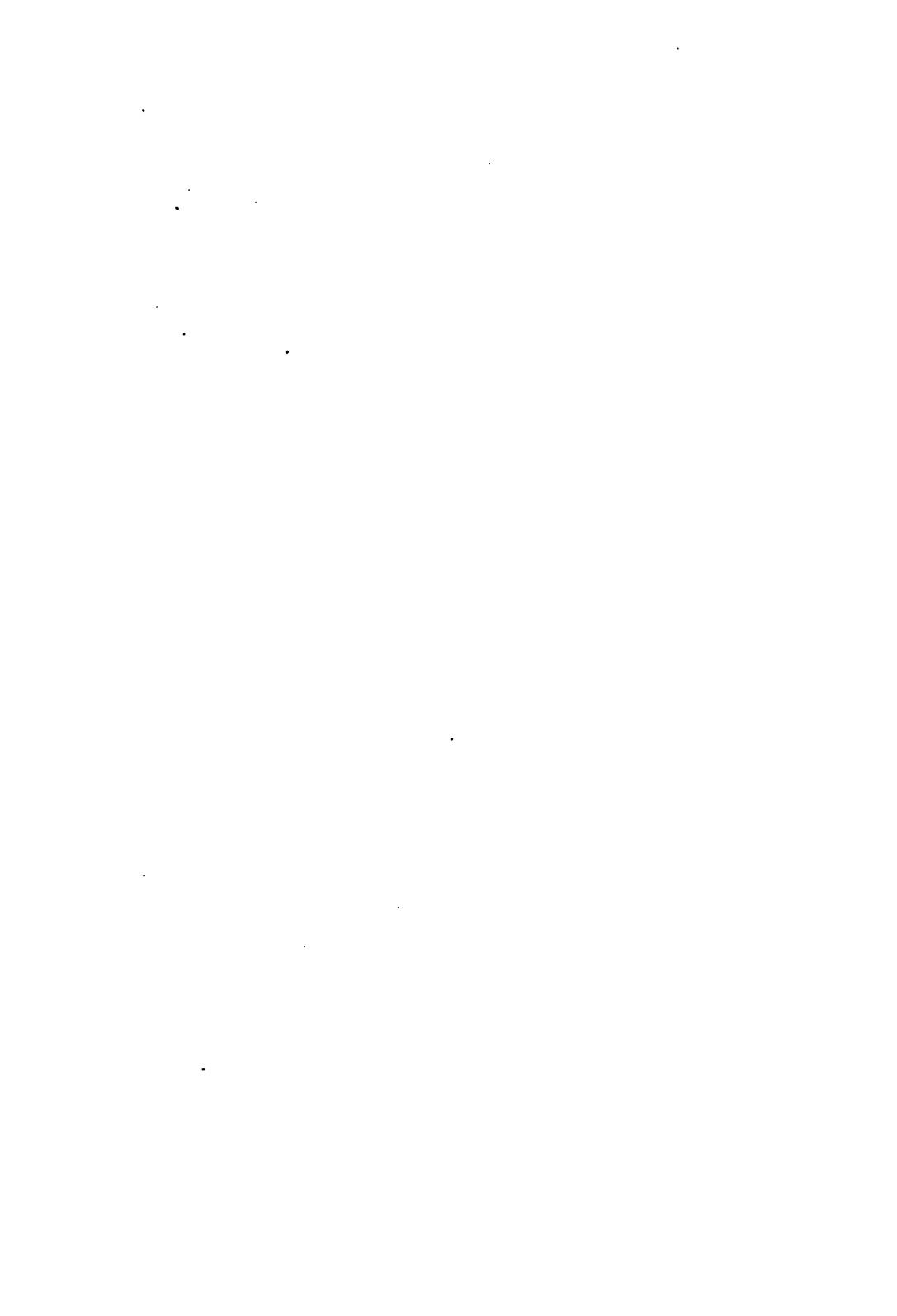


CHAPTER XIV

RIPON AND FOUNTAINS ABBEY

WE have come out of Wensleydale past the ruins of the great Cistercian abbey of Jervaulx, which Conan, Earl of Richmond, moved from Askrigg to a kindlier climate, and we have passed through the quiet little town of Masham, famous for its fair in September, when sometimes as many as 70,000 sheep, including great numbers of the fine Wensleydale breed, are sold, and now we are at Ripon. It is the largest town we have seen since we lost sight of Richmond in the wooded recesses of Swaledale, and though we are still close to the Ure, we are on the very edge of the dale country, and miss the fells that lie a little to the west. The evening has settled down to steady rain, and the market-place is running with water that reflects the lights in the shop-windows and the dark outline of the obelisk in the centre. This erection is suspiciously called 'the Cross,' and it made its appearance nearly

seventy years before the one at Richmond. Gent says it cost £564 11s. 9d., and that it is ‘one of the finest in England.’ I could, no doubt, with the smallest trouble discover a description of the real cross it supplanted, but if it were anything half as fine as the one at Richmond, I should merely be moved to say harsh things of John Aislaby, who was Mayor in 1702, when the obelisk was erected, and therefore I will leave the matter to others. It is, perhaps, an un-Christian occupation to go about the country quarrelling with the deeds of recent generations, though I am always grateful for any traces of the centuries that have gone which have been allowed to survive. With this thought still before me, I am startled by a long-drawn-out blast on a horn, and, looking out of my window, which commands the whole of the market-place, I can see beneath the light of a lamp an old-fashioned figure wearing a three-cornered hat. When the last quavering note has come from the great circular horn, the man walks slowly across the wet cobblestones to the obelisk, where I watch him wind another blast just like the first, and then another, and then a third, immediately after which he walks briskly away and disappears down a turning. In the light of morning I discover that the horn was



RIPON MINSTER FROM THE SOUTH

IN its outline Ripon suggests Westminster, although the west front with its twin towers is Early English and not classic. Underneath the present building is the Saxon crypt of Wilfrid's church, dating from the seventh century.





blown in front of the Town Hall, whose stucco front bears the inscription: ‘Except ye Lord keep ye cittie, ye Wakeman waketh in vain.’ The antique spelling is, of course, unable to give a wrong impression as to the age of the building, for it shows its period so plainly that one scarcely needs to be told that it was built in 1801, although it could not so easily be attributed to the notorious Wyatt. There are still a few quaint houses to be seen in Ripon, and there clings to the streets a certain flavour of antiquity. It is the minster, nevertheless, that raises the ‘city’ above the average Yorkshire town. The west front, with its twin towers, is to some extent the most memorable portion of the great church. It is the work of Archbishop Walter Gray, and is a most beautiful example of the pure Early English style. Inside there is a good deal of transitional Norman work to be seen. The central tower was built in this period, but now presents a most remarkable appearance, owing to its partial reconstruction in Perpendicular times, the arch that faces the nave having the southern pier higher than the Norman one, and in the later style, so that the arch is lopsided. As a building in which to study the growth of English Gothic architecture, I can scarcely think

it possible to find anything better, all the periods being very clearly represented. The choir has much sumptuous carved woodwork, and the misereres are full of quaint detail. In the library there is a collection of very early printed books and other relics of the minster that add very greatly to the interest of the place.

The monument to Hugh Ripley, who was the last Wakeman of Ripon and first Mayor in 1604, is on the north side of the nave facing the entrance to the crypt, popularly called 'St. Wilfrid's Needle.' A rather difficult flight of steps goes down to a narrow passage leading into a cylindrically vaulted cell with niches in the walls. At the north-east corner is the curious slit or 'Needle' that has been thought to have been used for purposes of trial by ordeal, the innocent person being able to squeeze through the narrow opening. In reality it is probably nothing more than an arrangement for lighting two cells with one lamp. The crypt is of such a plainly Roman type, and is so similar to the one at Hexham, that it is generally accepted as dating from the early days of Christianity in Yorkshire, and there can be little doubt that it is a relic of Wilfrid's church in those early times.

At a very convenient distance from Ripon, and

approached by a pleasant lane, are the lovely glades of Studley Royal, the noble park containing the ruins of Fountains Abbey. The surroundings of the great Cistercian monastery are so magnificent, and the roofless church is so impressively solemn, that, although the place is visited by many thousands every year, yet, if you choose a day when the weather or some other circumstances keep other people away, you might easily imagine that you were visiting the park and ruins as a special privilege, and not as one of the public who, through Lord Ripon's kindness, are allowed to come and go with very few restrictions beyond the payment of a shilling.

Just after leaving the lodge there appears on the right a most seductive glade, overhung by some of the remarkable trees that give the park its great fascination. The grassy slopes disappear in shadowy green recesses in the foliage, in much the fashion of the forest scenes depicted in tapestries. It is just such a background as the Elizabethans would have loved to fill with the mythological beings that figured so largely in their polite conversation. Down below the beautifully-kept pathway runs the Skell, but so transformed from its early character that you would imagine the

crescent-shaped lakes and the strip of smooth water were in no way connected with the mountain-stream that comes off Dallowgill Moor. It is particularly charming that the peeps of the water, bordered by smooth turf that occupies the bottom of the steep and narrow valley, are only had at intervals through a great hedge of clipped yew. The paths wind round the densely-wooded slopes, and give a dozen different views of each mass of trees, each temple, and each bend of the river. At last, from a considerable height, you have the lovely view of the abbey ruins illustrated here. At every season its charm is unmistakable, and even if no stately tower and no roofless arches filled the centre of the prospect, the scene would be almost as memorable. It is only one of the many pictures in the park that a retentive memory will hold as some of the most remarkable in England.

Among the ruins the turf is kept in perfect order, and it is pleasant merely to look upon the contrast of the green carpet that is so evenly laid between the dark stonework. The late-Norman nave, with its solemn double line of round columns, the extremely graceful arches of the Chapel of the Nine Altars, and the magnificent vaulted perspective of the dark cellarium of the lay-brothers,

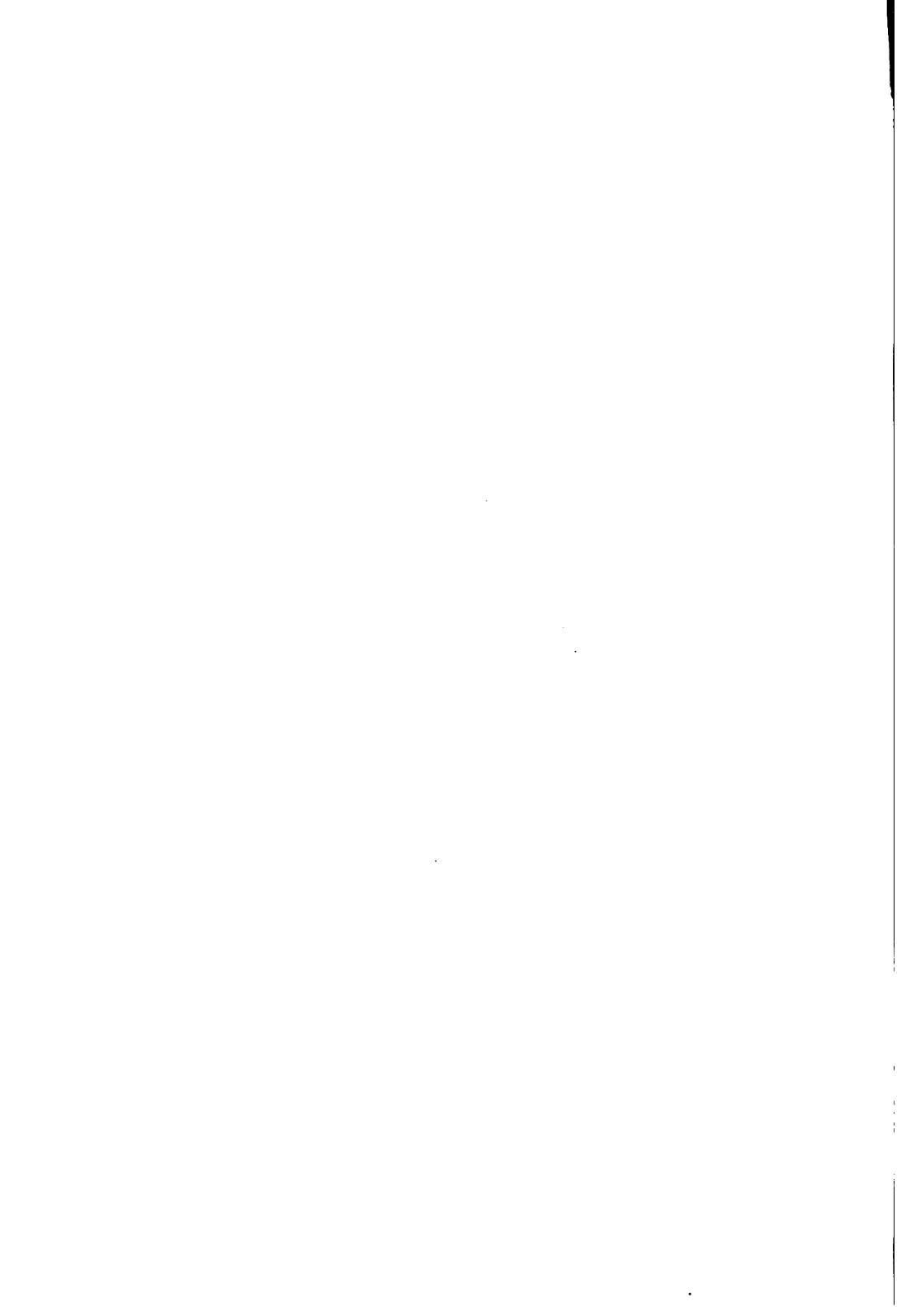


see frontisp

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

Is one of the finest ruined monasteries in England, and its wonderfully rich setting in the sylvan splendours of Studley Royal make it still more noteworthy. The velvet turf, the rushing waters of the Skeil, the magnificent trees, and the solemnity of the ruins, combine in producing an ineffaceable memory





are perhaps the most fascinating portions of the buildings. I might be well compared with the last abbot but one, William Thirsk, who resigned his post, foreseeing the coming Dissolution, and was therefore called 'a varra fole and a miserable ideote,' if I attempted in the short space available to give any detailed account of the abbey or its wonderful past. I have perhaps said enough to insist on its charms, and I know that all who endorse my statements will, after seeing Fountains, read with delight the books that are devoted to its story.



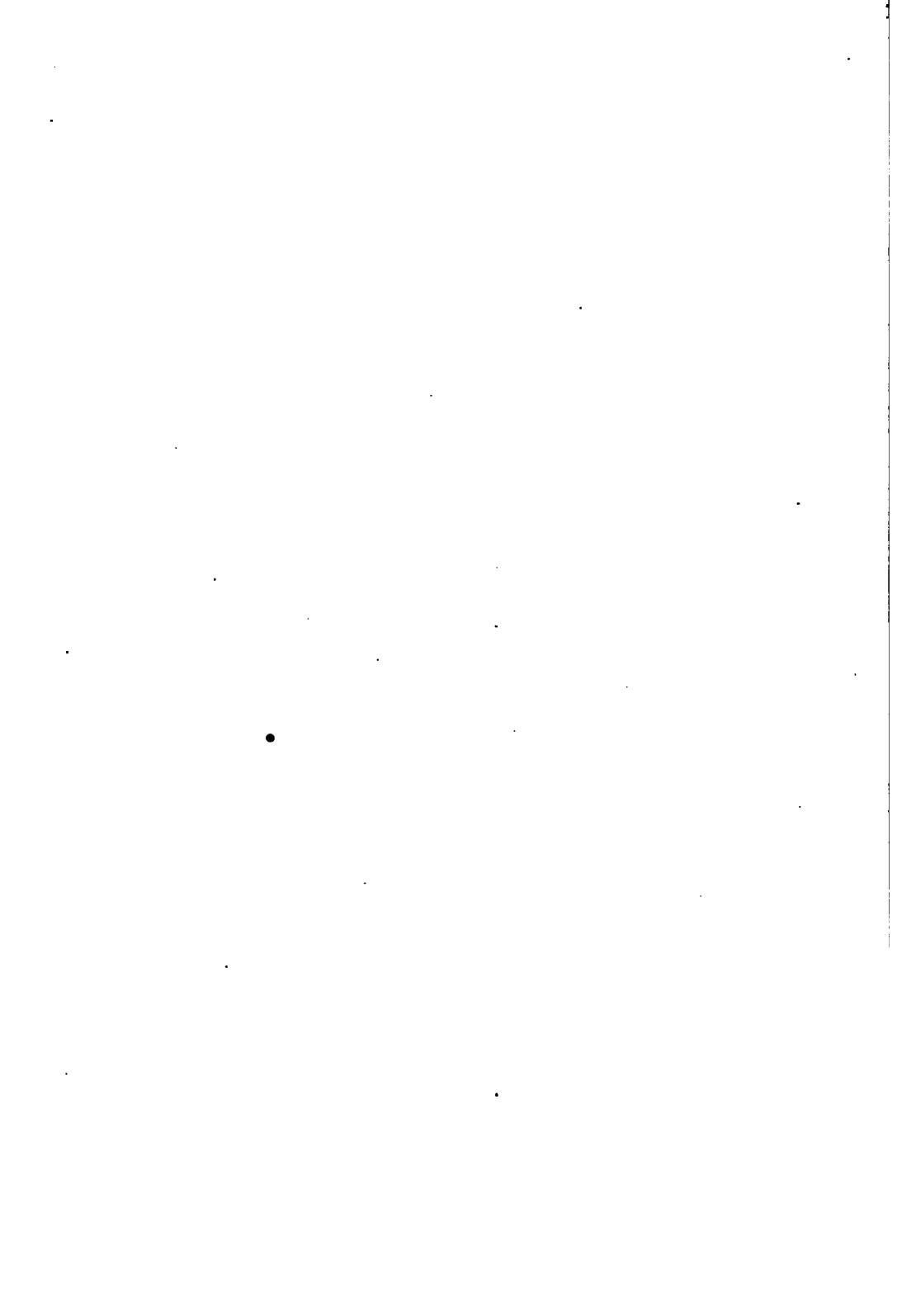
CHAPTER XV

KNARESBOROUGH AND HARROGATE

IT is sometimes said that Knaresborough is an overrated town from the point of view of its attractiveness to visitors, but this depends very much upon what we hope to find there. If we expect to find lasting pleasure in contemplating the Dropping Well, or the pathetic little exhibition of petrified objects in the Mother Shipton Inn, we may be prepared for disappointment. It seems strange that the real and lasting charms of the town should be overshadowed by such popular and much-advertised 'sights.' The first view of the town from the 'high' bridge is so full of romance that if there were nothing else to interest us in the place we would scarcely be disappointed. The Nidd, flowing smoothly at the foot of the precipitous heights upon which the church and the old roofs appear, is spanned by a great stone viaduct. This might have been so

great a blot upon the scene that Knaresborough would have lost half its charm. Strangely enough, we find just the reverse is the case, for this railway bridge, with its battlemented parapets and massive piers, is now so weathered that it has melted into its surroundings as though it had come into existence as long ago as the oldest building visible. The old Knaresborough kept well to the heights adjoining the castle, and even to-day there are only a handful of later buildings down by the river margin. The view, therefore, is still unspoiled, and its appearance when the light is coming from the west can be seen in the illustration given here.

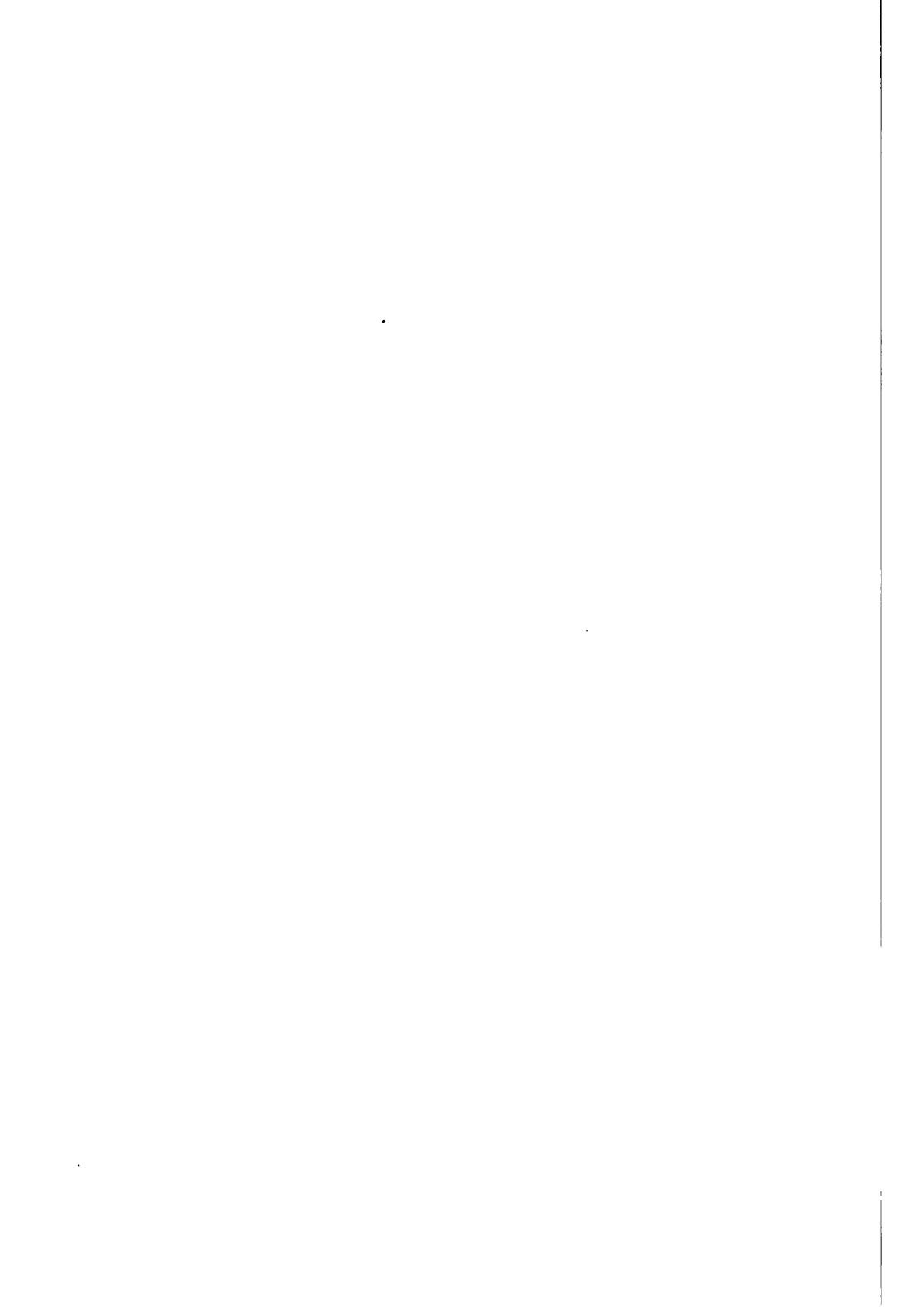
When we have crossed the bridge, and have passed along a narrow roadway perched well above the river, we come to one of the many interesting houses that help to keep alive the old-world flavour of the town. Only a few years ago the old manor-house had a most picturesque and rather remarkable exterior, for its plaster walls were covered with a large black and white chequer-work, and its over-hanging eaves and trailing creepers gave it a charm that has since then been quite lost. The restoration which recently took place has entirely altered the character of the exterior, but inside everything



KNARESBOROUGH

Is one of the most fortunate of towns in having in its railway bridge a bold and decorative feature rather than an eyesore. The stranger scarcely realizes as he stands on the road bridge from which the picture is taken, that the big battlemented structure spanning the river is a railway viaduct.





has been preserved with just the care that should have been expended outside as well. There are oak-wainscoted parlours, oak dressers, and richly-carved fireplaces in the low-ceiled rooms, each one containing furniture much of the period of the house. Upstairs there is a beautiful old bedroom lined with oak, like those on the floor below, and its interest is greatly enhanced by the story of Oliver Cromwell's residence in the house, for he is believed to have used this particular bedroom. Slight alterations have taken place, but the oak bedstead which he is said to have occupied, minus its tester and with its posts cut down to half their height, still remains to carry us swiftly back to the last siege of the castle. A very curious story is told in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of March, 1791. It gives an anecdote of Oliver Cromwell which Sir John Goodricke used to relate. When he was quite a small boy, he was told by a very old woman who had formerly attended his mother, Lady Goodricke, how Oliver Cromwell came to lodge at this house when she was but a young girl. 'Having heard so much talk about the man,' she said, 'I looked at him with wonder. Being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my

shoulder several times to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the fireside of the room untying his garters. Having aired the bed, I went out, and, shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the keyhole, when I saw him rise from his feet, advance to the bed and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time. When I returned again I found him still at prayer, and this was his custom every night so long as he stayed at our house, from which I concluded he must be a good man, and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused.'

Higher up the hill stands the church with a square central tower surmounted by a small spike. It still bears the marks of the fire made by the Scots during their disastrous descent upon Yorkshire after Edward II.'s defeat at Bannockburn. Led by Sir James Douglas, the Scots poured into the prosperous plains and even the dales of Yorkshire. They burned Northallerton and Boroughbridge, and then came on to Knaresborough. When the town had been captured and burnt, the savage invaders endeavoured to burn out the inhabitants who had taken refuge in the church-tower, but the stoutness of the stone walls pre-

vented their efforts to destroy the building. It is quite possible that the roofs at that time were thatched, for some years ago much partially-burnt straw was discovered in the roof. The chapel on the north side of the chancel contains the interesting monuments of the old Yorkshire family of Slingsby. The altar-tomb in the centre bears the recumbent effigies of Francis Slingsby, who died in 1600, and Mary his wife. Another monument shows Sir William Slingsby, who accidentally discovered the first spring at Harrogate. The Slingsbys, who were cavaliers, produced a martyr in the cause of Charles I. This was the distinguished Sir Henry, who, in 1658, ‘being beheaded by order of the tyrant Cromwell, . . . was translated to a better place.’ So says the inscription on a large slab of black marble in the floor of the chapel. The last of the male line of the family was Sir Charles Slingsby, who was most unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a ferry-boat in the Ure in February, 1869.

We can wander through the quaint little streets above the church and find much to interest us, particularly in the market-place, although quite a number of the really ancient little houses that had come down to quite recent years have now passed

away. On one side of the market-place stands a most curious little chemist's shop, with two small-paned windows, very low and picturesque, that slightly overhang the footway. There seems to be small doubt that this is the oldest of all the long-established chemists' shops that exist in England. It dates from the year 1720, when John Beckwith started the business, and the conservatism of the trade is borne out by the preservation of some interesting survivals of those early Georgian days. There are strangely-shaped old shop-bottles, mortars, and strips of leather that were used for quicksilver in the days when it was worn as a charm against some forms of disease.

Just above the manor-house there is still to be seen one of the last of the thatched houses, at one time common in the town. It is the old Vicarage, and it still contains oak beams and some good panelling. When we get beyond the market-place, we come out upon an elevated grassy space upon the top of a great mass of rock whose perpendicular sides drop down to a bend of the Nidd. Around us are scattered the ruins of Knaresborough Castle—poor and of small account if we compare them with Richmond, although the site is very similar; where before the siege in 1644 there must

have been a most imposing mass of towers and curtain walls. Of the great keep, only the lowest story is at all complete, for above the first-floor there are only two sides to the tower, and these are battered and dishevelled. The walls enclosed about the same area as Richmond, but they are now so greatly destroyed that it is not easy to gain a clear idea of their position. There were no less than eleven towers, of which there now remain fragments of six, part of a gateway, and behind the old courthouse there are evidences of a secret cell. An underground sally-port opening into the moat, which was a dry one, is reached by steps leading from the castle yard. The passage was opened out in 1890, and in it were discovered a considerable number of stone balls, probably used for the 'balistas' mentioned in one of the castle records. It is a dismal fact to remember that, despite the perfect repair of the castle in the reign of Elizabeth, and the comparatively small amount of destruction caused during the siege conducted by Lilburne and Fairfax, Knaresborough's great fortress was reduced to piles of ruins as the result of an order of the Council of State not many years after its capture. Subsequently, as in the case of such splendid structures as Richard I.'s Château Gaillard, the

broken remains were cheap building stone for the townsfolk, and seeing that in those days archaeological societies had yet to be instituted, who can blame the townsfolk ?

Lord Lytton gives a story of the siege that we may recall, seeing that there is so little to vividly bring to mind the scene during the strenuous defence of the castle by the plucky townsfolk. 'A youth,' we are told, 'whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep, dry moat, climb up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length ; the soldiers fired on him.' The poor lad was made prisoner, and sentenced to be hanged in quite medieval fashion within sight of the garrison. There was, however, a certain lady who, with great difficulty, prevented this barbarous order from being carried out, and when the castle had capitulated and the soldiers had left the boy was released.

The keep is in the Decorated style, and appears to have been built in the reign of Edward II. Below the ground is a vaulted dungeon, dark and horrible in its hopeless strength, which is only emphasized by the tiny air-hole that lets in scarcely a glimmering of light, but reveals a thickness of

15 feet of masonry that must have made a prisoner's heart sick. It is generally understood that Bolingbroke spared Richard II. such confinement as this, and that when he was a prisoner in the keep he occupied the large room on the floor above the kitchen. It is now a mere platform, with the walls running up on two sides only. The kitchen (sometimes called the guard-room) has a perfectly preserved roof of heavy groining, supported by two pillars, and it contains a collection of interesting objects, rather difficult to see, owing to the poor light that the windows allow. The small local guide-book gives us a thrill by stating that a very antique-looking chest is 'said to have been the property of William the Conqueror.' We hope it was, but long for some proofs. The spring man-trap is of no great age, and it was in use not many years ago, when the owner was in the habit of exhibiting it on market days with a notice upon it to inform the public that every night he adjusted its deadly jaws in some part of his orchard. There is much to interest us among the wind-swept ruins and the views into the wooded depths of the Nidd, and we would rather stay here and trace back the history of the castle and town to the days of that Norman Serlo de Burgh, who is the first mentioned

in its annals, than go down to the tripper-worn
Dropping Well and the Mother Shipton Inn.

When we have determined to see what these 'sights' have to offer, we find that the inn is a fairly picturesque one, but with scarcely a quarter of the interest of the old chemist's shop we saw in the market-place. The walk along the river bank among a fine growth of beeches is pleasant enough, and would be enjoyable if it were not for the fact that it leads to a 'sight' which has to be paid for. Under the overhanging edge of the limestone crag hang a row of eccentric objects constantly under the dripping water that trickles down the face of the rock, which is itself formed entirely by the petrifying action of the spring some yards away from the river. The water being strongly charged with lime, everything within its reach, including the row of 'curiosities' in course of manufacture, are coated over and finally reduced to limestone, the process taking about two years. When we have come away from the well we feel we have seen all the sights we are equal to, and gladly leave St. Robert's Chapel and the other caves to be seen at some more convenient season. The story of Eugene Aram and the murder of Daniel Clark is a page in the history of Knaresborough

that may perhaps add interest to the town, but it is certainly likely to rob the place of some of its charm, so without wasting any time on a visit to the cave where the murdered man's body was buried, we go out on the road to Harrogate.

The distance between the towns is short, and soon after passing Starbeck we come to Harrogate's extensive common known as the Stray. We follow the grassy space, when it takes a sharp turn to the north, and are soon in the centre of the great watering-place. Among the buildings that rise up in imposing masses on each side of us we can see no traces of anything that is not of recent date, and we find nothing at all to suggest that the place really belongs to Yorkshire.

Walking or being pulled in bath-chairs along the carefully-made paths are all sorts and conditions of invalids, and interspersed among them are numbers of people who, if they have any ailments curable by the waters, are either in very advanced stages of convalescence or are extremely expert in hiding any traces of ill-health.

There is one spot in Harrogate that has a suggestion of the early-days of the town. It is down in the corner where the valley gardens almost join the extremity of the Stray. There we find the

Royal Pump Room that made its appearance in early Victorian times, and its circular counter is still crowded every morning by a throng of water-drinkers. We wander through the hilly streets and gaze at the pretentious hotels, the baths, the huge Kursaal, the hydropathic establishments, the smart shops, and the many churches, and then, having seen enough of the buildings, we find a seat supported by green serpents, from which to watch the passers-by. A white-haired and withered man, having the stamp of a military life in his still erect bearing, paces slowly by; then come two elaborately dressed men of perhaps twenty-five. They wear brown suits and patent boots, and their bowler hats are pressed down on the backs of their heads. Then nursemaids with perambulators pass, followed by a lady in expensive garments, who talks volubly to her two pretty daughters. When we have tired of the pavements and the people, we bid farewell to them without much regret, being in a mood for simplicity and solitude, and go away towards Wharfedale with the pleasant tune that a band was playing still to remind us for a time of the scenes we have left behind.

CHAPTER XVI

WHARFEDALE

OTLEY is the first place we come to in the long and beautiful valley of the Wharfe. It is a busy little town where printing machinery is manufactured and worsted mills appear to thrive. Immediately to the south rises the steep ridge known as the Chevin. It answers the same purpose as Leyburn Shawl in giving a great view over the dale; the elevation of over 900 feet, being much greater than the Shawl, of course commands a far more extensive panorama, and thus, in clear weather, York Minster appears on the eastern horizon and the Ingleton Fells on the west.

Farnley Hall, on the north side of the Wharfe, is an Elizabethan house dating from 1581, and it is still further of interest on account of Turner's frequent visits, covering a great number of years, and for the very fine collection of his paintings preserved there. The oak-panelling and coeval

furniture are particularly good, and among the historical relics there is a remarkable memento of Marston Moor in the sword that Cromwell carried during the battle.

A few miles higher up the dale stands the big 'hydropathic,' and the station of Ben Rhydding. The name sounds very Scottish, and the man who started the establishment came from beyond the Border. He found that the site he had selected was marked in the Ordnance maps as a 'bean rhydding,' or fallow land, so he decided to drop the 'a' in 'bean,' and in that way get a good Scottish flavour into the name, and now its origin is being quite forgotten. Only a short distance beyond is the considerable town of Ilkley, where hotels and vast hydropathic establishments flourish exceedingly, and villas are constantly adding to the size of the place, which had a population of only 500 half a century ago. Ilkley has an old well-house, where the water's purity is its chief attraction. The church contains a thirteenth-century effigy of Sir Andrew de Middleton, and also three pre-Norman crosses without arms. On the heights to the south of Ilkley is Rumbles Moor, and from the Cow and Calf rocks there is a very fine view. Ilkley is particularly well situated for walks up

the dales and over the moors, as a glance at the map at the end of this volume will show.

About six miles still further up Wharfedale Bolton Abbey stands by a bend of the beautiful river. The ruins are most picturesquely placed on ground slightly raised above the banks of the Wharfe. Of the domestic buildings practically nothing remains, while the choir of the church, the central tower, and north transepts are roofless and extremely beautiful ruins. The nave is roofed in, and is used as a church at the present time, and it is probable that services have been held in the building practically without any interruption for 700 years. Hiding the Early English west end is the lower half of a fine Perpendicular tower, commenced by Richard Moone, the last Prior. Followers of Ruskin speak of this as a disfigurement, and I imagine that they also despise the tower of Fountains Abbey because it belongs to the same period. The taste displayed in the architecture and decoration of Brantwood does not encourage me to accept Ruskin's pronouncements on the latest phase of Gothic development, and I need only point to the splendid western towers of Beverley Minster in support of my intense admiration for the despised Perpendicular style.

The great east window of the choir has lost its tracery, and the Decorated windows at the sides are in the same vacant state, with the exception of the one that appears in the illustration given here. It is blocked up to half its height, like those on the north side, but the flamboyant tracery of the head is perfect and very graceful. Lower down there is some late-Norman interlaced arcading resting on carved corbels.

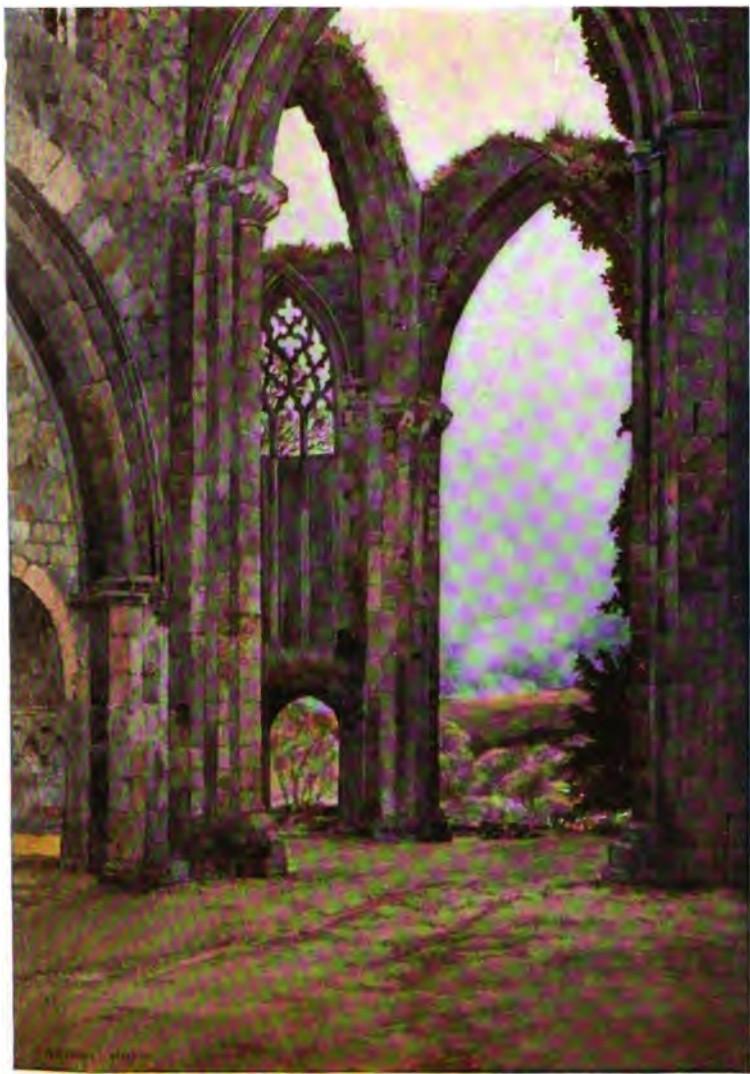
There is something singularly attractive in the views of the woods that overhang the river when we see them framed by the great stone arches and fluted piers. We can hear the rich notes of a blackbird, and the gentle rush of the river where it washes the stony beach close at hand, and there is present that wonderful silence that broods over ruined monasteries.

From the abbey we can take our way by various beautiful paths to the exceedingly rich scenery of Bolton woods. Some of the reaches of the Wharfe through this deep and heavily-timbered part of its course are really enchanting, and not even the knowledge that excursion parties frequently traverse the paths can rob the views of their charm. It is always possible, by taking a little trouble, to choose occasions for seeing these



BOLTON ABBEY, WHARFEDALE

FROM under the arches of the central tower one is looking out over the course of the river Wharfe. The abbey was founded in the twelfth century for monks of the Order of St. Augustine.





beautiful but very popular places when they are unspoiled by the sights and sounds of holiday-makers, and in the autumn, when the woods have an almost undreamed-of brilliance, the walks and drives are generally left to the birds and the rabbits. At the Strid the river, except in flood-times, is confined to a deep channel through the rocks, in places scarcely more than a yard in width. It is one of those spots that accumulate stories and legends of the individuals who have lost their lives, or saved them, by endeavouring to leap the narrow channel. That several people have been drowned here is painfully true, for the temptation to try the seemingly easy but very risky jump is more than many can resist.

Higher up, the river is crossed by the three arches of Barden Bridge, a fine old structure bearing the inscription: 'This bridge was repayed at the charge of the whole West R 1676.' To the south of the bridge stands the picturesque Tudor house called Barden Tower, which was at one time a keeper's lodge in the manorial forest of Wharfedale. It was enlarged by the tenth Lord Clifford — the 'Shepherd Lord' whose strange life-story is mentioned in the next chapter in connection with Skipton — but having become

ruinous, it was repaired in 1658 by that indefatigable restorer of the family castles, the Lady Anne Clifford.

At this point there is a road across the moors to Pateley Bridge, in Nidderdale, and if we wish to explore that valley, which is now partially filled with a lake formed by the damming of the Nidd for Bradford's water-supply, we must leave the Wharfe at Barden. If we keep to the more beautiful dale we go on through the pretty village of Burnsall to Grassington, where a branch railway has recently made its appearance from Skipton.

The dale from this point appears more and more wild, and the fells become gaunt and bare, with scars often fringing the heights on either side. We keep to the east side of the river, and soon after having a good view up Littondale, a beautiful branch valley, we come to Kettlewell. This tidy and cheerful village stands at the foot of Great Whernside, one of the twin fells that we saw overlooking the head of Coverdale when we were at Middleham. Its comfortable little inns make Kettlewell a very fine centre for rambles in the wild dales that run up towards the head of Wharfedale.

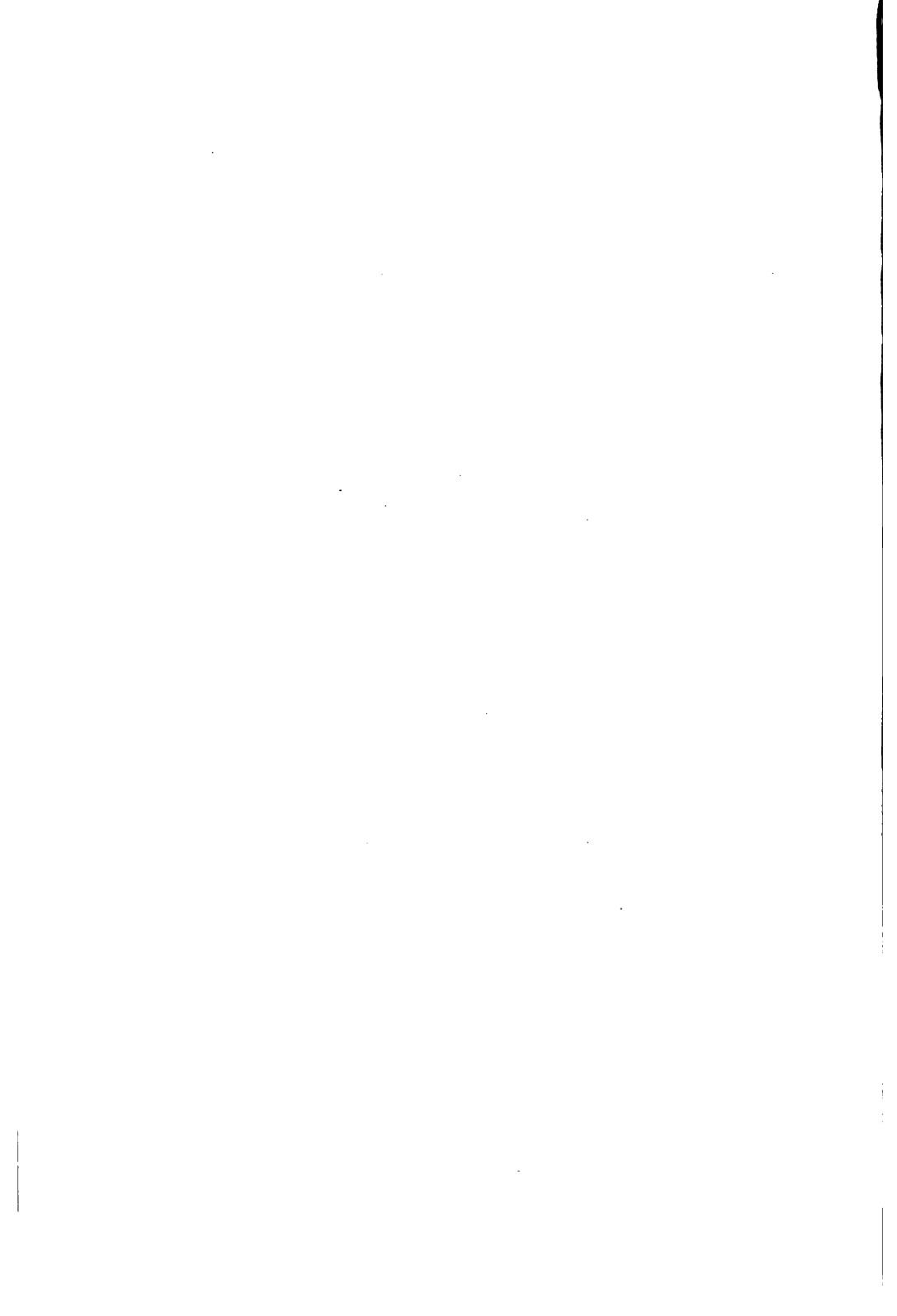
Buckden is a small village situated at the



HUBBERHOLME CHURCH

Is one of the quaintest in Yorkshire. It has Norman features, but dates chiefly from the thirteenth century. The situation on the banks of the Wharfe in Langstrothdale Chase is most beautiful





junction of the road from Aysgarth, and it has the beautiful scenery of Langstrothdale Chase stretching away to the west. About a mile higher up the dale we come to the curious old church of Hubberholme standing close to the river, and forming a most attractive picture in conjunction with the bridge and the masses of trees just beyond. At Raisgill we leave the road, which, if continued, would take us over the moors by Dodd Fell, and then down to Hawes. The track goes across Horse Head Moor, and it is so very slightly marked on the bent that we only follow it with difficulty. It is steep in places, for in a short distance it climbs up to nearly 2,000 feet. The tawny hollows in the fell-sides, and the utter wilderness spread all around, are more impressive when we are right away from anything that can even be called a path. The sheep just remind us of the civilization that endeavours to make what use it can of these desolate places, and when none are in sight we are left alone with the sky and the heaving brown hills.

When we reach the highest point before the rapid descent into Littondale we have another great view, with Pen-y-ghent close at hand and Fountains Fell more to the south. At the bottom

of the dale flows the Skirfare, and we follow it past the gray old village of Litton down to Arncliffe, where there is a nice inn by such a pleasant green that we are tempted to stay there rather than hurry on to Skipton.

CHAPTER XVII

SKIPTON, MALHAM AND GORDALE

WHEN I think of Skipton I am never quite sure whether to look upon it as a manufacturing centre or as one of the picturesque market towns of the dale country. If you arrive by train, you come out of the station upon such vast cotton-mills, and such a strong flavour of the bustling activity of the southern parts of Yorkshire, that you might easily imagine that the capital of Craven has no part in any holiday-making portion of the county. But if you come by road from Bolton Abbey, you enter the place at a considerable height, and, passing round the margin of the wooded Haw Beck, you have a fine view of the castle, as well as the church and the broad and not unpleasing market-place. Beyond these appear the chimneys and the smoke of the manufacturing and railway side of the town, almost entirely separate from the old world and historic portion on the higher ground. When you

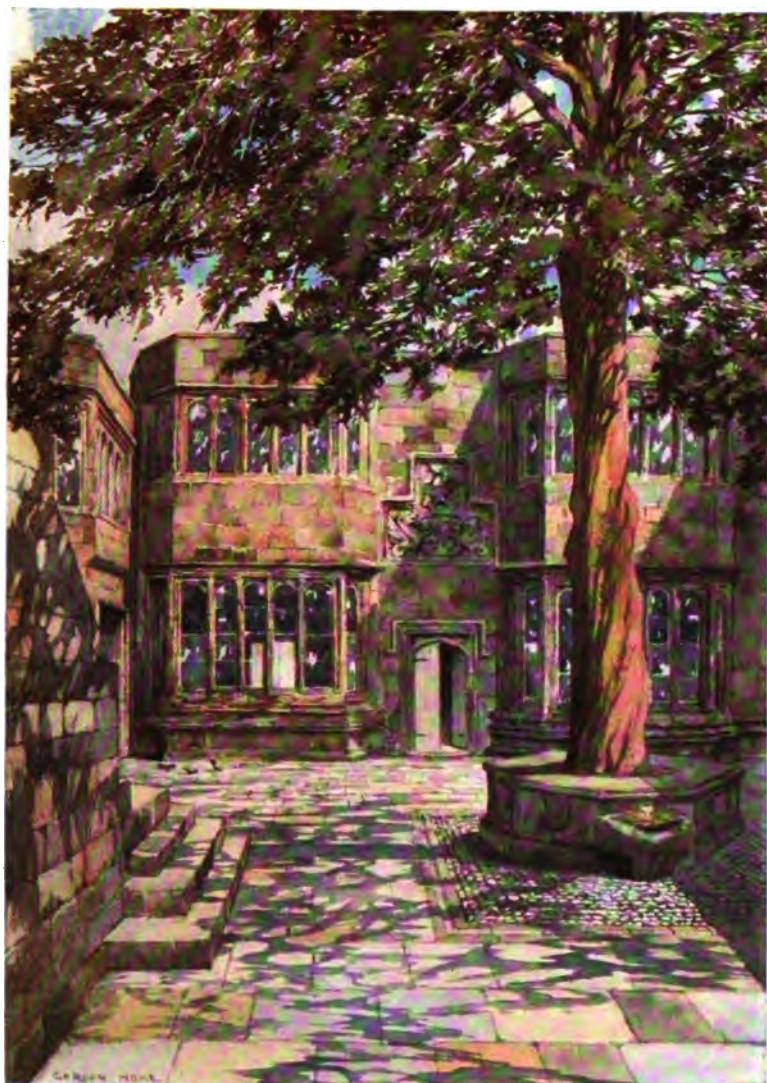
are on the castle ramparts the factories appear much less formidable—in fact, they seem to shrink into quite a small area owing to the great bare hills that rise up on all sides.

On this sunny morning, as we make our way towards the castle, we find the attractive side of Skipton entirely unspoiled by any false impression given by the factories. The smoke which the chimneys make appears in the form of a thin white mist against the brown moors beyond, and everything is very clean and very bright after heavy rain. The gateway of the castle is flanked by two squat towers. They are circular and battlemented, and between them upon a parapet, which is higher than the towers themselves, appears the motto of the Cliffords, ‘Desormais’ (hereafter), in open stone letters. Beyond the gateway stands a great mass of buildings with two large round towers just in front; to the right, across a sloping lawn, appears the more modern and inhabited portion of the castle. The squat round towers gain all our attention, but as we pass through the doorways into the courtyard beyond, we are scarcely prepared for the astonishingly beautiful quadrangle that awaits us. It is small, and the centre is occupied by a great yew-tree, whose tall, purply-red trunk goes up to



THE COURTYARD OF SKIPTON CASTLE

THE buildings of this portion of the castle, although
in such good preservation, are not occupied.





the level of the roofs without any branches or even twigs, but at that height it spreads out freely into a feathery canopy of dark green, covering almost the whole of the square of sky visible from the courtyard. The base of the trunk is surrounded by a massive stone seat, with plain shields on each side. The sunlight that comes through this green network is very much subdued when it falls upon walls and the pavement, which becomes strewn over with circular splashes of whiteness. The masonry of the walls on every side, where not showing the original red of the sandstone, has been weathered into beautiful emerald tints, and to a height of two or three feet there is a considerable growth of moss on the worn mouldings. The general appearance of the courtyard suggests more that of a manor-house than a castle, the windows and doorways being purely Tudor. The circular towers and other portions of the walls belong to the time of Edward II., and there is also a round-headed door that cannot be later than the time of Robert de Romillé, one of the Conqueror's followers. The rooms that overlook the shady quadrangle are very much decayed and entirely unoccupied. They include an old dining-hall of much picturesqueness, kitchens, pantries, and

butteries, some of them only lighted by narrow windows on the outer faces of the wall. There are many large bedrooms and other dark apartments in the towers. Only a little restoration would be required to put a great portion of these into habitable condition, for they are structurally in a good state of repair, as may be seen to some extent from the picture of the courtyard reproduced here. The destruction caused during the siege which took place during the Civil War might have brought Skipton Castle to much the same condition as Knaresborough but for the wealth and energy of that remarkable woman Lady Anne Clifford, who was born here in 1589. She was the only surviving child of George, the third Earl of Cumberland, and grew up under the care of her mother, Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, of whom Lady Anne used to speak as 'my blessed mother.' Her reverence for the memory of this admirable parent is also shown in the feeling which prompted her to put up a pillar by the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, to commemorate their last meeting, and, besides this, the Lady Anne left a sum of money to be given to the poor at that spot on a certain day every year. After her first marriage with Richard Sackville,

Earl of Dorset, Lady Anne married the profligate Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. She was widowed a second time in 1649, and after that began the period of her munificence and usefulness. With immense enthusiasm, she undertook the work of repairing the castles that belonged to her family, Brougham, Appleby, Barden Tower, and Pendragon being restored as well as Skipton. We can see in the towers where the later work begins, and the custodian who shows us through the apartments points out many details which are invisible without the aid of his candle.

Besides attending to the decayed castles, the Countess repaired no less than seven churches, and to her we owe the careful restoration of the parish church of Skipton. She began the repairs to the sacred building even before she turned her attention to the wants of the castle. In her private memorials we read how, ‘In the summer of 1665 . . . at her own charge, she caus’d the steeple of Skipton Church to be built up againe, which was pull’d down in the time of the late Warrs, and leaded it over, and then repaired some part of the Church and new glaz’d the Windows, in every of which Window she put quaries, stained with a yellow colour, these two letters—viz., A. P.,

and under them the year 1655. . . . Besides, she raised up a noble Tomb of Black Marble in memory of her Warlike Father.' This magnificent altar-tomb still stands within the Communion rails on the south side of the chancel. It is adorned with seventeen shields, and Whitaker doubted 'whether so great an assemblage of noble bearings can be found on the tomb of any other Englishman.' This third Earl was a notable figure in the reign of Elizabeth, and having for a time been a great favourite with the Queen, he received many of the posts of honour she loved to bestow. He was a skilful and daring sailor, helping to defeat the Spanish Armada, and building at his own expense one of the greatest fighting ships of his time, Elizabeth—who, like the present German Emperor, never lost an opportunity of fostering the growth of her navy—being present at the launching ceremony.

The memorials of Lady Anne give a description of her appearance in the manner of that time: 'The colour of her eyes was black like her Father's,' we are told, 'with a peak of hair on her forehead, and a dimple in her chin, like her father. The hair of her head was brown and very thick, and so long that it reached to the calf of her legs when

she stood upright ; and when she caused these memorials of herself to be written (she had passed the year 68 of her age), she said *the perfections of her mind were much above those of her body* ; she had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment, and a discerning spirit, and so much of a strong imagination in her as that at many times even her dreams and apprehensions beforehand proved true.’ The Countess died at the great age of eighty-seven at Brougham Castle in Westmorland, and was buried in the Church of St. Lawrence at Appleby.

We cannot leave these old towers of Skipton Castle without going back to the days of John, the ninth Lord Clifford, that ‘Bloody Clifford’ who was one of the leaders of the Lancastrians at Wakefield, where his merciless slaughter earned him the title of ‘the Butcher.’ He died by a chance arrow the night before the Battle of Towton, so fatal to the cause of Lancaster, and Lady Clifford and the children took refuge in her father’s castle at Brough. For greater safety Henry, the heir, was placed under the care of a shepherd whose wife had nursed the boy’s mother when a child. In this way the future baron grew up as an entirely uneducated shepherd lad, spending

his days on the fells in the primitive fashion of the peasants of the fifteenth century. When he was about twelve years old Lady Clifford, hearing rumours that the whereabouts of her children had become known, sent the shepherd and his wife with the boy into an extremely inaccessible part of Cumberland. He remained there until his thirty-second year, when the Battle of Bosworth placed Henry VII. on the throne. Then the shepherd lord was brought to Londesborough, and when the family estates had been restored, he went back to Skipton Castle. The strangeness of his new life being irksome to him, Lord Clifford spent most of his time in Barden Forest at one of the keeper's lodges, which he adapted for his own use. There he hunted and studied astronomy and astrology with the canons of Bolton.

At Flodden Field he led the men-at-arms from Craven, and showed that by his life of extreme simplicity he had in no way diminished the traditional valour of the Cliffords. When he died they buried him at Bolton Abbey, where many of his ancestors lay, and as his successor died after the dissolution of the monasteries, the 'Shepherd Lord' was the last to be buried in that secluded spot by the Wharfe.

Skipton has always been a central spot for the exploration of this southern portion of the dales, and since the Midland Railway has lately put out an arm to the north, there are lines going in five directions. The new branch that goes into Wharfedale stops just before it reaches Grassington, and has an intermediate station with a triple name in consideration of the fact that it is placed at almost exactly the same distance from the three villages of Hetton, Rylstone, and Cracoe. Whether we go by road or rail, we have good views of Flasby and Rylstone Fells as we pass along the course of Eller Beck to the romantically situated village made famous by Wordsworth's ballad of 'The White Doe of Rylstone.' The site of the old manor-house where the Nortons lived may still be seen in a field to the east of the church. Owing to the part they took in the Rising of the North in 1569 the Nortons lost all their property in Yorkshire, and among the humble folk of Rylstone who shared in the rebellion there was Richard Kitchen, Mr. Norton's butler, who lost much more, for he was executed at Ripon. From Hetton we follow a road to the west, and passing the hamlet of Winterburn, come to Airton, where there are some interesting old houses, one of them dating

from the year of the Great Fire of London. Turning to the north, we come to Kirby Malham, less than two miles off. It is a pretty little village with green limestone hills rising on all sides; a rushing beck coming off Kirby Fell takes its way past the church, and there is an old vicarage as well as some picturesque cottages.

We find our way to a decayed lych-gate, whose stones are very black and moss-grown, and then get a close view of the Perpendicular church. The interior is full of interest, not only on account of the Norman font and the canopied niches in the pillars of the nave, but also for the old pews. The Malham people seemingly found great delight in recording their names on the woodwork of the pews, for carefully carved initials and dates appear very frequently. All the pews have been cut down to the accepted height of the present day with the exception of some on the north side which were occupied by the more important families, and these still retain their squareness and the high balustrades above the panelled lower portions. One of the parish registers has been supposed to contain Oliver Cromwell's signature to a marriage.* There is also the entry of the baptism on November 7,

* On the day of the entry, January 17, 1655, Cromwell was at Whitehall.

1619, of John Lambert, who became a Major-General in the Roundhead army.

Just under the moorland heights surrounding Malham Tarn is the other village of Malham. It is a charming spot, even in the gloom of a wintry afternoon. The houses look on to a strip of uneven green, cut in two, lengthways, by the Aire. We go across the clear and sparkling waters by a rough stone footbridge, and, making our way past a farm, find ourselves in a few minutes at Gordale Bridge. Here we abandon the switchback lane, and, climbing a wall, begin to make our way along the side of the beck. The fells drop down fairly sharply on each side, and in the failing light there seems no object in following the stream any further, when quite suddenly the green slope on the right stands out from a scarred wall of rock beyond, and when we are abreast of the opening we find ourselves before a vast fissure that leads right into the heart of the fell. The great split is S-shaped in plan, so that when we advance into its yawning mouth we are surrounded by limestone cliffs more than 300 feet high. If one visits Gordale Scar for the first time alone on a gloomy evening, as I have done, I can promise the most thrilling sensations to those who have yet to see this astonishing sight.

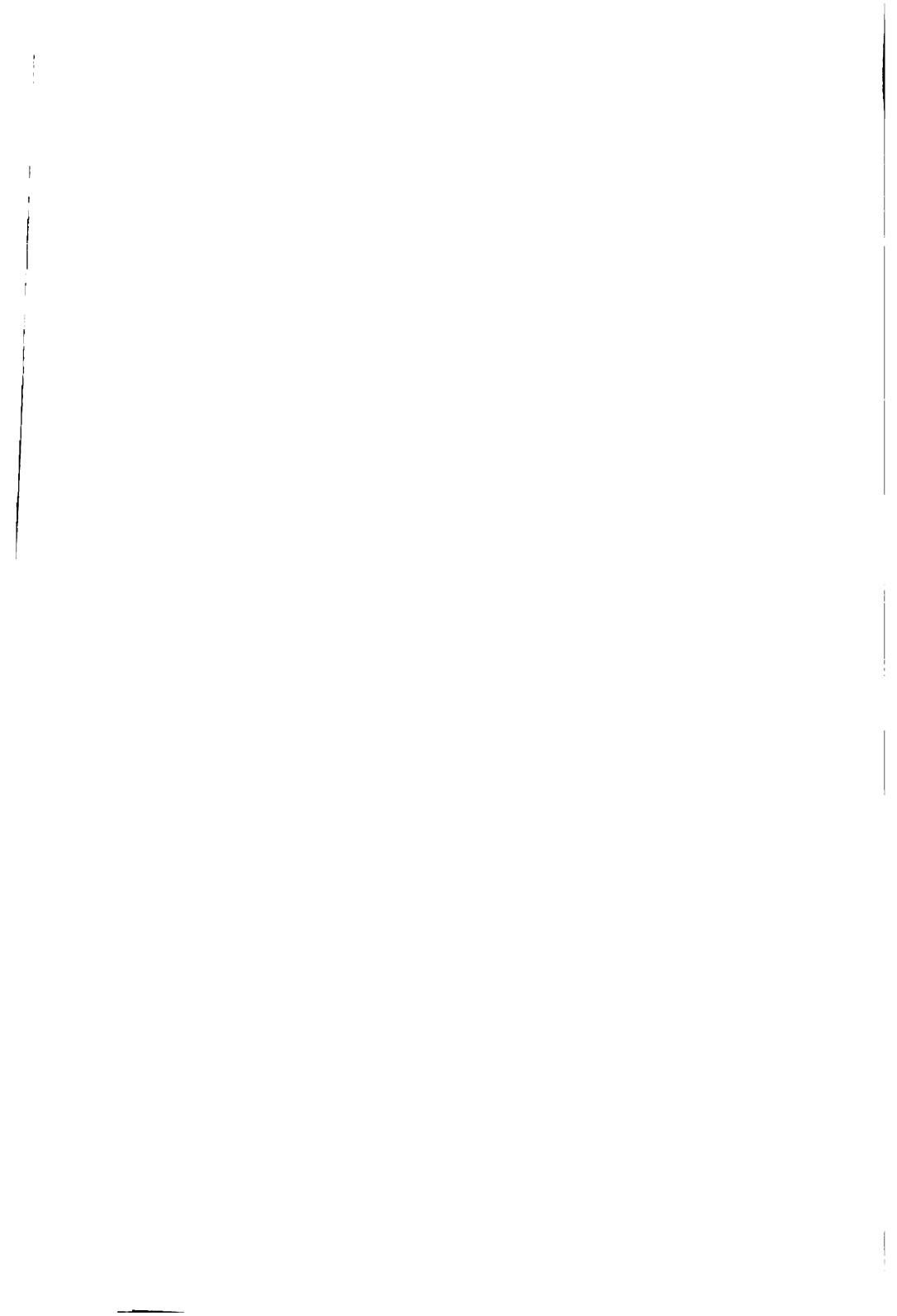
It almost appeared to me as though I were dreaming, and that I was Aladin approaching the magician's palace. I had read some of the eighteenth-century writer's descriptions of the place, and imagined that their vivid accounts of the terror inspired by the overhanging rocks were mere exaggerations, but now I sympathize with every word. The scars overhang so much on the east side that there is not much space to get out of reach of the water that drips from every portion. Great masses of stone were lying upon the bright strip of turf, and among them I noticed some that could not have been there long ; this made me keep close under the cliff in justifiable fear of another fall. I stared with apprehension at one rock that would not only kill, but completely bury, anyone upon whom it fell, and I thought those old writers had underrated the horrors of the place. Through a natural arch in the rocks that faced me came a foaming torrent broken up below into a series of cascades, and the roar of the waters in the confined space added much to the fear that was taking possession of me. It was owing to the curious habit that waterfalls have of seeming to become suddenly louder that I must own to that sense of fearfulness, for at one moment the noise



GORDALE SCAR

THIS is one of the most astonishing sights in Yorkshire. The gorge is a result of the Craven Fault—a geological dislocation that has also made the huge cliffs of Malham Cove. The stream is the Aire. It can be seen coming through a natural arch high up among the rocks.





sounded so suddenly different that I was convinced that a considerable fall of stones had commenced among the crags overhead, and that in a moment they would crash into the narrow cleft. Common-sense seemed to urge an immediate retreat, for there was too much water coming down the falls to allow me to climb out that way, as I could otherwise have done. The desire to carry away some sort of picture of the fearsome place was, however, triumphant, and the result is given in this chapter.

Wordsworth writes of

‘Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch,’

and he also describes it as one of the grandest objects in nature.

A further result of the Craven fault that produced Gordale Scar can be seen at Malham Cove, about a mile away. There the cliff forms a curved front 285 feet high, facing the open meadows down below. The limestone is formed in layers of great thickness, dividing the face of the cliff into three fairly equal sections, the ledges formed at the commencement of each stratum allowing of the growth of bushes and small trees. A hard-pressed fox is

said to have taken refuge on one of these precarious ledges, and finding his way stopped in front, he tried to turn, and in doing so fell and was killed.

At the base of the perpendicular face of the cliff the Aire flows from a very slightly arched recess in the rock. It is a really remarkable stream in making its *début* without the slightest fuss, for it is large enough at its very birth to be called a small river. Its modesty is a great loss to Yorkshire, for if, instead of gathering strength in the hidden places in the limestone fells, it were to keep to more rational methods, it would flow to the edge of the Cove, and there precipitate itself in majestic fashion into a great pool below. There is some reason for believing that on certain occasions in the past the stream has taken the more showy course, and if sufficient cement could be introduced into some of the larger fissures above, a fall might be induced to occur after every period of heavy rain. All the romance would perhaps disappear if we knew that the effect was artificial, and therefore we would no doubt be wiser to remain content with the Cove as it is.

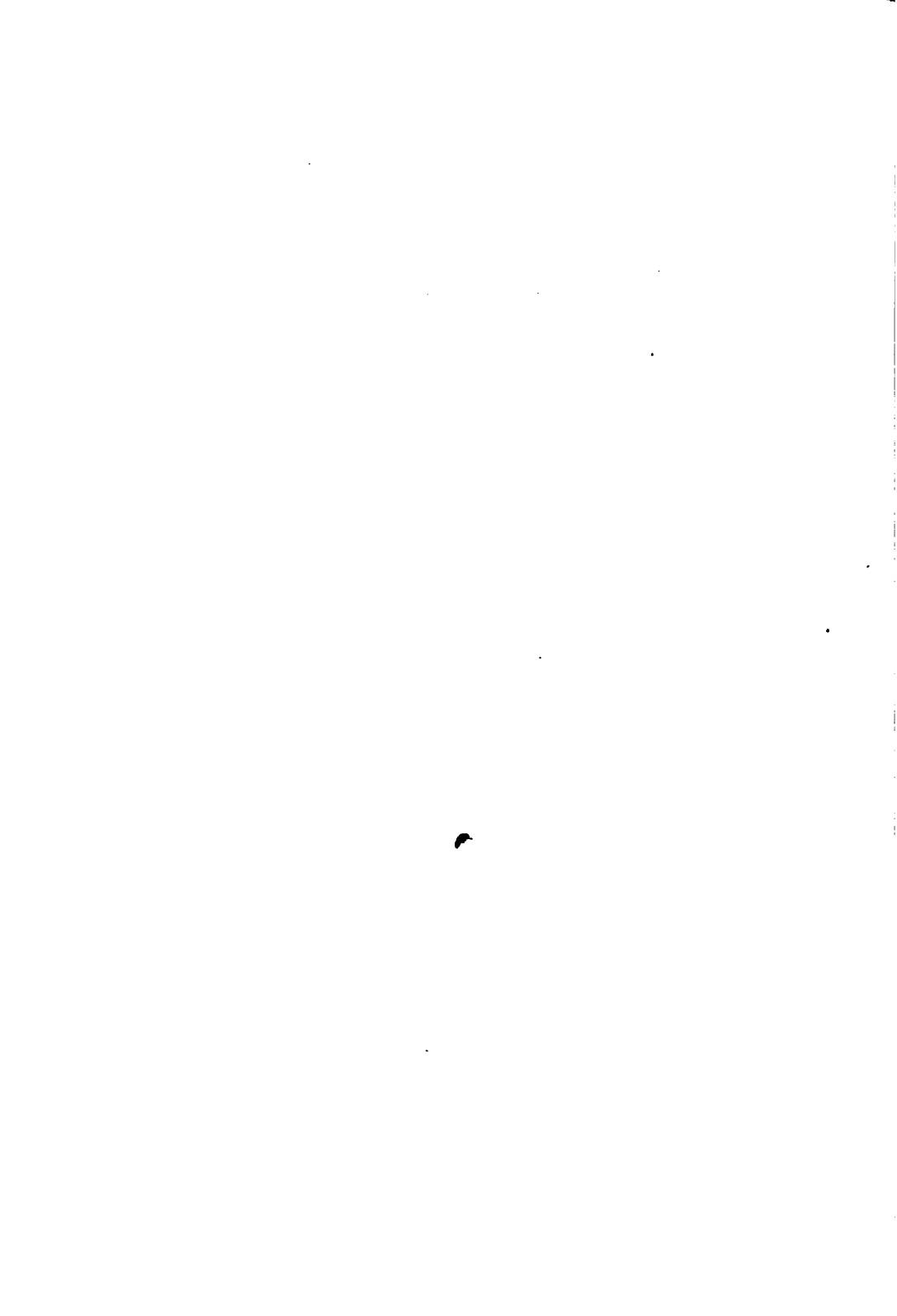
CHAPTER XVIII

SETTLE AND THE INGLETON FELLS

THE track across the moor from Malham Cove to Settle cannot be recommended to anyone at night, owing to the extreme difficulty of keeping to the path without a very great familiarity with every yard of the way, so that when I merely suggested taking that route one wintry night the villagers protested vigorously. I therefore took the road that goes up from Kirby Malham, having borrowed a large hurricane lamp from the 'Buck' Inn at Malham. Long before I reached the open moor I was enveloped in a mist that would have made the track quite invisible even where it was most plainly marked, and I blessed the good folk at Malham who had advised me to take the road rather than run the risks of the pot-holes that are a feature of the limestone fells. This moor is on the range of watersheds of Northern England, for it sends streams east and west that find their way into the Irish Sea and German Ocean.

With the swinging lantern throwing vast shadows of my own figure upon the mist, and the stony road under my feet, I at length dropped down the steep descent into Settle, having seen no human being on the road since I left Kirby Malham. Even Settle was almost as lonely, for I had nearly reached a building called The Folly, which is near the middle of the town, before I met the first inhabitant.

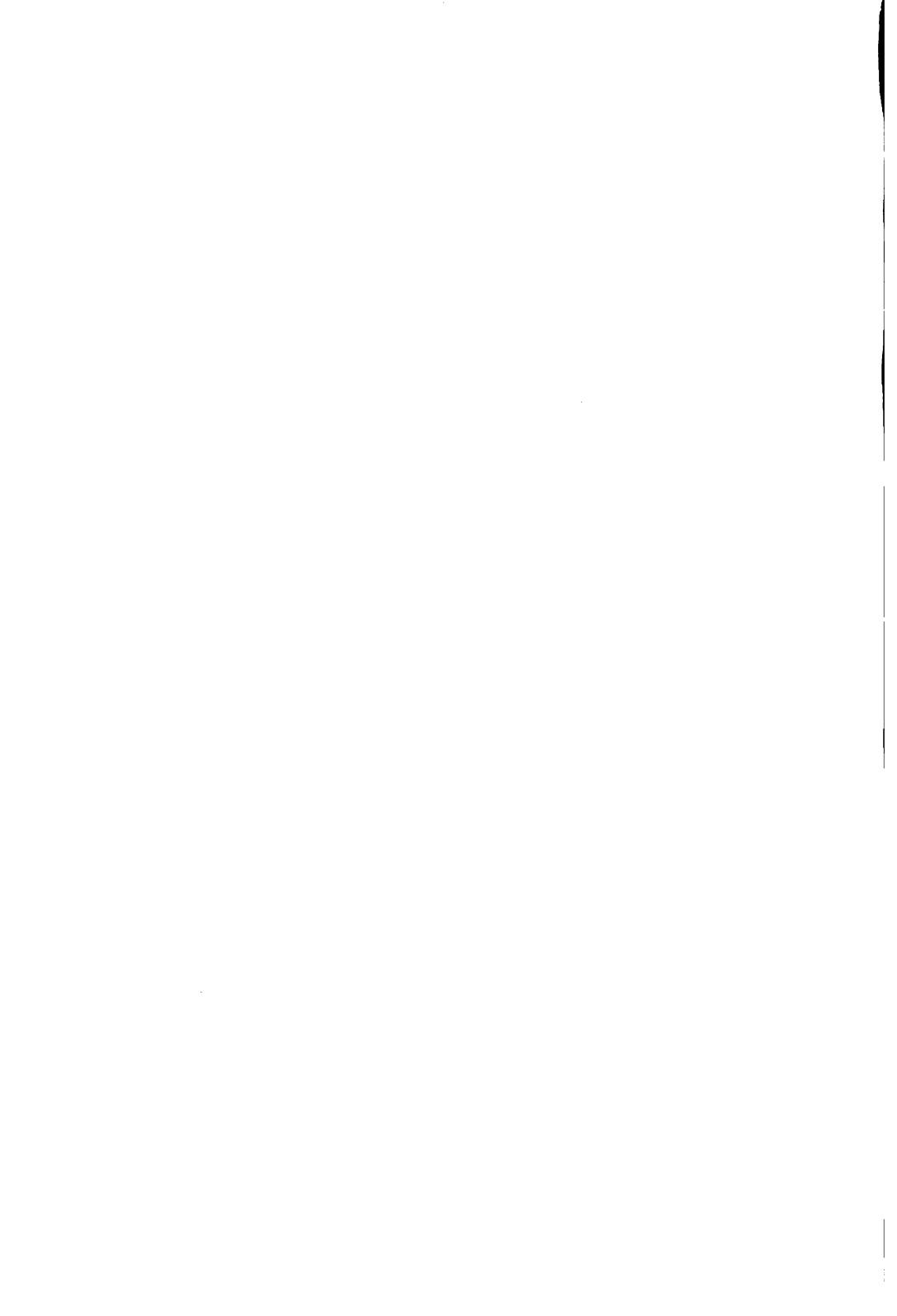
In the morning I discovered that The Folly was the most notable house in the town, for its long stone front dates from the time of Charles II., and it is a very fine example of the most elaborate treatment of a house of that size and period to be found in the Craven district. Settle has a most distinctive feature in the possession of Castleberg, a steep limestone hill, densely wooded except at the very top, that rises sharply just behind the market-place. Before the trees were planted there seems to have been a sundial on the side of the hill, the precipitous scar on the top forming the gnomon. No one remembers this curious feature, although a print showing the numbers fixed upon the slope was published in 1778. The market-place has lost its curious old tolbooth, and in its place stands a town hall of good Tudor design. Departed also is much of the charm of the old Shambles that occupy a



SETTLE

THIS grey old town in Ribblesdale is one of the
quaintest in this part of Yorkshire.





central position in the square. The lower story, with big arches forming a sort of piazza in front of the butcher's and other shops, still remains in its old state, but the upper portion has been restored in the fullest sense of that comprehensive term.

In the steep street that we came down on entering the town there may still be seen a curious old tower, which seems to have forgotten its original purpose. Some of the houses have carved stone lintels to their doorways and seventeenth-century dates, while the stone figure on 'The Naked Man' Inn, although bearing the date 1668, must be very much older, the year of rebuilding being probably indicated rather than the date of the figure.

The Ribble divides Settle from its former parish church at Giggleswick, and until 1838 the towns-folk had to go over the bridge and along a short lane to the village which held its church. Settle having been formed into a separate parish, the parish clerk of the ancient village no longer has the fees for funerals and marriages. Although able to share the church, the two places had stocks of their own for a great many years. At Settle they have been taken from the market square and placed in the court-house, and at Giggleswick one of the first things we see on entering the village is one of

the stone posts of the stocks standing by the steps of the market cross. This cross has a very well preserved head, and it makes the foreground of a very pretty picture as we look at the battlemented tower of the church through the stone-roofed lich-gate grown over with ivy. The history of this fine old church, dedicated, like that of Middleham, to St Alkelda, has been written by Mr. Thomas Brayshaw, who knows every detail of the old building from the chalice inscribed ‘**† THE . COM-
MVNION . CVPP . BELONGINGE . TO . THE . PARISHE .
OF . IYGGELSWICKE . MADE . IN . ANO . 1585 .**’ to the inverted Norman capitals now forming the bases of the pillars. The tower and the arcades date from about 1400, and the rest of the structure is about 100 years older.

‘The Black Horse’ Inn has still two niches for small figures of saints, that proclaim its ecclesiastical connections in early times. It is said that in the days when it was one of the duties of the churchwardens to see that no one was drinking there during the hours of service the inspection used to last up to just the end of the sermon, and that when the custom was abolished the church officials regretted it exceedingly. Giggleswick is also the proud possessor of a school founded in

1512. It has grown from a very small beginning to a considerable establishment, and it possesses one of the most remarkable school chapels that can be seen anywhere in the country. It was built between 1897 and 1901, as a memorial of Queen Victoria's 'Diamond Jubilee,' by Mr. Walter Morrison, who spared no expense in clothing it with elaborate decoration, executed by some of the most renowned artists of the present day. The design of the building is by Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A.

The museum is of more than ordinary interest on account of the very fine collection of prehistoric remains discovered in the Victoria Cave two miles to the north-east of Settle. Besides bones of such animals as the cave bear, bison, elephant, and grisly bear, fragments of pottery were discovered, together with bronze and silver coins dating from the Roman period.

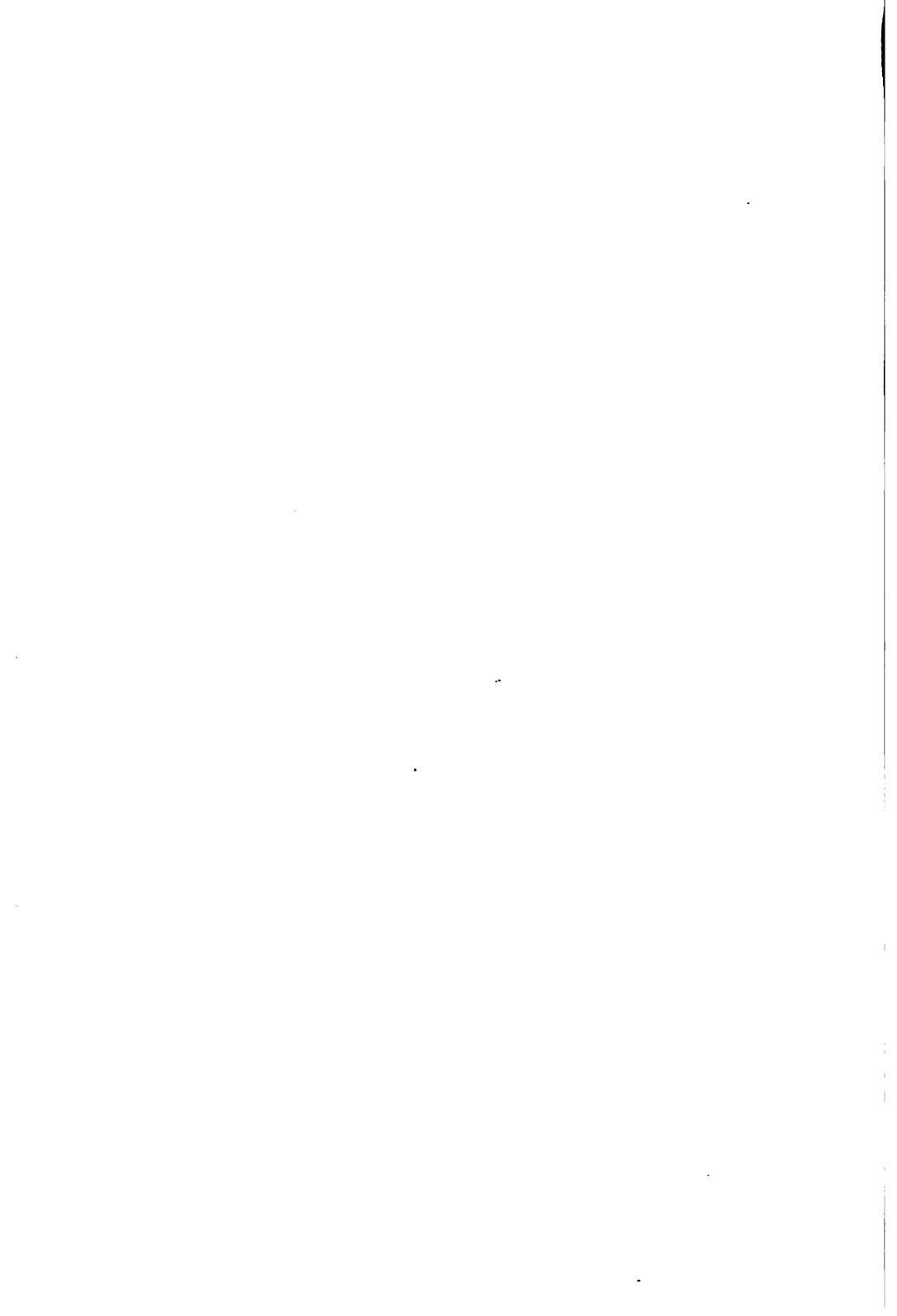
An ebbing and flowing well, which has excited the admiration of all the earlier writers on this part of Yorkshire, can be seen at about the distance of a mile to the north of Giggleswick. The old prints show this as a most spectacular natural phenomenon; but whatever it may have been a century or more ago, it appears at the present day as little more than an ordinary roadside well,

so common in this neighbourhood. In very dry or very wet weather the well remains inactive, but when there is a medium supply of water the level of the water is constantly changing. Giggleswick Tarn is no longer in existence, for it has been drained, and the site is occupied by pastures. The very fine British canoe, discovered when the drainage operations were in progress, is now preserved in the Leeds Museum.

The road that goes northward from Settle keeps close to the Midland Railway, which here forces its way right through the Dale Country, under the very shoulders of Pen-y-ghent, and within sight of the flat top of Ingleborough. The greater part of this country is composed of limestone, forming bare hillsides honeycombed with underground waters and pot-holes, which often lead down into the most astonishing caverns. In Ingleborough itself there is Gaping Gill Hole, a vast fissure nearly 850 feet deep. It was only partially explored by M. Martel in 1895. Ingleborough Cave penetrates into the mountain to a distance of nearly 1,000 yards, and is one of the best of these limestone caverns for its stalactite formations. Guides take visitors from the village of Clapham to the inmost recesses and chambers

that branch out of the small portion discovered in 1837.

The fells contain so many fissures and curious waterfalls that drop into abysses of blackness, that it would take an infinite time to adequately describe even a portion of them. The scenery is wild and gaunt, and is much the same as the moors at the head of Swaledale, described in an earlier chapter. In every direction there are opportunities for splendid mountain walks, and if the tracks are followed the danger of hidden pot-holes is comparatively small. From the summit of Ingleborough, and, indeed, from most of the fells that reach 2,000 feet, there are magnificent views across the brown fells, broken up with horizontal lines formed by the bare rocky scars. Bowfell, Whernside, Great Shunner Fell, High Seat, and a dozen other heights, dominate the lower and greener country, and to the west, where the mountains drop down towards Morecambe Bay, one looks all over the country watered by the Lune and the Kent, the two rivers that flow from the seaward side of these lofty watersheds.



CHAPTER XIX

CONCERNING THE WOLDS

ON wide uplands of chalk the air has a raciness, the sunlight a purity and a sparkle, not to be found in low lands. There may be no streams, perhaps not even a pond ; you may find few large trees, and scarcely any parks ; ruined abbeys and even castles may be conspicuously absent, and yet the landscapes have a power of attracting and fascinating. This is exactly the case with the Wolds of Yorkshire, and their characteristics are not unlike the chalk hills of Sussex, or those great expanses of windswept downs, where the weathered monoliths of Stonehenge have resisted sun and storm for ages.

When we endeavour to analyse the power of attraction exerted by the Wolds, we find it to exist in the sweeping outlines of the land with scarcely a house to be seen for many miles, in the purity of the air owing to the absence of smoke, in the

brilliance of the sunlight due to the whiteness of the roads and fields, and in the wonderful breezes that for ever blow across pasture, stubble, and roots.

Unpleasant weather does prevail on this high ground ; wet sea-mists sometimes hang there and obliterate every feature ; the wind has a power of penetrating the heaviest coats, and the rain is often merciless ; but all these things may be said of the Riviera, where one expects uninterrupted days of warm sunshine. Taken as a whole, there is a decided character about Wold weather conditions which appeals to all who belong to the eastern counties of England.

Above the eastern side of the valley, where the Derwent takes its deep and sinuous course towards the alluvial lands, the chalk first makes its appearance in the neighbourhood of Acklam, and farther north at Wharram-le-Street, where picturesque hollows with precipitous sides break up the edge of the cretaceous deposits. Eastwards the high country, scarred here and there with gleaming chalk-pits, and netted with roads of almost equal whiteness, continues to the great headland of Flamborough, where the sea frets and fumes all the summer, and lacerates the cliffs during the stormy months. The masses of flinty chalk have

shown themselves so capable of resisting the erosion of the sea that the seaward termination of the Wolds has for many centuries been becoming more and more a pronounced feature of the east coast of England, and if the present rate of encroachment along the low shores of Holderness is continued, this accentuation will become still more conspicuous.

The open roads of the Wolds, bordered by bright green grass and hedges that lean away from the direction of the prevailing wind, give wide views to bare horizons, or glimpses beyond vast stretches of waving corn, of distant country, blue and indistinct, and so different in character to the immediate surroundings as to suggest the ocean. Here and there up against the sky-line appear long dark coppices, and half-hidden in a hollow, a purely agricultural hamlet nestles, its presence being only made apparent by the slender spire or grey tower peeping over the hedges. On a morning when the wind is marshalling the clouds in echelon across the sky, and belts of shadow go a-hunting across the swelling hill-sides, the scenery wears the aspect illustrated here; the sunny, smiling landscape I always expect on chalk uplands.

At Flamborough the white cliffs, topped with the clay deposit of the glacial ages, approach a height of

200 feet; but although the thickness of the chalk is estimated to be from 1,000 to 1,500 feet, the greatest height above sea-level is near Wilton Beacon, where the hills rise sharply from the Vale of York to 808 feet, and the beacon itself is 28 feet lower. On this western side of the plateau the views are extremely good, extending for miles across the flat green vale, where the Derwent and the Ouse, having lost much of the light-heartedness and gaiety characterizing their youth in the dales, take their wandering and converging courses towards the Humber. In the distance you can distinguish a group of towers, a stately blue-grey outline cutting into the soft horizon. It is York Minster. To the north-west lie the beautifully wooded hills that rise above the Derwent, and hold in their embrace Castle Howard, Newburgh Priory, and many a stately park.

Towards the north the descents are equally sudden, and the panorama of the Vale of Pickering, extending from the hills behind Scarborough to Helmsley far away in the west, is most remarkable. Down below lies the circumscribed plain, dead-level except for one or two isolated hillocks. The soil is dark and rich, and there is a marshy appearance everywhere, showing plainly the water-

logged condition of the land even at the present day, reminding us of the fact, discovered through the patient work of such geologists as Professor Kendall, that this level vale, surrounded on all sides by enclosing hills, was in prehistoric times a great lake overflowing into the Vale of York through the narrow valley where the ruins of Kirkham Abbey now stand. Towards Holderness, the inner curve of the crescent of chalk hills slopes gently downwards, a fact easily explained by the continuation of the cretaceous stratum beneath the boulder clay of the surface over the whole of the south-eastern corner of the county.

There is scarcely a district in England to compare with the Yorkshire Wolds for its remarkable richness in the remains of Early Man. As long ago as the middle of last century, when archaeology was more of a pastime than a science, this corner of the country had become famous for the rich discoveries in tumuli made by a few local enthusiasts. That the finds were made then, and not later, is a matter of some regret to the archaeologists of to-day, for with the vastly improved knowledge of the methods and habits of Neolithic man existing to-day, more facts could, no doubt, have been discovered from the priceless material then brought to

light. However that may be, sufficient careful exploration and classification has been done to show that a very large population must have dwelt on the Wolds in Neolithic times. Although it is almost impossible to assign any reason for the limitation, these early people appear to have chiefly occupied the area between Filey, Flamborough, Huggate, and Middleton-in-the-Wolds. Flint implements of this same New Stone Age have also been found in great abundance in the neighbourhoods of Malton, Pickering, and Scarborough.

It has been suggested that the flint-bearing character of the Wolds made this part of Yorkshire a district for the manufacture of implements and weapons for the inhabitants of a much larger area, and no doubt the possession of this ample supply of offensive material would give the tribe in possession a power, wealth, and permanence sufficient to account for the wonderful evidences of a great and continuous population. In these districts it is only necessary to go slowly over a ploughed field after a period of heavy rain to be fairly certain to pick up a flint knife, a beautifully chipped arrow-head, or an implement of less obvious purpose, generally described as a scraper. In this way, apart from any finds in barrows, large collec-

tions have been formed, and the best of them have gradually left private hands and reached permanent resting-places in the museums at York, Great Driffield,* Leeds, Malton, and Scarborough. When bronze-using man reached these parts, the population appears to have continued to be large, for their remains have been discovered all over the Wolds ; and when the Prehistoric Iron Age in turn succeeded that period, we find from the burial mounds that there were men still living here.

To those who have never taken any interest in the traces of Early Man in this country, this may appear a musty subject, but to me it is quite the reverse. The long lines of entrenchments, the round tumuli, and the prehistoric sites generally—omitting lake dwellings—are almost invariably to be found upon high and windswept tablelands, wild or only recently cultivated places, where the echoes have scarcely been disturbed since the long-forgotten ages, when a primitive tribe mourned the loss of a chieftain, or yelled defiance at their enemies from their double or triple lines of defence.

In journeying in any direction through the Wolds it is impossible to forget the existence of

* Mr. J. R. Mortimer's museum at Great Driffield is still in his own hands.

Early Man, for on the sky-line just above the road will appear a row of two or three rounded projections from the regular line of turf or stubble. They are burial-mounds that the plough has never levelled—heaps of earth that have resisted the disintegrating action of weather and man for thousands of years. If such relics of the primitive inhabitants of this island fail to stir the imagination, then the mustiness must exist in the unresponsive mind rather than in the subject under discussion.

In making an exploration of the Wolds a good starting-place is the old-fashioned town of Malton, whence railways radiate in five directions, including the line to Great Driffield, which takes advantage of the valley leading up to Wharram Percy, and there tunnels its way through the high ground.

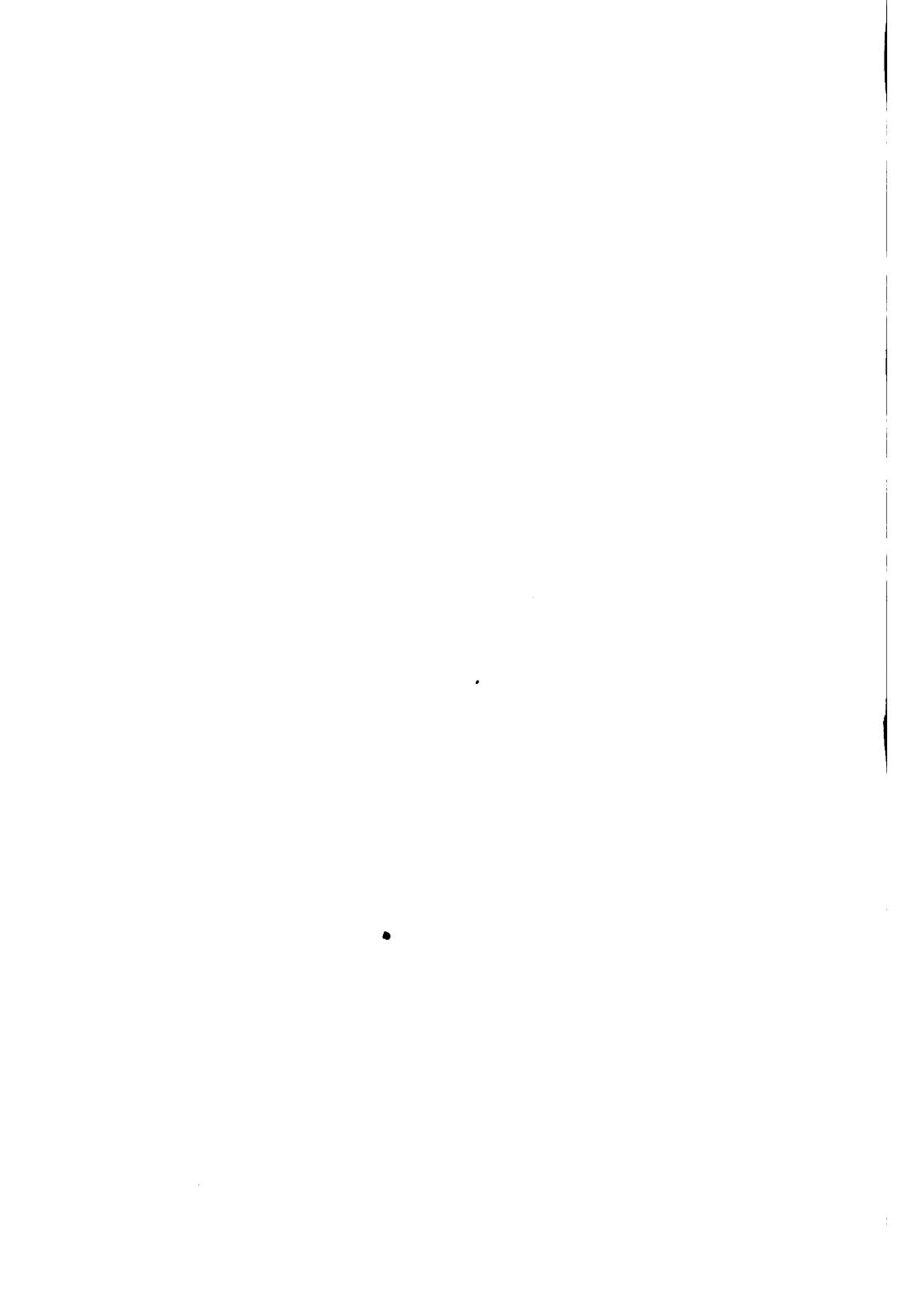
Choosing a day when the weather is in a congenial mood for rambling, lingering, or picnicking, or, in other words, when the sun is not too hot, nor the wind too cold, nor the sky too grey, we make our start towards the hills. We go on wheels—it is unimportant how many, or to what they are attached—in order that the long stretches of white road may not become tedious. The stone bridge over the Derwent is crossed, and, glancing back, we see the piled-up red roofs crowded along the steep



AMONG THE WOLDS

THE white chalk roads, the flying cloud shadows, the huge fields, and the isolated coppices on the horizon, are typical of Wold scenery. The view is on the road from Sledmere to Helpethorpe.





ground above the further bank, with the church raising its spire high above its newly-restored nave. Then the wide street of Norton, which is scarcely to be distinguished from Malton, being separated from it only by the river, shuts in the view with its houses of whity-red brick, until their place is taken by hedgerows. To the left stretches the Vale of Pickering, still a little hazy with the remnants of the night's mist. Straight ahead and to the right the ground rises up, showing a wall chequered with cornfields and root-crops, with long lines of plantations appearing like dark green caterpillars crawling along the horizon.

The first village encountered is Rillington, with a church whose stone spire and the tower it rests upon have the appearance of being copied from Pickering. Inside there is an Early English font, and one of the arcades of the nave belongs to the same period.

Turning southwards a mile or two further on, we pass through the pretty village of Wintringham, and, when the cottages are passed, find the church standing among trees where the road bends, its tower and spire looking much like the one just left behind. The interior is interesting. The pews are all of old panelled oak, unstained, and with

acorn knobs at the ends ; the floor is entirely covered with glazed red tiles. The late Norman chancel, the plain circular font of the same period, and the massive altar-slab in the chapel, enclosed by wooden screens on the north side, are the most notable features. Under the tower — a position in churches where many interesting objects are often hidden up by curtains and woodwork—you find a quaint list of rules and fines for the bell-ringers, dating from nearly two centuries ago. Coming again into the sunny churchyard, we pass through the shadows cast by the gently moving foliage, and are soon climbing steadily into the smooth undulations of the uplands. At the turning to West Heslerton, a long entrenchment of prehistoric date stretches away on either side for two or three miles. In the seaward direction it goes up to Sherburn Wold, where you find an early camp, and where bronze daggers and celts have been discovered. At a meeting of four roads a little further on, we come to the head of the valley, appearing in the background of the illustration given here ; and going to the east we reach Helperthorpe, one of the Wold villages adorned with a new church in the Decorated style. The village gained this ornament through the generosity

of the present Sir Tatton Sykes, of Sledmere, whose enthusiasm for church building is not confined to one place. In his own park at Sledmere, four miles to the south, at West Lutton, East Heslerton, and Wansford you may see other examples of modern church building, in which the architect has not been hampered by having to produce a certain accommodation at a minimum cost. And thus in these villages the fact of possessing a modern church does not detract from their charm ; instead of doing so, the pilgrim in search of ecclesiastical interest finds much to draw him to them.

As a contrast to Helperthorpe, the adjoining hamlet of Weaverthorpe has a church of very early Norman or possibly Saxon date, and an inscribed Saxon stone a century earlier than the one at Kirkdale, near Kirby Moorside. The inscription is on a sundial over the south porch in both churches ; but while that of Kirkdale is quite complete and perfect, this one has words missing at the beginning and end. Haigh suggests that the half-destroyed words should read : 'LIT OSCETVLI ARCHIEPISCOPI.' Then, without any doubt, comes : '¶ IN : HONORE : SCE : ANDREAE APOSTOLI : HEREBERTUS WINTONIE · HOC MONASTERIVM FECIT : IN TEMPORE REGN.' Here the inscription suddenly

stops and leaves us in ignorance as to in whose time the monastery was built. There seems little doubt at all that Father Haigh's suggested completion of the sentence is correct, making it read: 'IN TEMPORE REGN[ALDI REGIS SECUNDI],' which would have just filled a complete line.

The coins of Regnald II. of Northumbria bear Christian devices, and it is known that he was confirmed in 942, while his predecessor of that name appears to have been a pagan. If the restoration of the first words of the inscription are correct, the stone cannot be placed earlier than the year 952 (Dr. Stubbs says 958), when Oscetul succeeded Wulstan to the See of York. However, even in a neighbourhood so replete with antiquities this is sufficiently far back in the age of the Vikings to be of thrilling interest, for you must travel far to find another village church with an inscription carved nearly a thousand years ago, at a time when the English nation was still receiving its infusion of Scandinavian strength.

The arch of the tower and the door below the sundial have the narrowness and rudeness suggesting the pre-Norman age, but more than this it is unwise to say.

Not far from the village there are double en-

trenchments and tumuli, and many prehistoric remains have been brought to light. Among the Neolithic and bronze implements, a stag's-horn pick was found, and in a barrow, where a skeleton of a young person buried in a contracted position was unearthed, a jet necklace consisting of 122 beads and a pendant was discovered.

And so we go on through the wide sunny valley, watching the shadows sweep across the fields, where often the soil is so thin that the ground is more white than brown, scanning the horizon for tumuli, and taking note of the different characteristics of each village. Not long ago the houses, even in the small towns, were thatched, and even now there are hamlets still cosy and picturesque under their mouse-coloured roofs ; but in most instances you see a transition state of tiles gradually ousting the inflammable but beautiful thatch. The tiles all through the Wolds are of the curved pattern, and though cheerful in the brilliance of their colour, and unspeakably preferable to thin blue slates, they do not seem to weather or gather moss and rich colouring in the same manner as the usual flat tile of the southern counties.

We turn aside to look at the rudely carved Norman tympanum over the church door at Wold

Newton, and then go up to Thwing, on the rising ground to the south, where we may see what Mr. Joseph Morris claims to be the only other Norman tympanum in the East Riding. A cottage is pointed out as the birthplace of Archbishop Lamplugh, who held the See of York from 1688 to 1691. He was of humble parentage, and it is said that he would often pause in conversation to slap his legs and say, ‘Just fancy me being Archbishop of York!’ The name of the village is derived from the Norse word *Thing*, meaning an assembly.

Keeping on towards the sea, we climb up out of the valley, and passing Argam Dike and Grindale, come out upon a vast gently undulating plateau with scarcely a tree to be seen in any direction. A few farms are dotted here and there over the landscape, and towards Filey we can see a windmill; but beyond these it seems as though the fierce winds that assail the promontory of Flamborough had blown away everything that was raised more than a few feet above the furrows. The hedges, tired of being buffeted, have given up the struggle and become flattened out to the south-west, and the few trees that have kept themselves alive are thin and half-starved.

The village of Bempton has, however, contrived

to maintain itself in its bleak situation, although it is less than two miles from the huge perpendicular cliffs where the Wolds drop into the sea. The cottages have a snug and eminently cheerful look, with their much-weathered tiles and white and ochre coloured walls. From their midst rises the low square tower of the church, and if it ever had a spire or pinnacles in the past, it has none now; for either the north-easterly gales blew them into the sea long ago, or else the people were wise enough never to put such obstructions in the way of the winter blasts. Even the ricks are put close to the cottages for shelter, and although the day seemed warm, with a cool wind, when we left Malton, the temperature seems to have gone down many degrees on this exposed corner of the chalk tableland.

Turning southwards, we get a great view over the low shore of Holderness, curving away into the haze hanging over the ocean, with Bridlington down below, raising to the sky the pair of towers at the west end of its priory—one short and plain, and the other tall and richly ornamented with pinnacles. Going through the streets of sober red houses of the old town, we come at length into a shallow green valley, where the curious Gypsy

Race flows intermittently along the fertile bottom. The afternoon sunshine floods the pleasant landscape with a genial glow, and throws long blue shadows under the trees of the park surrounding Boynton Hall, the seat of the Stricklands. The family has been connected with the village for several centuries, and some of their richly-painted and gilded monuments can be seen in the church. One of these is to Sir William Strickland, Bart., and another to Lady Strickland, his wife, who was a sister of Sir Hugh Cholmley, the gallant but unfortunate defender of Scarborough Castle during the Civil War. In his memoirs Sir Hugh often refers to visits paid him by 'my sister Strickland.'

After passing Thorpe Hall the road goes up to the breezy spot, commanding wide views, where the little church of Rudstone stands conspicuously by the side of an enormous monolith. Although the church tower is Norman, it would appear to be a recent arrival on the scene in comparison with the stone. Antiquaries are in fairly general agreement that huge standing stones of this type belong to some very remote period, and also that they are 'associated with sepulchral purposes'; and the fact that they are usually found in churchyards would suggest that they were regarded with a traditional

veneration. The stone is 25 feet 4 inches high, and from a statement made in 1769 by a Mr. Willan, we are led to believe that its depth underground is equal to its height above, ‘as appeared from an experiment made by the late Sir William Strickland.’ It is not known whether this ‘experiment’ consisted in digging down to the lowest extremity of the stone; the language seems to suggest otherwise, and the total length of the stone must remain hypothetical until such operations take place. The rustics of the locality incline towards a sensational depth, for, evidently based on the stories of the half-forgotten squire’s digging, they say that they have heard tell how that when an attempt was made to find how far down the stone went, those who were digging found that it was impossible to get to the bottom, and gave it up as a hopeless task. And thus you may find a group of peasants in the churchyard on fine Sunday evenings staring hard at the furrowed surface of the monolith, and thinking, Heaven knows what, of the profound regions from which their stone springs. The interior of the church is remarkable for its fine modern organ, placed there by the owner of Thorpe Hall, who is also the organist. To find the requisite space the instrument had to be placed

at the west end of the nave, but it is controlled from the chancel, the necessary motive power being generated in a small building in the churchyard. The present generation of Rudstonians should not find themselves dull when they are given such excellent music and have a subject for so much profound meditation as the stone.

The road past the church drops steeply down into the pretty village, and, turning northwards, takes us to the bend of the valley, where North Burton lies, which we passed earlier in the day ; so we go to the left, and find ourselves at Kilham, a fair-sized village on the edge of the chalk hills. Like Rudstone and a dozen places in its neighbourhood, Kilham is situated in a district of extraordinary interest to the archaeologist, the prehistoric discoveries being exceedingly numerous. Chariot burials of the Early Iron Age have been discovered here, as well as large numbers of Neolithic implements. There is a beautiful Norman doorway in the nave of the church, ornamented with chevron mouldings in a lavish fashion. Far more interesting than this, however, are the fonts in the two villages of Cottam and Cowlam, lying close together, although separated by a thinly-wooded

hollow, about five miles to the west. Cottam Church and the farm adjoining it are all that now exists of what must once have been an extensive village. It is, indeed, no easy matter to find the place, the church being small and inconspicuous, and the roads pass it by in total indifference.

We come to a gate by a cottage, isolated in a great space of corn and root crops, and find it leads down to the big farm of Cottam. A little beyond it appears a small red brick building of recent date, showing all the signs of having been locked up and deserted years ago. This is not the case, however, for it is still in use, although for what other purpose than as a private chapel for the farmer and his family I can scarcely imagine. In this depressing little building we find a Late Norman font of cylindrical form, covered with the wonderfully crude carvings of that period. There are six subjects, the most remarkable being the huge dragon with a long curly tail in the act of swallowing St. Margaret, whose skirts and feet are shown inside the capacious jaws, while the head is beginning to appear somewhere behind the dragon's neck. To the right is shown a gruesome representation of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, and then follow Adam and Eve by the Tree of Life

(a twisted piece of foliage), the martyrdom of St. Andrew, and what seems to be another dragon.

On each side of the bridle-road by the church you can trace without the least difficulty the ground-plan of many houses under the short turf. The early writers do not mention Cottam, and so far I have come upon no explanation for the wiping out of this village. Possibly its extinction was due to the Black Death in 1349. Mr. Cole of Wetwang thinks it significant that there were three vicars of his church (five miles to the south-west) between 1849 and 1852.

It is about four miles by road to Cowlam, although the two churches are only about a mile and a half apart; and when Cowlam is reached there is not much more in the way of a village than at Cottam. The only way to the church from the road is through an enormous stack-yard, speaking eloquently of the large crops produced on the farm. As in the other instance, a search has to be made for the key, entailing much perambulation of the farm.

At length the door is opened, and the splendid font at once arrests the eye. More noticeable than anything else in the series of carvings are the figures of two men wrestling, similar to those on the font from the village of Hutton Cranswick,

now preserved in York Museum. The two figures are shown bending forwards, each with his hands clasped round the waist of the other, and each with a foot thrown forward to trip the other, after the manner of the Westmorland wrestlers to be seen at the Grasmere sports. It seems to me scarcely possible to doubt that the subject represented is Jacob wrestling with the *man* at Penuel. Although the Bible account plainly indicates that Jacob struggled with some God-like power, yet the actual words used are : ‘ And Jacob was left alone. And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day,’ and the additional piece of information describing how the patriarch’s thigh was put out of joint would be sufficient to prompt the Norman craftsman to give the figure the ordinary form of a *man*. The carving to the right shows the Temptation of Adam and Eve, the ‘ general father of us all ’ being placed on the opposite side of the tree to the position given to him at Cottam. Then follow the Massacre of the Innocents—an ambitious subject ; the Visit of the Magi, Mary being shown with the child on her knee ; and a Bishop holding a crozier in his left hand. The period of this elaborate work would appear to be Late Norman.

At Sledmere, the adjoining village, everything has a well-cared-for and reposeful aspect. Its position in a shallow depression has made it possible for trees to grow, so that we find the road overhung by a green canopy in remarkable contrast to the usual bleakness of the Wolds. The park surrounding Sir Tatton Sykes' house is well wooded, owing to much planting on what were bare slopes not very many years ago, and in the autumn the orange and red colours of the beeches and the brown carpets beneath them are so beautiful that the scenery has no touch of sadness even in November.

The village well is dignified with a domed roof raised on tall columns, put up about seventy years ago by the previous Sir Tatton to the memory of his father, Sir Christopher Sykes; the inscription telling how much the Wolds were transformed through his energy 'in building, planting, and enclosing,' from a bleak and barren tract of country into what is now considered one of the most productive and best-cultivated districts of Yorkshire. The late Sir Tatton Sykes was the sort of man that Yorkshire folk come near to worshipping. He was of that hearty, genial, conservative type that filled the hearts of the farmers with pride. On

market days all over the Riding one of the always fresh subjects of conversation was how Sir Tatton was looking. A great pillar put up to his memory by the road leading to Garton can be seen over half Holderness. So great was the conservatism of this remarkable squire that years after the advent of railways he continued to make his journey to Epsom, for the Derby, on horseback.

A stone's-throw from the house stands the church, rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, in 1898 by Sir Tatton. There is no wall surrounding the churchyard, neither is there ditch, nor bank, nor the slightest alteration in the smooth turf; and now that all the gravestones have been laid flush with the grass, the church stands among the trees for all the world as though it had merely strayed into the park, and was not fixed to the ground at all. Local opinion made numerous comments on this wiping out of the churchyard, but the villagers have received so many good things from the same hands as those that thus disturbed the memorials of their ancestors, that they have no grounds for complaint.

The church, designed by Mr. Temple Moore, is carried out in the style of the Decorated period in a stone that is neither red nor pink, but something

in between the two colours. The exterior is not remarkable, but the beauty of the internal ornament is most striking. Everywhere you look, whether at the detail of carved wood or stone, the workmanship is perfect, and without a trace of that crudity to be found in the carvings of so many modern churches. The clustered columns, the timber roof, and the tracery of the windows are all dignified, in spite of the richness of form they display. Only in the upper portion of the screen does the ornament seem a trifle worried and out of keeping with the rest of the work.

Sledmere also boasts a tall and very beautiful 'Eleanor' cross, erected about ten years ago, and has reached a certain fame from Sir Tatton's cattle and horses.

As we continue towards the setting sun, the deeply-indented edges of the Wolds begin to appear, and the roads generally make great plunges into the valley of the Derwent. The weather, which has been fine all day, changes at sunset, and great indigo clouds, lined with gold, pile themselves up fantastically in front of the setting sun. Lashing rain, driven by the wind with sudden fury, pours down upon the hamlet lying just below, but leaves Wharram-le-Street without a drop of moisture. The

widespread views all over the Howardian Hills and the sombre valley of the Derwent become impressive, and an awesomeness of Turneresque gloom, relieved by sudden floods of misty gold, gives the landscape an element of unreality.

Against this background the outline of the church of Wharram-le-Street stands out in its rude simplicity. On the western side of the tower, where the light falls upon it, we can see the extremely early masonry that suggests pre-Norman times. It cannot be definitely called a Saxon church, but although ‘long and short work’ does not appear, there is every reason to associate this lonely little building with the middle of the eleventh century. There are mason marks consisting of crosses and barbed lines on the south wall of the nave. The opening between the tower and the nave is an almost unique feature, having a Moorish-looking arch of horseshoe shape resting on plain and clumsy capitals. As for the churchyard, I have seldom seen anything less cared for, the ground having practically nothing to differentiate it from the surrounding meadowland, for it is simply a piece of rough grass, without any paths or approach suggesting an ordinary village church; and yet there are a fair number of houses—in fact,

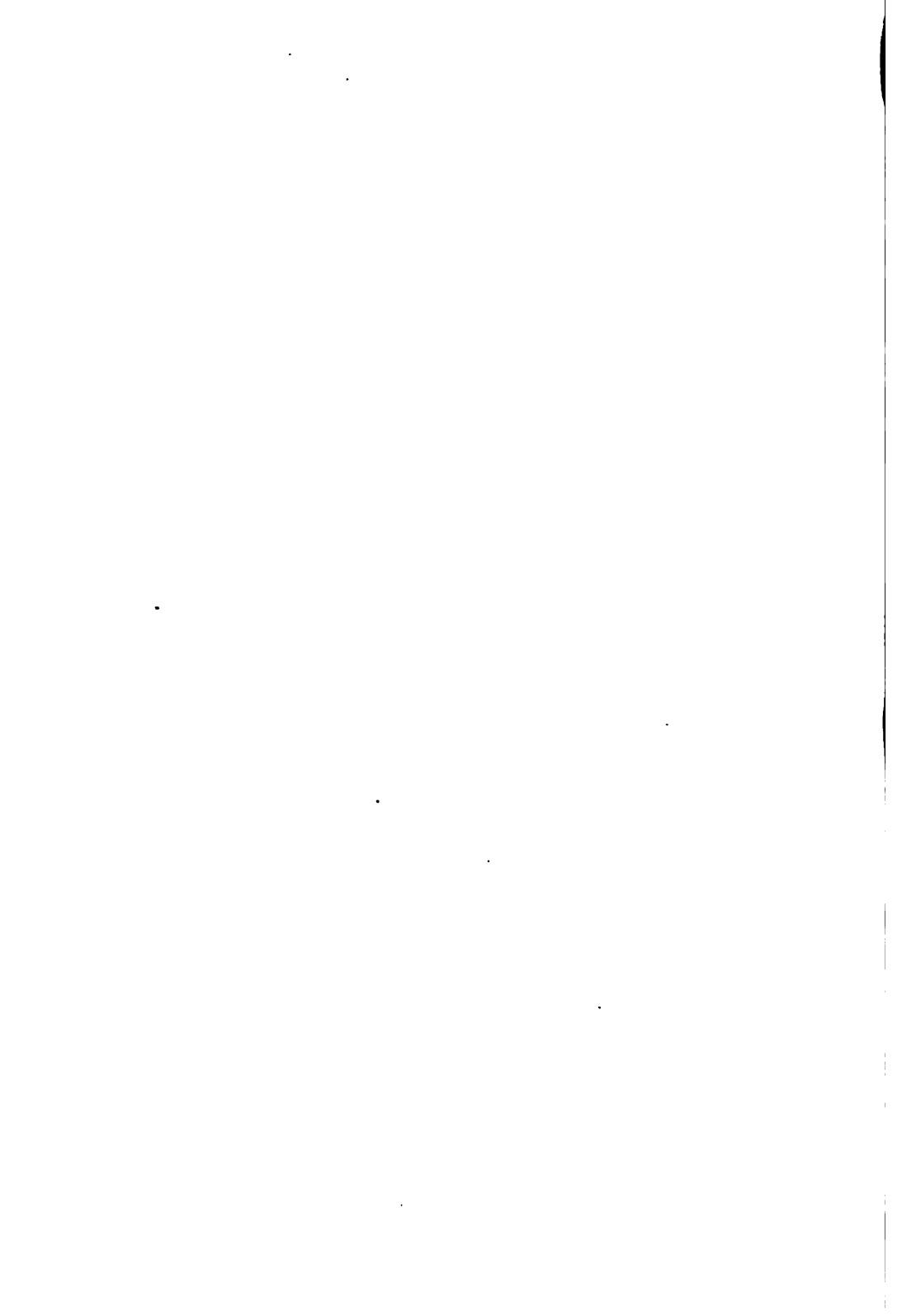
more of a nucleus than several of the smaller hamlets.

The name Wharram-le-Street reminds us forcibly of the existence in remote times of some great way over this tableland. Unfortunately, there is very little sure ground to go upon, despite the additional fact of there being another place, Thorpe-le-Street, some miles to the south. Evidences of a Roman road going from Malton through Wharram-le-Street towards Beverley have been discovered, but this and three or four others are based on slender materials, and are too much built up of conjecture, to be of great interest. Even the Roman thoroughfare from York towards Flamborough is not easily discoverable, and the only fact that appears to be clearly ascertained, besides the unearthing of hoards of Roman coins, such as the one consisting of 12,000 pieces near Cowlam, on the line of its supposed route, is the location of the *Derventio* of the first Antonine Itinerary at Stamford Bridge. Traces of the important road southwards from that point have been found at different places on the way to Brough, where the Humber was crossed by boat.

With the light fast failing we go down steeply into the hollow where North Grimstone nestles,

and, crossing the streams which flow over the road, come to the pretty old church. The tower is heavily mantled with ivy, and has a statue of a Bishop on its west face. A Norman chancel arch with zigzag moulding shows in the dim interior, and there is just enough light to see the splendid font, of similar age and shape to those at Cowlam and Cottam. A large proportion of the surface is taken up with a wonderful 'Last Supper,' and on the remaining space the carvings show the 'Descent from the Cross,' and a figure, possibly representing St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the church.

When the lights of Malton glimmer in the valley this day of exploration is at an end, and much of the Wold country has been seen; but many other villages, prehistoric sites, early churches, and beautiful landscapes lie more to the south. We have seen enough, however, to make it plain that even an apparently bare plateau of chalk can be full of absorbing interest as well as considerable charm.



CHAPTER XX

FROM FILEY TO SPURN HEAD

'As the shore winds itself back from hence,' says Camden, after describing Flamborough Head, 'a thin slip of land (like a small tongue thrust out) shoots into the sea.' This is the long natural breakwater known as Filey Brig, the distinctive feature of a pleasant watering-place. In its wide, open, and gently curving bay, Filey is singularly lucky; for it avoids the monotony of a featureless shore, and yet is not sufficiently embraced between headlands to lose the broad horizon and sense of airiness and space so essential for a healthy seaside haunt.

The Brig has plainly been formed by the erosion of Carr Naze, the headland of dark, reddish-brown boulder clay, leaving its hard bed of sandstone (of the Middle Calcareous Grit formation) exposed to the particular and ceaseless attention of the waves. It is one of the joys of Filey to go along the

northward curve of the bay at low tide, and then walk along the uneven tabular masses of rock with hungry waves heaving and foaming within a few yards on either hand. No wonder that there has been sufficient sense among those who spend their lives in promoting schemes for ugly piers and senseless promenades, to realize that Nature has supplied Filey with a more permanent and infinitely more attractive pier than their fatuous ingenuity could produce. There is a spice of danger associated with the Brig, adding much to its interest; for no one should venture along the spit of rocks unless the tide is in a proper state to allow him a safe return. A melancholy warning of the dangers of the Brig is fixed to the rocky wall of the headland, describing how an unfortunate visitor was swept into the sea by the sudden arrival of an abnormally large wave, but this need not frighten away from the fascinating ridge of rock those who use ordinary care in watching the sea. At high tide the waves come over the seaweedy rocks at the foot of the headland, making it necessary to climb to the grassy top in order to get back to Filey.

I can remember being caught in this manner, and attempting to climb up the rather awkwardly .



FILEY BRIG

THE long projection of rock is left bare at low tide,
and in rough weather, when huge waves are breaking
on it, the scene is remarkably grand.





steep slope of sticky boulder-clay. No doubt, had I been empty-handed I should have had no difficulty at all, but being impeded with a portfolio and painting apparatus, I reached a point half-way up, where I could make no further progress without the gravest risk of letting myself or my drawings go. I was alone; there was no one to shout to, and the slight grip I had seemed going, and if I could not hold on it meant a slide over the smooth clay, followed by a perpendicular drop into the sea. It was only by gently and patiently kicking a place for my boot to get a grip in the greasy clay that I succeeded in saving myself and my drawings, one of which is reproduced here.

This incident may be taken as another warning in connexion with the chances of the Brig. Its real fascination comes, however, at times when it can only be viewed from the top of the Naze above, when a gale is blowing from the north or north-east, and driving enormous waves upon the line of projecting rocks. You watch far out until the dark green line of a higher wave than any of the others that are creating a continuous thunder down below comes steadily onward, and reaching the foam-streaked area, becomes still more sinister. As it approaches within striking distance, a spent

wave, sweeping backwards, seems as though it may weaken the onrush of the towering wall of water; but its power is swallowed up and dissipated in the general advance, and with only a smooth hollow of creamy-white water in front, the giant raises itself to its fullest height, its thin crest being at once caught by the wind, and blown off in long white beards.

The moment has come; the mass of water feels the resistance of the rocks, and, curling over into a long green cylinder, brings its head down with terrific force on the immovable side of the Brig. Columns of water shoot up perpendicularly into the air as though a dozen 12-inch shells had exploded in the water simultaneously. With a roar the imprisoned air escapes, and for a moment the whole Brig is invisible in a vast cloud of spray; then dark ledges of rock can be seen running with creamy water, and the scene of the impact is a cauldron of seething foam, backed by a smooth surface of pale green marble, veined with white. Then the waters gather themselves together again, and the pounding of lesser waves keeps up a thrilling spectacle until the moment for another great *coup* arrives.

It is under these conditions that the Brig has

gained its reputation rather than as a place for finding that purple-tipped species of echinoidea, called by the fishermen, for some obscure reason, 'buzzes' or 'buzzers.' At low tide the opportunity for marine zoologists is excellent, and the tight grip of the molluscs to the surfaces they have chosen seems only just sufficient when we remember the cannonading they periodically suffer.

Years ago Filey obtained a reputation for being 'quiet,' and the sense conveyed by those who disliked the place was that of dullness and primness. This fortunate chance has protected the little town from the vulgarizing influences of the unlettered hordes let loose upon the coast in summer-time, and we find a sea-front without the flimsy and meretricious buildings of the popular resorts. Instead of imitating Blackpool and Margate, this sensible place has retained a quiet and semi-rural front to the sea, and, as already stated, has not marred its appearance with a jetty.

From the smooth sweep of golden sand rises a steep slope grown over with trees and bushes which shade the paths in many places. Without claiming any architectural charm, the town is small and quietly unobtrusive, and has not the untidy, half-built character of so many watering-places.

Above a steep and narrow hollow, running straight down to the sea, and densely wooded on both sides, stands the church. It has a very sturdy tower rising from its centre, and, with its simple battlemented outline and slit windows, has a semi-fortified appearance. The high-pitched roofs of Early English times have been flattened without cutting away the projecting drip-stones on the tower, which remain a conspicuous feature. The interior is quite impressive. Round columns alternated with octagonal ones support pointed arches, and a clerestory above pierced with roundheaded slits, indicating very decisively that the nave was built in the Transitional Norman period. It appears that a western tower was projected, but never carried out, and an unusual feature is the descent by two steps into the chancel.

A beautiful view from the churchyard includes the whole sweep of the bay, cut off sharply by the Brig on the left hand, and ending about eight miles away in the lofty range of white cliffs extending from Speeton to Flamborough Head.

The headland itself is lower by more than a 100 feet than the cliffs in the neighbourhood of Bempton and Speeton, which for a distance of over two miles exceed 300 feet. A road from Bempton

village stops short a few fields from the margin of the cliffs, and a path keeps close to the precipitous wall of gleaming white chalk.

We come over the dry, sweet-smelling grass to the cliff edge on a fresh morning, with a deep blue sky overhead and a sea below of ultramarine broken up with an infinitude of surfaces reflecting scraps of the cliffs and the few white clouds. Falling on our knees, we look straight downwards into a cove full of blue shade ; but so bright is the surrounding light that every detail is microscopically clear. The crumpling and distortion of the successive layers of chalk can be seen with such ease that we might be looking at a geological textbook. On the ledges, too, can be seen rows of little white-breasted puffins ; razor-bills are perched here and there, as well as countless guillemots. The ringed or bridled guillemot also breeds on the cliffs, and a number of other types of northern sea-birds are periodically noticed along these inaccessible Bempton Cliffs. The guillemot makes no nest, merely laying a single egg on a ledge. If it is taken away by those who plunder the cliffs at the risk of their lives, the bird lays another egg, and if that disappears, perhaps even a third. The innumerable varieties in the eggs make the gathering

of them for collectors very profitable. Unwelcome as this annual robbing of the eggs may be, yet to watch a man being lowered over the cliff by what appears to be a mere thread, and to see him suspended over the restless waves, is a thrilling sight.

The great promontory of Flamborough, though in many ways claiming a high position in the list of England's places of natural beauty, suffers much from being popular. In the season, I am told—for I have always visited Flamborough in spring or autumn—the road from the station to the lighthouse is often *crowded*, and I have not the smallest doubt that this is true from the appearance of the roads, the village, and even the North Landing, for on the occasion of my first visit, in the early spring, I was painfully impressed with the feeling that everything bore the tired, unsatisfactory appearance of a place infested with excursionists. The edges of the paths had a look of being overworn and overtrodden ; fences, gates, and the like were too much carved with foolish initials, and everywhere I glanced I found the distressing scraps of old newspaper, the grocer's paper-bag long rifled of its contents, and the coloured cardboard box that once enclosed tablets of chocolate.

It is quite as much a desecration to litter with scraps of dirty paper a noble cape, whose whole aspect is otherwise just as the hand of Time has left it, as to drop sandwich-papers on the floor of some venerable minster, and hope that the result will not be painful to the next who enters the building.

The desecrated area of Flamborough Head lies between the village and the North Landing, and if we are deliberately unobservant between those points, we may be able to give the headland the appreciation it deserves, provided always that we do not go there in the popular time. Coming from the station, the first noticeable feature is at the point where the road, until a few months ago, made a sharp turn into a deep wooded hollow. It is here that we cross the line of the remarkable entrenchment known as the Danes' Dyke. At this point it appears to follow the bed of a stream, but northwards, right across the promontory—that is, for two-thirds of its length—the huge trench is purely artificial. No doubt the *vallum* on the seaward side has been worn down very considerably, and the *fosse* would have been deeper, making in its youth, a barrier which must have given the dwellers on the headland a very complete security.

Like most popular names, the association of the Danes with the digging of this enormous trench has been proved to be inaccurate, and it would have been less misleading and far more popular if the work had been attributed to the devil. In the autumn of 1879 General Pitt Rivers dug several trenches in the rampart just north of the point where the road from Bempton passes through the Dyke. The position was chosen in order that the excavations might be close to the small stream which runs inside the Dyke at this point, the likelihood of utensils or weapons being dropped close to the water-supply of the defenders being considered important. The results of the excavations proved conclusively that the people who dug the ditch and threw up the rampart were users of flint. The one piece of pottery discovered was pierced with a hole, and seemed to be the ear of a jar, and the worked flint implements included a perfectly formed leaf-shaped arrow-head, a flint formed into a small hatchet, and others chiefly coming under the head of scrapers. The most remarkable discovery was that the ground on the inner slope of the rampart, at a short distance below the surface, contained innumerable artificial flint flakes, all lying in a horizontal position, but none were found

on the outer slope. From this fact General Pitt Rivers concluded that within the stockade running along the top of the *vallum* the defenders were in the habit of chipping their weapons, the flakes falling on the inside. The great entrenchment of Flamborough is consequently the work of flint-using people, and 'is not later than the Bronze Period.' And the strangest fact concerning the promontory is the isolation of its inhabitants from the rest of the county, a traditional hatred for strangers having kept the fisher-folk of the peninsula aloof from outside influences. They have married among themselves for so long, that it is quite possible that their ancestral characteristics have been reproduced, with only a very slight intermixture of other stocks, for an exceptionally long period. On taking minute particulars of ninety Flamborough men and women, General Pitt Rivers discovered that they were above the average stature of the neighbourhood, and were with only one or two exceptions, dark haired. They showed little or no trace of the fair-haired element usually found in the people of this part of Yorkshire. It is also stated that almost within living memory, when the headland was still further isolated by a belt of uncultivated wolds, the

village could not be approached by a stranger without some danger. Those are years to look back upon with regret, because they are past, for in the place of a jealous isolation has come the vulgarizing of the mob. How much more interesting would have been an exploration of the headland, if it were necessary to approach the great Dyke with caution, looking anxiously round for one of the natives with whom to parley for permission to go on, and then how sweet would have been the enjoyment of the special privilege obtained to wander in a patch of a really primitive England!

We find no one to object to our intrusion, and go on towards the village. It is a straggling collection of low, red houses, lacking, unfortunately, anything which can honestly be termed picturesque ; for the church stands alone, a little to the south, and the small ruin of what is called ‘The Danish Tower’ is too insignificant to add to the attractiveness of the place. In painfully conspicuous isolation stands a tall and unsightly chapel, built of red brick in a style suitable for the temple of an eccentric brotherhood. The inns are quaint in appearance, but they have evidently never cultivated the patronage of anyone outside the

village ; and a few rows of new cottages are so woefully similar to those packed together in the slums of a great city, that it is hard to realize the depths of depravity that could have tolerated their construction.

All the males of Flamborough are fishermen, or dependent on fishing for their livelihood ; and in spite of the summer visitors, there is a total indifference to their incursions in the way of catering for their entertainment, the aim of the trippers being the lighthouse and the cliffs nearly two miles away.

Formerly, the church had only a belfry of timber, the existing stone tower being only ten years old. Under the Norman chancel arch there is a delicately-carved Perpendicular screen, having thirteen canopied niches richly carved above and below, and still showing in places the red, blue, and gold of its old paint-work. Another screen south of the chancel is patched and roughly finished. The altar-tomb of Sir Marmaduke Constable, of Flamborough, on the north side of the chancel, is remarkable for its long inscription, detailing the chief events in the life of this great man, who was considered one of the most eminent and potent persons in the county in the reign of Henry VIII.

The greatness of the man is borne out first in a recital of his doughty deeds : of his passing over to France ‘with Kyng Edwarde the fouriht, y^t noble knyght.’

‘ And also with noble king Herre, the sevith of that name
 He was also at Barwick at the winnyng of the same [1482]
 And by ky[n]g Edward chosy[n] Captey[n] there firs of
 anyone

And rewllid and governid ther his tyme without blame
 But for all that, as ye se, he lieth under this stone.’

The inscription goes on in this way to tell how he fought at Flodden Field when he was seventy, ‘nothyng hedyng his age.’ Then follow reflections on the passing of the valorous old knight :

‘ ffor all worldly joyes they wull not long endure
 They are sonne passed and away dothe glyde
 And who that puttith his trust i[n] the[m] I call hy[m]
 most u[n]sure
 ffor when deth strikith he sparith no creature
 Nor gevith no warny[n]g but takith the[m] by one and one.
 And now he abydyth Godis mercy and hath no other
 socure.’

Sir Marmaduke’s daughter Catherine was married to Sir Roger Cholmley, called ‘the Great Black Knight of the North,’ who was the first of his family to settle in Yorkshire, and also fought at Flodden, receiving his knighthood after that signal victory over the Scots.

The castle, or fortified house of the Constables, is reduced to the insignificant ‘Danish Tower’ we have seen. It stands in a meadow, and sheep crop the grass which covers but does not hide the outline of the foundations. Yorkshire being a county rich in superstitions, it is not surprising to find that a fisherman will turn back from going to his boat, if he happens on his way to meet a parson, a woman, or a hare, as any one of these brings bad luck. It is also extremely unwise to mention to a man who is baiting lines a hare, a rabbit, a fox, a pig, or an egg. This sounds foolish, but a fisherman will abandon his work till the next day if these animals are mentioned in his presence.*

On the north and south sides of the headland there are precarious beaches for the fishermen to bring in their boats. They have no protection at all from the weather, no attempt at forming even such miniature harbours as may be seen on the Berwickshire coast having ever been made. When the wind blows hard from the north, the landing on that side is useless, and the boats, having no shelter, are hauled up the steep slope with the help

* ‘Flamborough Village and Headland,’ Colonel A. H. Armytage.

of a steam windlass. Under these circumstances the South Landing is used. It is similar in most respects to the northern one, but, owing to the cliffs being lower, the cove is less picturesque. At low tide a beach of very rough shingle is exposed between the ragged chalk cliffs, curiously eaten away by the sea. Seaweed paints much of the shore and the base of the cliffs a blackish green, and above the perpendicular whiteness the ruddy brown clay slopes back to the grass above.

When the boats have just come in and added their gaudy vermilions, blues, and emerald greens to the picture, the North Landing is worth seeing. The men in their blue jerseys and sea-boots, coming almost to their hips, land their hauls of silvery cod and load the baskets pannier-wise on the backs of sturdy donkeys, whose work is to trudge up the steep slope to the road, nearly 200 feet above the boats, where carts take the fish to the station four miles away.

In following the margin of the cliffs to the outermost point of the peninsula, we get a series of splendid stretches of cliff scenery. The chalk is deeply indented in many places, and is honey-combed with caves. Great white pillars and stacks of chalk stand in picturesque groups in some of the



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

A TYPICAL cove at the outermost part of the promontory. The sea will probably isolate the projecting mass in the centre of the picture and wear it down until it becomes a slender stack.





small bays, and everywhere there is the interest of watching the heaving waters far below, with white gulls floating unconcernedly on the surface, or flapping their great stretch of wing as they circle just above the waves.

The greatest of the caves is associated with the name of Robin Lythe, a legendary smuggler, who assumes vitality in the pages of the late Mr. Blackmore's '*Mary Anerley*'—a story associated with Flamborough in the same manner as '*Lorna Doone*' is connected with Exmoor.

Near the modern lighthouse stands a tall, hexagonal tower, built of chalk in four stories, with a string course between each. The signs of age it bears and the remarkable obscurity surrounding its origin and purpose would suggest great antiquity, and yet there seems little doubt that the tower is at the very earliest Elizabethan. The chalk, being extremely soft, has weathered away to such an extent that the harder stone of the windows and doors now projects several inches.

In a record dated June 21, 1588, the month before the Spanish Armada was sighted in the English Channel, a list is given of the beacons in the East Riding, and instructions as to when they

should be lighted, and what action should be taken when the warning was seen. It says briefly :

'Flambrough, three beacons uppon the sea cost, takinge
lighte from Bridlington, and gevinge lighte to Rudstone.'

There is no reference to any tower, and the beacons everywhere seem merely to have been bonfires ready for lighting, watched every day by two, and every night by three 'honest house-holders . . . above the age of thirty years.' The old tower would appear, therefore, to have been put up as a lighthouse. If this is a correct supposition, however, the dangers of the headland to shipping must have been recognized as exceedingly great several centuries ago. A light could not have failed to have been a boon to mariners, and its maintenance would have been a matter of importance to all who owned ships; and yet, if this old tower ever held a lantern, the hiatus between the last night when it glowed on the headland, and the erection of the present lighthouse is so great that no one seems to be able to state definitely for what purpose the early structure came into existence.

Year after year when night fell the cliffs were shrouded in blackness, with the direful result that

between 1770 and 1806 one hundred and seventy-four ships were wrecked or lost on or near the promontory. It remained for a benevolent-minded customs officer of Bridlington—a Mr. Milne—to suggest the building of a lighthouse to the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, with the result that since December 6, 1806, a powerful light has every night flashed on Flamborough Head. The immediate result was that in the first seven years of its beneficent work no vessel was ‘lost on that station when the lights could be seen.’ The strangest fact concerning the affair is that no one appears to have taken advantage of the old tower—at least, as a temporary expedient—although it stood there manifestly for that purpose, stoutly resisting all the gales, as it continues to do, although more than a century has elapsed.

One night, a good many years ago, when the glass of the lantern was thinner than now, the light was extinguished for a few minutes during a gale. A teal duck, which has a very rapid flight, came right through a pane of glass, being nearly cut in two, and leaving a hole for the wind to bluster through at the same moment.

The derivation of the name Flamborough has been conclusively shown to have nothing at all to

do with the English word ‘flame,’ being possibly a corruption of *Fleinn*, a Norse surname, and *borg* or *burgh*, meaning a castle. In Domesday it is spelt ‘Flaneburg,’ and *flane* is the Norse for an arrow or sword.

At the point where the chalk cliffs disappear and the low coast of Holderness begins, we come to the exceedingly popular watering-place of Bridlington. At one time the town was quite separate from the quay, and even now there are two towns—the solemn and serious, almost Quakerish, place inland, and the eminently pleasure-loving and frivolous holiday resort on the sea; but they are now joined up by modern houses and the railway-station, and in time they will be as united as the ‘Three Towns’ of Plymouth. Along the sea-front are spread out by the wide parades, all those ‘attractions’ which exercise their potential energies on certain types of mankind as each summer comes round. There are seats, concert-rooms, hotels, lodging-houses, bands, kiosks, refreshment-bars, boats, bathing-machines, a switch-back railway, and even a spa, by which means the migratory folk are housed, fed, amused, and given every excuse for loitering within a few yards of the long curving line of waves that advances and retreats over the much-trodden sand.

The two stone piers enclosing the harbour make an interesting feature in the centre of the sea-front, where the few houses of old Bridlington Quay that have survived, are not entirely unpicturesque. In northerly gales the harbour is the only place of refuge between Harwich and Leith for ships going northwards, owing to the shelter of Flamborough Head and the good anchorage of the sandy bay. It is due to its favoured position under these circumstances that Bridlington has enjoyed a well-protected harbour for sixty years.

In 1642 Queen Henrietta Maria landed on whatever quay then existed. She had just returned from Holland with ships laden with arms and ammunition for the Royalist army. Adverse winds had brought the Dutch ships to Bridlington instead of Newcastle, where the Queen had intended to land, and a delay was caused while messengers were sent to the Earl of Newcastle in order that her landing might be effected in proper security. News of the Dutch ships lying off Bridlington was, however, conveyed to four Parliamentary vessels stationed by the bar at Tynemouth, and no time was lost in sailing southwards. What happened is told in a letter published in the same year, and dated February 25, 1642. It describes how, after two days' riding at anchor, the cavalry

arrived, upon which the Queen disembarked, and the next morning the rest of the loyal army came to wait on her.

'God that was carefull to preserve Her by Sea, did likewise continue his favour to Her on the Land: For that night foure of the Parliament Ships arrived at Burlington, without being perceived by us; and at foure a clocke in the morning gave us an Alarne, which caused us to send speedily to the Port to secure our Boats of Ammunition, which were but newly landed. But about an houre after the foure Ships began to ply us so fast with their Ordinance, that it made us all to rise out of our beds with diligence, and leave the Village, at least the women; for the Souldiers staid very resolutely to defend the Ammunition, in case their forces should land. One of the Ships did Her the favour to flanck upon the house where the Queene lay, which was just before the Peere; and before She was out of Her bed, the Cannon bullets whistled so loud about her, (which Musicke you may easily believe was not very pleasing to Her) that all the company pressed Her earnestly to goe out of the house, their Cannon having totally beaten downe all the neighbouring houses, and two Cannon bullets falling from the top to the bottome of the house where She was; so that (clothed as She could) She went on foot some little distance out of the Towne, under the shelter of a Ditch (like that of Newmarket;) whither before She could get, the Cannon bullets fell thicke about us, and a Sergeant was killed within twenty paces of Her. We in the end gained the Ditch, and staid there two houres, whilst their Cannon plaid all the time upon us; the bulletts flew for the most part over our heads, Some few onely grazing on the Ditch where the Queene was, covered us with earth.'

This bombardment only ceased when the Dutch Admiral sent to the Parliamentary ships to tell them that if they did not cease firing, he would consider them as enemies, and give order for his own vessels to open fire upon them. The tardiness of this action was explained by the Admiral as being due to the mist.

'Upon that they staid their shooting, and likewise being ebbing water, they could not stay longer neare the shore. As soone as they were retired, the Queene returned to the house where She lay, being unwilling to allow them the vanity of saying, They made Her forsake the Towne. We went at noone to Burlington, whither we were resolved to goe before this accident ; and all that day in face of the enemie we disimbarqued our Ammunition. It is said that one of the Captaines of the Parliament Ships had been at the Towne before us, to observe where the Queene's lodging was ; and I assure you he observed it well, for he ever shot at it.'

A Parliamentary tract of the same time says that when Charles I., who was at Oxford, heard of his consort's escape, he is said to have remarked that 'the shipmen did not shoote at her, but onely tryed how neere they could goe and misse, as good marksmen use to do.' This would have been poor comfort, even if such knowledge had reached the Queen, as she crouched in the ditch showered with earth from the flying cannon-balls.

In old Bridlington there stands the fine church of the Augustinian Priory we have already seen from a distance, and an ancient structure known as the Bayle Gate, a remnant of the defences of the monastery. They stand at no great distance apart, but do not arrange themselves to form a picture, which is unfortunate, and so also is the lack of any real charm in the domestic architecture of the streets. Everywhere you look the houses are commonplace and without individuality. This example of early work is therefore isolated in its mediævalism, in contrast to the bars of York, which are surrounded by early types of houses in keeping with their antiquity. The Bayle Gate has a large pointed arch and a postern, and the date of its erection appears to be the end of the fourteenth century, when permission was given to the prior to fortify the monastery. Unhappily for Bridlington, an order to destroy the buildings was given soon after the Dissolution, and the nave of the church seems to have been spared only because it was used as the parish church. Quite probably, too, the gatehouse was saved from destruction on account of the room it contains having been utilized for holding courts. The upper portions of the church towers are modern restorations, and

their different heights and styles give the building a remarkable, but not a beautiful, outline. At the west end, between the towers, is a large Perpendicular window occupying the whole width of the nave, and on the north side the vaulted porch is a very beautiful feature.

The interior reveals an inspiring perspective of clustered columns built in the Early English Period with a fine Decorated triforium on the north side. Both transepts and the chancel appear to have been destroyed with the conventional buildings, and the present chancel is merely a portion of the nave separated with screens. One of the most interesting of the monuments is the grave slab of Prior Robert Burstwick, who died in 1498, and whose coffin was found in 1821 in the ground where the south transept formerly stood. The prior's beard and the cloth his body had been wrapped in were found to be undecayed.

Southwards in one huge curve of nearly forty miles stretches the low coast of Holderness, seemingly continued into infinitude. There is nothing comparable to it on the coasts of the British Isles for its featureless monotony and for the unbroken front it presents to the sea. The low brown cliffs of hard clay seem to have no more resisting power

to the capacious appetite of the waves than if they were of gingerbread. The progress of the sea has been continued for centuries, and stories of lost villages and of overwhelmed churches are met with all the way to Spurn Head. Four or five miles south of Bridlington we come to a point on the shore where, looking out among the lines of breaking waves, we are including the sides of the two demolished villages of Auburn and Hartburn. There is no good road close to the sea, for it would scarcely be a wise policy to spend money on a highway that would year by year be brought nearer to the edge of the low cliffs, and another significant fact is the shyness the railways show to this vanishing coast. Two lines from Hull venture down to the sea, but neither has been continued to the north or south along the coast, although the joining of Hornsea with Bridlington would be eminently convenient.

From a casual glance at Skipsea no one would attribute any importance to it in the past. It was, nevertheless, the chief place in the lordship of Holderness in Norman times, and from that we may also infer that it was the most well-defended stronghold. On a level plain having practically no defensible sites, great earthworks would be neces-

sary, and these we find at Skipsea Brough. There is a high mound surrounded by a ditch, and a segment of the great outer circle of defences exists on the south-west side. No masonry of any description can be seen on the grass-covered embankment, but on the artificial hillock, once crowned, it is surmised, by a Norman keep, there is one small piece of stonework. These earthworks have been considered Saxon, but later opinion labels them post-Conquest.* In the time of the Domesday Survey the Seigniory of Holderness was held by Drogo de Bevere, a Flemish adventurer who joined in the Norman invasion of England and received this extensive fief from the Conqueror. He also was given the King's niece in marriage as a mark of special favour; but having for some reason seen fit to poison her, he fled from England, it is said, during the last few months of William's reign. The Barony of Holderness was forfeited, but Drogo was never captured.

Poulson, the historian of Holderness, states that Henry III. gave orders for the destruction of Skipsea Castle about 1220, the Earl of Albemarle, its owner at that time, having been in rebellion.

* A worked flint was found in the moat not long ago by Dr. J. L. Kirk, of Pickering.

When Edward II. ascended the throne, he recalled his profligate companion Piers Gaveston, and besides creating him Baron of Wallingford and Earl of Cornwall, he presented this ill-chosen favourite with the great Seigniory of Holderness. Owing to the distractions in England caused by Edward's stubborn refusal to give up his favourite, Robert Bruce successfully drove the English out of Scotland. The need of men to resist the victorious Scots is shown by the levies raised in Holderness at this time, on all men between the ages of twenty and sixty, who were, according to their means, to act either as men-at-arms, on heavy horses, fully armed *cap-a-pie*, or as light cavalry for skirmishing and for harassing the enemy's flanks.

Going southwards from Skipsea, we pass through Atwick, with a cross on a large base in the centre of the village, and two miles further on come to Hornsea, an old-fashioned little town standing between the sea and the Mere. This beautiful sheet of fresh water comes as a surprise to the stranger, for no one but a geologist expects to discover a lake in a perfectly level country where only tidal creeks are usually to be found. Hornsea Mere may eventually be reached by the sea, and yet that day is likely to be put further off year by

year on account of the growth of a new town on the shore, and the increased rateable value of the place when large sums of money are required for sea-defence. A verse, according to Poulson, inscribed on the old steeple of the church, which collapsed in 1738, gives a sensational impression of the encroachments of the ocean in the past:

'Hornsea steeple, when I buiided thee,
Thou was ten miles off Burlington,
Ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea.'

But when we find that Hornsea Church is thirteen miles from Bridlington and twelve from Beverley as the crow flies, inductive reasoning would suggest that a similar freedom may have been taken with the third measurement, this time expanding the result liberally to round off the last line impressively. It may be remarked that ten miles out to sea from Hornsea Church is more than a mile outside the ten-fathoms line, and far beyond the outermost point of Flamborough Head. It has been calculated from the present rate of erosion that, since the Norman Conquest, a strip of land a mile in width has been washed away.

The scenery of the Mere is quietly beautiful. Where the road to Beverley skirts its margin there are glimpses of the shimmering surface seen through

gaps in the trees that grow almost in the water, many of them having lost their balance and subsided into the lake, being supported in a horizontal position by their branches. The picture given here was drawn on a wintry day when the sun was struggling through mist and making a golden path across the rippling waters. The islands and the swampy margins form secure breeding-places for the countless water-fowl, and the lake abounds with pike, perch, eel, and roach.

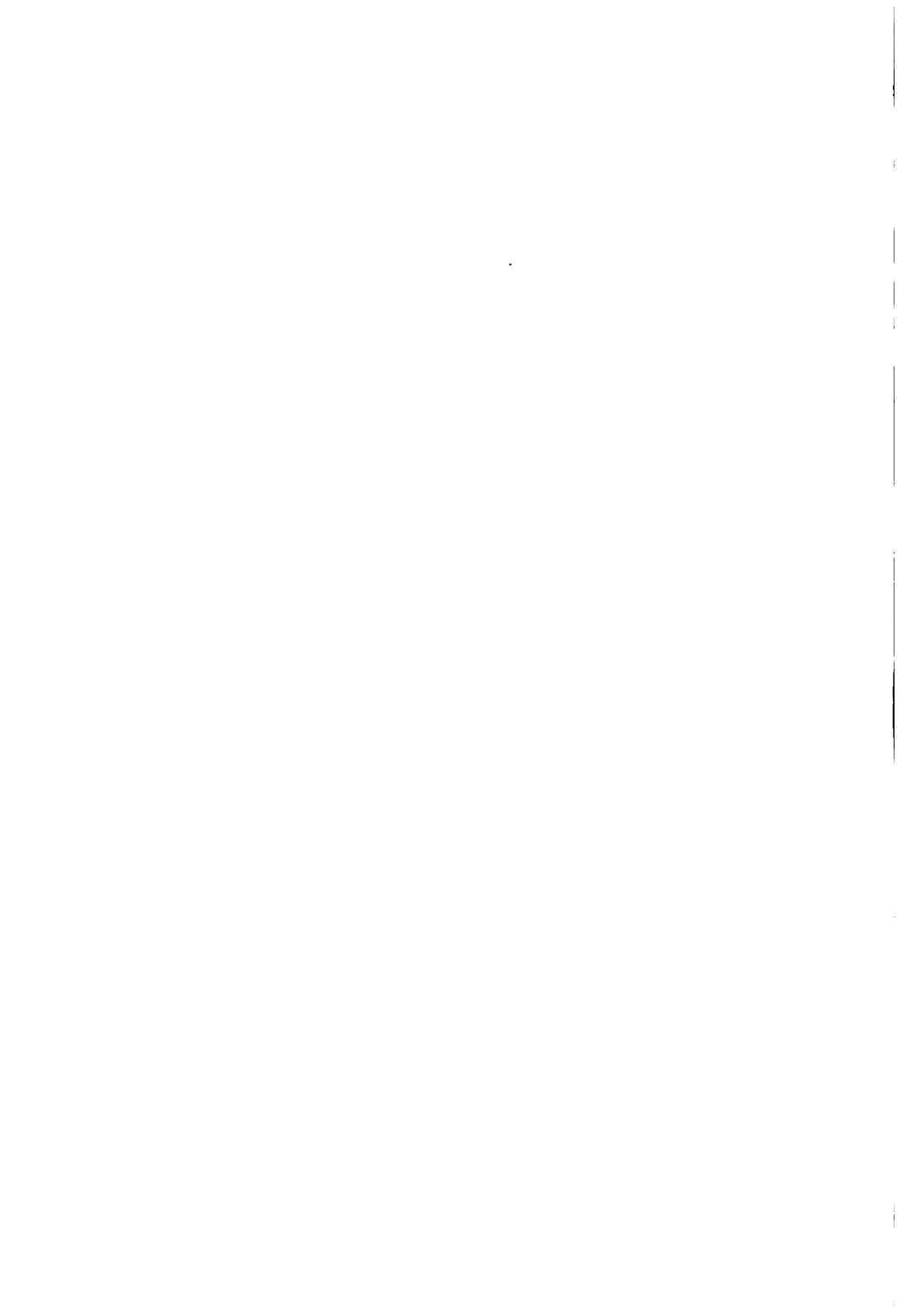
It was the excellent supply of fish yielded by Hornsea Mere that led to a hot discussion between the neighbouring Abbey of Meaux and St. Mary's Abbey at York. In the year 1260 William, eleventh Abbot of Meaux, laid claim to fishing rights in the southern half of the lake, only to find his brother Abbot of York determined to resist the claim. The cloisters of the two abbeys must have buzzed with excitement over the *impasse*, and relations became so strained that the only method of determining the issue was by each side agreeing to submit to the result of a judicial combat between champions selected by the two monasteries. Where the fight took place I do not know, and the number of champions is not mentioned in the record. It is stated that a horse was first swum across the lake,



HORNSEA MERE

Is the largest of the natural lakes of Yorkshire. It is well stocked with fish, and wild-fowl are numerous on its islets and marshy shores.





and stakes fixed to mark the limits of the claim. On the day appointed the combatants chosen by each abbot appeared properly accoutred, and they fought from morning until evening, when, at last, the men representing Meaux were beaten to the ground, and the York abbot retained the whole fishing rights of the Mere.

Hornsea has a pretty church with a picturesque tower built in between the western ends of the aisles. It chiefly dates from Decorated times, with Perpendicular windows inserted. A fine alabaster altar-tomb under one of the arches of the south arcade has been terribly maltreated, and only a few words of the inscription running round the top slab are legible. We have no difficulty in reading the words ‘*Hic jacet Magister Antonius de,*’ and, with the help of Poulson, discover that this is the tomb of Anthony St. Quintin, who died in 1480, and was the last rector. It is the only tomb I have seen defaced with the outlines of shoes cut upon its surface. A wooden trap-door in the chancel opens into a small crypt consisting of two barrel vaults of brick with stone below. A recess on the north side appears to be a fireplace. An eighteenth-century parish clerk utilized this crypt for storing smuggled goods, and was

busily at work there on a stormy night in 1782, when a terrific blast of wind tore the roof off the church. The shock, we are told, brought on a paralytic seizure of which he died.

By the churchyard gate stands the old market-cross, recently set up in this new position and supplied with a modern head.

As we go towards Spurn Head we are more and more impressed with the desolate character of the shore. The tide may be out, and only puny waves tumbling on the wet sand, and yet it is impossible to refrain from feeling that the very peacefulness of the scene is sinister, and the waters are merely digesting their last meal of boulder-clay before satisfying a fresh appetite.

The busy town of Hornsea Beck, the port of Hornsea, with its harbour and pier, its houses, and all pertaining to it, has entirely disappeared since the time of James I., and so also has the place called Hornsea Burton, where in 1834 Meaux Abbey held twenty-seven acres of arable land. At the end of that century not one of those acres remained. The fate of Owthorne, a village once existing not far from Withernsea, is pathetic. For a number of years the church remained on the verge of the cliff, in the same way as the ruins

of the last church of Dunwich, in Suffolk, stand to-day. The graveyard was steadily destroyed, until 1816, when in a great storm the waves undermined the foundations of the eastern end of the church, so that the walls collapsed with a roar and a cloud of dust. When the sea went down, the shore was found littered with debris, and among the coffins there was one believed to be that of the founder. The body had been embalmed with fragrant spices and aromatics, which, even after exposure to the air, had not lost their original odour.

Twenty-two years later there was scarcely a fragment of even the churchyard left, and in 1844 the Vicarage and the remaining houses were absorbed, and Owthorne was wiped off the map.

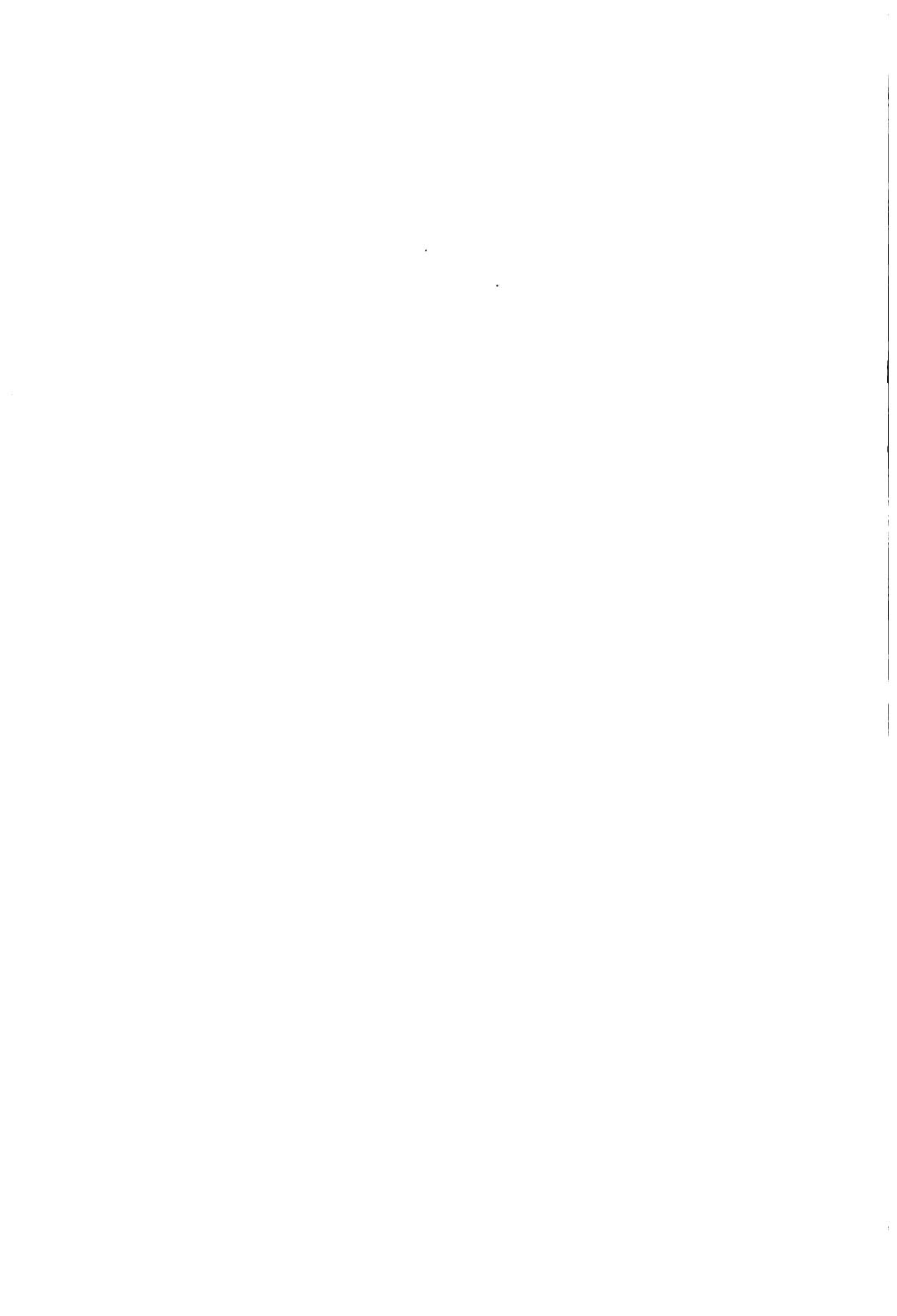
The old village of Withernsea, no doubt, disappeared in a similar fashion. For the modern town we feel pity more than indignation. It consists of a haphazard collection of ugly lodging-houses, a modern church and a conspicuous lighthouse, whose revolving light glares into the windows of half the houses in the town, making sleep impossible. The place seems consciously at war with the ocean, and gazes ruefully at the

remains of its iron pier, a limb that was savagely handled by the sea some years ago. No doubt the frail sea-wall will crumble away before long, and the depressing houses will then follow rapidly.

The peninsula formed by the Humber is becoming more and more attenuated, and the pretty village of Easington is being brought nearer to the sea winter by winter. This fact makes the restoration of the church no easy matter, for who would subscribe to a fund for spending money on a building that may follow the fate of Owthorne and a dozen other places? Close to the church, Easington has been fortunate in preserving its fourteenth-century tithe-barn covered with a thatched roof. The interior has that wonderfully imposing effect given by huge posts and beams suggesting a wooden cathedral.

At Kilnsea the weak bank of earth forming the only resistance to the waves has been repeatedly swept away and hundreds of acres flooded with salt water, and where there are any cliffs at all, they are often not more than fifteen feet high. Unfortunately, too, they slope downwards inland, so that each yard destroyed by the sea makes the front lower and less effective. The road comes to an end a short distance beyond Kilnsea, and the

rest of the way to Spurn Head, marked by its conspicuous lighthouse, visible a long way to the north, is over the rough grass of the spit of hummocky sand which forms the extremity of this corner of Yorkshire.



CHAPTER XXI

BEVERLEY

WHEN the great bell in the southern tower of the Minster booms forth its deep and solemn notes over the city of Beverley, you experience an uplifting of the mind—a sense of exaltation greater, perhaps, than even that produced by an organ's vibrating notes in the high vaulted spaces of a cathedral. The exceptional mellowness and richness of the whole peal of bells removes them from any comparison with the harsh, hammering sounds that fall upon the ear from so many church towers. Peter, the great tenor bell, was probably cast in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and has therefore given forth his sonorous notes ever since the two towers were built.

The charm and glamour of Beverley is perhaps most accentuated towards sunset on a clear evening, when you can stand by the north transept of the Minster and see the western towers thrown out

against a soft yellow sky. From the picture given here something of the scene may be imagined, but to the beauty of the architecture and the glowing tones of the sky should be added the sound of the pealing bells, each carillon being concluded with a reverberating *tangg-g boomm-m*, whose deep notes seem to send a message to the very gates of Eternity, lying somewhere beyond the golden light in the west.

Beverley has no natural features to give it any attractiveness, for it stands on the borders of the level plain of Holderness, and towards the Wolds there is only a very gentle rise. It depends, therefore, solely upon its architecture. The first view of the city from the west as we come over the broad grassy common of Westwood is delightful. We are just sufficiently elevated to see the opalescent form of the Minster, with its graceful towers rising above the more distant roofs, and close at hand the pinnacled tower of St. Mary's showing behind a mass of dark trees. The entry to the city from this direction is in every way prepossessing, for the sunny common is succeeded by a broad, tree-lined road, with old-fashioned houses standing sedately behind the foliage, and the end of the avenue is closed by the North Bar—the last of Beverley's

BEVERLEY MARKET PLACE

THE 'Saturday' market, as it is called, is one of the most picturesque parts of Beverley. The tower is that of St. Mary's Church.



© G. P. H. POST CARD

gates. It dates from 1410, and is built of very dark red brick, with one arch only, the footways being taken through the modern houses, shouldering it on each side. Leland's account and the town records long before his day tell us that there were three gates, but nothing remains of 'Keldgate barr' and the 'barr de Newbygyn.'

We go through the archway and find ourselves in a wide street with the beautiful west end of St. Mary's Church on the left, quaint Georgian houses, and a dignified hotel of the same period on the opposite side, while straight ahead is the broad Saturday Market with its very picturesque 'cross.' On the further side of this square we look back and see the bright and cheerful scene depicted here. The cross was put up in 1714 by Sir Charles Hotham, Bart., and Sir Michael Warton, Members of Parliament for the Corporation at that time.

Beyond the Market-place the streets become narrow, except at the triangular space, half-way to the Minster, called the Wednesday Market, and I cannot honestly say that there is any charm or attractiveness to be found in this portion of the city. There is a rather poverty-stricken appearance in the houses and the shops that seems unnecessary, and hardly what we should expect on approaching

the Minster precincts. When, in time, the splendid pile appears in front of us, it is with a sense of intense disappointment that we find the surroundings utterly unworthy. All who know Winchester or Salisbury or Canterbury realize the intense charm of their beautiful closes, where stately cedars pronounce a benediction over the gables and ancient leaded windows of houses whose every detail is exquisite. At Beverley, instead of any small suggestion of such charm, we find modern cottages, which, if not aggressively ugly, are so woefully out of place that they should be swept away at any cost. On the south side there is a space of uneven ground partially enclosed by dilapidated fragments of fence, littered with rubbish, and surrounded by squalid little houses. The unfinished aspect of this miserable scene is less depressing than it might otherwise be, in the hope it inspires that some scheme of improvement may make use of the present opportunity. It is on account of its dismal environment on the south side that I prefer the north, and in painting the western towers under an evening light I have chosen a time when the commonplace cottages facing them lose their offensiveness. Without the towers I should not regard the exterior of the

Minster with any real pleasure, for the Early English chancel and greater and lesser transepts, although imposing and massive, are lacking in proper proportion, and in that deficiency suffer a loss of dignity. The eulogies so many architects and writers have poured out upon the Early English work of this great church, and the strangely adverse comments the same critics have levelled at the Perpendicular additions, do not blind me to what I regard as a most strange misconception on the part of these people. The homogeneity of the central and eastern portions of the Minster is undeniable, but because what appears to be the design of one master-builder of the thirteenth century was apparently carried out in the short period of twenty years, I do not feel obliged to consider the result beautiful. The five pairs of turrets at the outer angles of the transepts and chancel are so ponderous and so tall that they dwarf the great gables and spoil the general outline by their wrong proportions. And as for the windows, they are unrestful and unpleasing to the eye in a way that is typical of the period. I explain my dislike for this style of English church architecture from the lack of those continuous lines that made their appearance in the Decorated period, and not only

softened the crude angularities of the earlier style, but gave an impression of reposeful strength, instead of the detached effect of decoration in stories, each independent of what was below or above.

In the Perpendicular work of the western towers everything is in graceful proportion, and nothing, from the ground to the top of the turrets, jars with the wonderful dignity of their perfect lines. No towers I have seen in this country compare with those of Beverley in the masterly way in which they combine continuous lines and rectangular ornament with the most exquisite grace and dignity.

A few years before the Norman Conquest a central tower and a presbytery were added to the existing building by Archbishop Cynesige. The 'Frenchman's' influence was probably sufficiently felt at that time to give this work the stamp of Norman ideas, and would have shown a marked advance on the Romanesque style of the Saxon age, in which the other portions of the buildings were put up. After that time we are in the dark as to what happened until the year 1188, when a disaster took place of which there is a record :

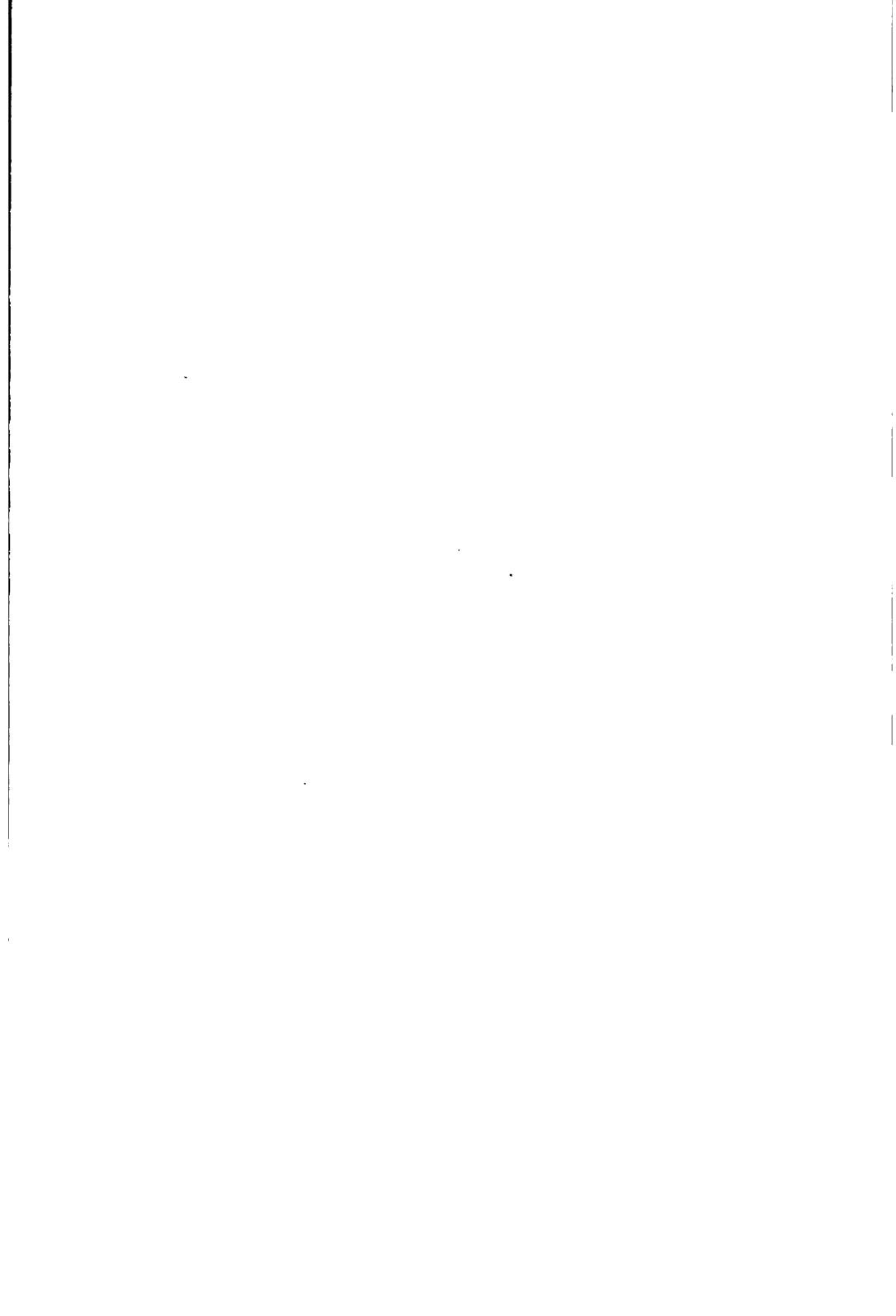
'In the year from the incarnation of Our Lord 1188, this church was burnt, in the month of September, the night



BEVERLEY MINSTER

**SHOWING the Perpendicular western towers and the
north porch of the same period.**





after the Feast of St. Mathew the Apostle, and in the year 1197, the sixth of the ides of March, there was an inquisition made for the relics of the blessed John in this place, and these bones were found in the east part of his sepulchre, and reposed; and dust mixed with mortar was found likewise, and re-interred.'

This is a translation of the Latin inscription on a leaden plate discovered in 1664, when a square stone vault in the church was opened and found to be the grave of the canonized John of Beverley. The picture history gives us of this remarkable man, although to a great extent hazy with superstitious legend, yet shows him to have been one of the greatest and noblest of the ecclesiastics who controlled the Early Church in England. He founded the monastery at Beverley about the year 700, on what appears to have been an isolated spot surrounded by forest and swamp, and after holding the See of York for some twelve years, he retired here for the rest of his life. When he died, in 721, his memory became more and more sacred, and his powers of intercession were constantly invoked. The splendid shrine provided for his relics in 1087 was encrusted with jewels, and shone with the precious metals employed. Like the tomb of William the Conqueror at Caen, it disappeared long ago. After the collapse of the

central tower to its very foundations came the vast Early English reconstruction of everything except the nave, which was possibly of pre-Conquest date, and survived until the present Decorated successor took its place. Much discussion has centred round certain semicircular arches at the back of the triforium, whose ornament is unmistakably Norman, suggesting that the early nave was merely remodelled in the later period. The last great addition to the structure was the beautiful Perpendicular north porch and the west end—the glory of Beverley. The interior of the transepts and chancel is extremely interesting, but entirely lacking in that perfection of form characterizing York. On entering the great transept of Beverley the intelligent visitor is inclined to look about him and comment on the fine Early English work; at York, in the same part of the Minster, he will probably be silenced by the overwhelming sense of perfection conveyed by the ideal proportions of every part. Beverley is merely on the road to York.

A magnificent range of stalls crowned with elaborate tabernacle work of the sixteenth century adorns the choir, and under each of the sixty-eight seats are carved misereres, making a larger collection than any other in the country. The subjects

range from a horrible representation of the devil with a second face in the middle of his body to humorous pictures of a cat playing a fiddle, and a scold on her way to the ducking-stool in a wheelbarrow, gripping with one hand the ear of the man who is wheeling her. Bears, foxes, lions, deer, and birds are the most favourite subjects, while the most unique is perhaps the elephant at one end of the front row of stalls on the south side. It is shown with a howdah on its back, a most curious trunk, an ear resembling a bat's wing, and a monkey behind, in the act of dealing a tremendous blow with a stick. This cannot compare with the remarkably fine elephant, with a tall howdah filled with armed men, carved as a finial in front of the Bishop's throne in Ripon Cathedral.

In the north-east corner of the choir, built across the opening to the lesser transept on that side, is the tomb of Lady Eleanor FitzAllen, wife of Henry, first Lord Percy of Alnwick. It is considered to be, without a rival, the most beautiful tomb in this country. The canopy is composed of sumptuously carved stone, and while it is literally encrusted with ornament, it is designed in such a masterly fashion that the general effect, whether seen at a distance or close at hand, is always magnificent.

The broad lines of the canopy consist of a steep gable with an ogee arch within, cusped so as to form a base at its apex for an elaborate piece of statuary. This is repeated on both sides of the monument. On the side towards the altar, the large bearded figure represents the Deity, with angels standing on each side of the throne, holding across His knees a sheet. From this rises a small undraped figure representing Lady Eleanor, whose uplifted hands are held in one of those of her Maker, who is shown in the act of benediction with two fingers on her head. On the north side, the corresponding position is occupied by a figure of our Lord, with the right hand in the act of blessing, and the left pointed to the wound in His side. By climbing the winding stone staircase to the top of the screen a close scrutiny can be made of the astonishingly fine details of the carving on that side.

In the north aisle of the chancel there is a very unusual double staircase. It is recessed in the wall, and the arcading that runs along the aisle beneath the windows is inclined upwards and down again at a slight angle, similar to the rise of the steps which are behind the marble columns. This was the old way to the chapter-house, destroyed

at the Dissolution, and is an extremely fine example of an Early English stairway. There are two medieval tombs surmounted by richly carved effigies to unknown people—one an ecclesiastic, and another, possibly, a merchant of note—both in an aisle of the great north transept; and in the Percy Chapel—a Perpendicular addition at the north-east corner of the chancel—stands the altar-tomb of the fourth Earl of Northumberland. This Earl was succeeded by Henry Percy, the fifth to hold the title, and the compiler of the ‘Household Book,’ mentioned in the next chapter in connexion with his great castle at Wressle, some twenty miles to the west. Near this chapel stands the ancient stone chair of sanctuary, or frith-stool. It has been broken and repaired with iron clamps, and the inscription upon it, recorded by Spelman, has gone. The privileges of sanctuary were limited by Henry VIII., and abolished in the reign of James I.; but before the Dissolution malefactors of all sorts and conditions, from esquires and gentlewomen down to chapmen and minstrels, frequently came in undignified haste to claim the security of St. John of Beverley. Here is a case quoted from the register by Mr. Charles Hiatt in his admirable account of the Minster:

'John Spret, Gentilman, memorandum, that John Spret, of Barton upon Umber, in the counte of Lyncoln, gentilman, com to Beverlay, the first day of October the vii yer of the reen of Keing Herry vii and asked the lybertes of Saint John of Beverlay, for the dethe of John Welton, husbandman, of the same town, and knawleg [acknowledged] hymselff to be at the kyllng of the saym John with a dagarth, the xv day of August.'

On entering the city we passed St. Mary's, a beautiful Perpendicular church which is not eclipsed even by the major attractions of the Minster. At the west end there is a splendid Perpendicular window flanked by octagonal buttresses of a slightly earlier date, which are run up to a considerable height above the roof of the nave, the upper portions being made light and graceful, with an opening on each face, and a pierced parapet. The tower rises above the crossing, and is crowned by sixteen pinnacles. Its cireular windows in the lower portion of the tower are filled with tracery, and are unusual in the period of its construction. The southern end of the transept receives additional support from the great flying buttresses, added by Pugin in 1856.

In its general appearance the large south porch is Perpendicular, like the greater part of the church, but the inner portion of its arch is Norman,

and the outer is Early English. One of the pillars of the nave is ornamented just below the capital with five quaint little minstrels carved in stone. Each is supported by a bold bracket, and each is painted. The musical instruments are all much battered, but it can be seen that the centre figure, who is dressed as an alderman, had a harp, and the others a pipe, a lute, a drum, and a violin. From Saxon times there had existed in Beverley a guild of minstrels, a prosperous fraternity bound by regulations, which Poulson gives at length in his monumental work on Beverley. The minstrels played at aldermen's feasts, at weddings, on market-days, and on all occasions when there was excuse for music. This 'toune of Beverle,' which Leland describes as being 'large and welle buildid of wood,' must have been a pleasant and exceptionally picturesque place to dwell in when we remember the old gateways, and replace the many dull buildings of to-day with such beautiful timber houses as those in the old streets of York. Above the curious gables rose the two stately churches, and if the minstrels were idle, no doubt the bells were filling the air with their music, telling of sorrow or gladness.

CHAPTER XXII

ALONG THE HUMBER

'Away with me in post to Ravensburgh ;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.'

Richard II., Act II., Scene 1.

THE atrophied corner of Yorkshire that embraces the lowest reaches of the Humber is terminated by a mere raised causeway leading to the wider patch of ground dominated by Spurn Head lighthouse. This mere ridge of sand and shingle is all that remains of a very considerable and populous area possessing towns and villages as recently as the middle of the fourteenth century.

Far back in the Middle Ages the Humber was a busy waterway for shipping, where merchant vessels were constantly coming and going, bearing away the wool of Holderness and bringing in foreign goods, which the Humber towns were eager to buy. This traffic soon demonstrated the

need of some light on the point of land where the estuary joined the sea, and in 1428 Henry VI. granted a toll on all vessels entering the Humber in aid of the first lighthouse put up about that time by a benevolent hermit.

His petition is quaintly worded, and full of interest. It commences :

'To the wyse Comones of this present Parlement. Besy-
kith your povre bedeman, Richard Reedbarowe, Heremyte
of the Chapell of our Lady and Seint Anne atte Ravenser-
sporne. That forasmuche that many diverses straites and
daungers been in the entryng into the river of Hembre out
of the See, where ofte tymes by mysaventure many divers
Vesselx, and Men, Godes and Marchaundises, be lost and
perished, as well by Day as be Night, for defaute of a Bekyn,
that shuld teche the poeple to hold in the right chanell ; so
that the seid Richard, havyng compassion and pitee of the
Cristen poeple that ofte tymes are there perished . . . to
make a Toure to be uppon day light a redy Bekyn, wheryn
shall be light gevynge by nyght, to alle the Vesselx that
comyn into the seid Ryver of Hembre . . . '

No doubt the site of this early structure has long ago been submerged. The same fate came upon the two lights erected on Kilnsea Common by Justinian Angell, a London merchant, who received a patent from Charles II. to 'continue, renew, and maintain' two lights at Spurn Point.

In 1766 the famous John Smeaton was called

upon to put up two lighthouses, one 90 feet and the other 50 feet high. There was no hurry in completing the work, for the foundations of the high light were not completed until six years later. The sea repeatedly destroyed the low light, owing to the waves reaching it at high tide. Poulson mentions the loss of three structures between 1776 and 1816. The fourth was taken down after a brief life of fourteen years, the sea having laid the foundations bare.

As late as the beginning of last century the illumination was produced by 'a naked coal fire, unprotected from the wind,' and its power was consequently most uncertain. In a great gale in 1808, the keeper was convinced that the tower would be blown down, for the wind was so furious that it increased the heat of the fire until the bars of the hearth melted like lead, and finally extinguished the light. New bars had to be put in before the fire could be rekindled. Smeaton describes how 'upon the 5th September 1776, the fires were kindled with *stone coal*, which exhibited an amazing light.'

Smeaton's high tower is now only represented by its foundations and the circular wall surrounding them, which acts as a convenient shelter from

wind and sand for the low houses of the men who are stationed there for the lifeboat and other purposes.

The present lighthouse is 80 feet higher than Smeaton's, and is fitted with the modern system of dioptic refractors, giving a light of 519,000 candle-power, which is greater than any other on the east coast of England. The need for a second structure has been obviated by placing the low lights half-way down the existing tower. Every twenty seconds the upper light flashes for one and a half seconds, being seen in clear weather at a distance of seventeen nautical miles.

That such a narrow spit of shifting sand should exist so tenaciously on a part of the coast suffering so much from the inroads of the sea appears most remarkable until we realize that its existence is probably the result of the erosion of the shore to the north, combined with the opposed action of river and ocean. There seems little doubt that the material composing the spit of land is the waste of the Holderness shore, and possibly contains some of the material of the land on which the romantic town of Ravenserodd stood. Although we must regret the loss of this historic town, all its attractiveness might have been dissipated by this

time, even if it had survived, by the processes that turned the picturesque town of Hull into an ugly, if exceedingly prosperous, seaport.

In the Middle Ages great fortunes were made on the Humber without the accompaniment of dirt and unsightly surroundings. Sir William de la Pole was a merchant of remarkable enterprise, and the most notable of those who traded at Ravenserodd. It was probably owing to his great wealth that his son was made a knight-banneret, and his grandson became Earl of Suffolk. Another of the De la Poles was the first Mayor of Hull, and seems to have been no less opulent than his brother, who lent large sums of money to Edward III., and was in consequence appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer and also presented with the Lordship of Holderness.

The story of Ravenser, and the later town of Ravenserodd, is told in a number of early records, and from them we can see clearly what happened in this corner of Yorkshire. Owing to a natural confusion from the many different spellings of the two places, the fate of the prosperous port of Ravenserodd has been lost in a haze of misconception. And this might have continued if Mr. J. R. Boyle had not gone exhaustively into the matter,

bringing together all the references to the Raven-sers which have been discovered.

There seems little doubt that the first place called Ravenser was a Danish settlement just within the Spurn Point, the name being a compound of the raven of the Danish standard, and *eyr* or *ore*, meaning a narrow strip of land between two waters. In an early Icelandic saga the sailing of the defeated remnant of Harold Hardrada's army from Ravenser, after the defeat of the Norwegians at Stamford Bridge, is mentioned in the lines :

‘The King the swift ships with the flood
Set out, with the autumn approaching,
And sailed from the port, called
Hrafneyrr (the raven tongue of land).’

From this event of 1066 Ravenser must have remained a hamlet of small consequence, for it is not heard of again for nearly two centuries, and then only in connexion with the new Ravenser which had grown on a spit of land gradually thrown up by the tide within the spoon-shaped ridge of Spurn Head. On this new ground a vessel was wrecked some time in the early part of the thirteenth century, and a certain man—the earliest recorded Peggotty—converted it into a

house, and even made it a tavern, where he sold food and drink to mariners. Then three or four houses were built near the adapted hull, and following this a small port was created, its development being fostered by William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarl, the lord of the manor, with such success that, by the year 1274, the place had grown to be of some importance, and a serious trade rival to Grimsby on the Lincolnshire coast. To distinguish the two Ravensers the new place, which was almost on an island, being only connected with the mainland by a bank composed of large yellow boulders and sand, was called Ravenser Odd, and in the Chronicles of Meaux Abbey and other records the name is generally written Ravenserodd. The original place was about a mile away, and no longer on the shore, and it is distinguished from the prosperous port as Ald Ravenser. Owing, however, to its insignificance in comparison to Ravenserodd, the busy port, it is often merely referred to as Ravenser, spelt with many variations.

The extraordinarily rapid rise of Ravenserodd seems to have been due to a remarkable keenness for business on the part of its citizens, amounting, in the opinion of the Grimsby traders, to sharp practice. For, being just within Spurn Head, the men of

Ravenserodd would go out to incoming vessels bound for Grimsby, and induce them to sell their cargoes in Ravenserodd by all sorts of specious arguments, misquoting the prices paid in the rival town. If their arguments failed, they would force the ships to enter their harbour and trade with them, whether they liked it or not. All this came out in the hearing of an action brought by the town of Grimsby against Ravenserodd. Although the plaintiffs seem to have made a very good case, the decision of the Court was given in favour of the defendants, as it had not been shown that any of their proceedings had broken the King's peace.

Between 1810 and 1840 there are many references to the ships and armed men Ravenserodd was required to furnish for the wars in Scotland, Flanders, and elsewhere. The period of the town's greatest prosperity was no doubt from a few years before 1298, the year when a royal charter was granted making it a free borough, and about 1340.

It is extremely interesting that one of the earliest names connected with the new port is Peter-atte-see. In the Middle Ages, just such a distinction is what we would expect to be added to the baptismal name of a man who had taken up his abode on a lonely patch of land produced by the action of the

sea. It is therefore more than probable that this Peter was either the founder or the son of the founder of Ravenserodd. Later generations altered the name to De la Mare, and it was Martin de la Mare who at first opposed, but afterwards assisted, Edward IV. when he landed at Ravenser Spurn, 1471.

But long before that historic event, earlier even than Henry IV.'s landing on the same spot in 1399, the sea had reclaimed its own. In a short time not only Ravenserodd, but also Ald Ravenser and Sunthorp had been washed away.

The story of this disaster, which appears to have happened between 1340 and 1350, is told by the monkish compiler of the *Chronicles of Meaux*. Translated from the original Latin the account is headed :

*'Concerning the consumption of the towu of Ravensere Odd
and concerning the effort towards the diminution of the
tax of the church of Esyngton.'*

'But in those days, the whole town of Ravensere Odd, . . . was totally annihilated by the floods of the Humber and the inundations of the great sea; . . . and when that town of Ravensere Odd, in which we had half an acre of land built upon, and also the chapel of that town, pertaining to the said church of Esyngton, were exposed to demolition during the few preceding years, those floods and inundations of the sea, within a year before the destruction of that town, increasing in their

accustomed way without limit fifteen fold, announcing the swallowing up of the said town, and sometimes exceeding beyond measure the height of the town, and surrounding it like a wall on every side, threatened the final destruction of that town. And so, with this terrible vision of waters seen on every side, the enclosed persons, with the reliques, crosses, and other ecclesiastical ornaments, which remained secretly in their possession and accompanied by the viaticum of the body of Christ in the hands of the priest, flocking together, mournfully imploring grace, warded off at that time their destruction. And afterwards, daily removing thence with their possession, they left that town totally without defence, to be shortly swallowed up, which, with a short intervening period of time by those merciless tempestuous floods, was irreparably destroyed.'

The traders and inhabitants generally moved to Kingston-upon-Hull and other towns, as the sea forced them to seek safer quarters.

When Henry of Lancaster landed with his retinue in 1399 within Spurn Head, the whole scene was one of complete desolation, and the only incident recorded is his meeting with a hermit named Matthew Danthorp, who was at the time building a chapel. Perhaps it was thought to have been a happy augury that the first person met should have been a holy man, for on the day following his coronation, Henry IV. granted a royal licence for the hermit to complete the chapel, improperly begun without any official sanction, and

also right over all ‘the wreck of the sea and waifs’ for two leagues round the chapel.

Whether the chapel-of-ease at Ravenserodd, built some time between 1235 and 1272, and, therefore, in the Early English period, bore any comparison to those of the neighbouring villages of Patrington and Hedon we do not know, but if the prosperity of the port had led to the building of such a church, its loss is melancholy indeed. The beautiful spire of Patrington church guides us easily along a winding lane from Easington until the whole building shows over the surrounding meadows as it appears in the illustration given here. A farm with a well-filled stack-yard lies on the left, and closely trimmed hedges border the roads, while the village, being on the other side of the church and some big trees, is out of sight. We seem to have stumbled upon a cathedral standing all alone in this diminishing land, scarcely more than two miles from the Humber and less than four from the sea. No one quarrels with the title ‘The Queen of Holderness,’ nor with the far greater claim that Patrington is the most beautiful village church in England. With the exception of the east window, which is Perpendicular, nearly the whole structure was built

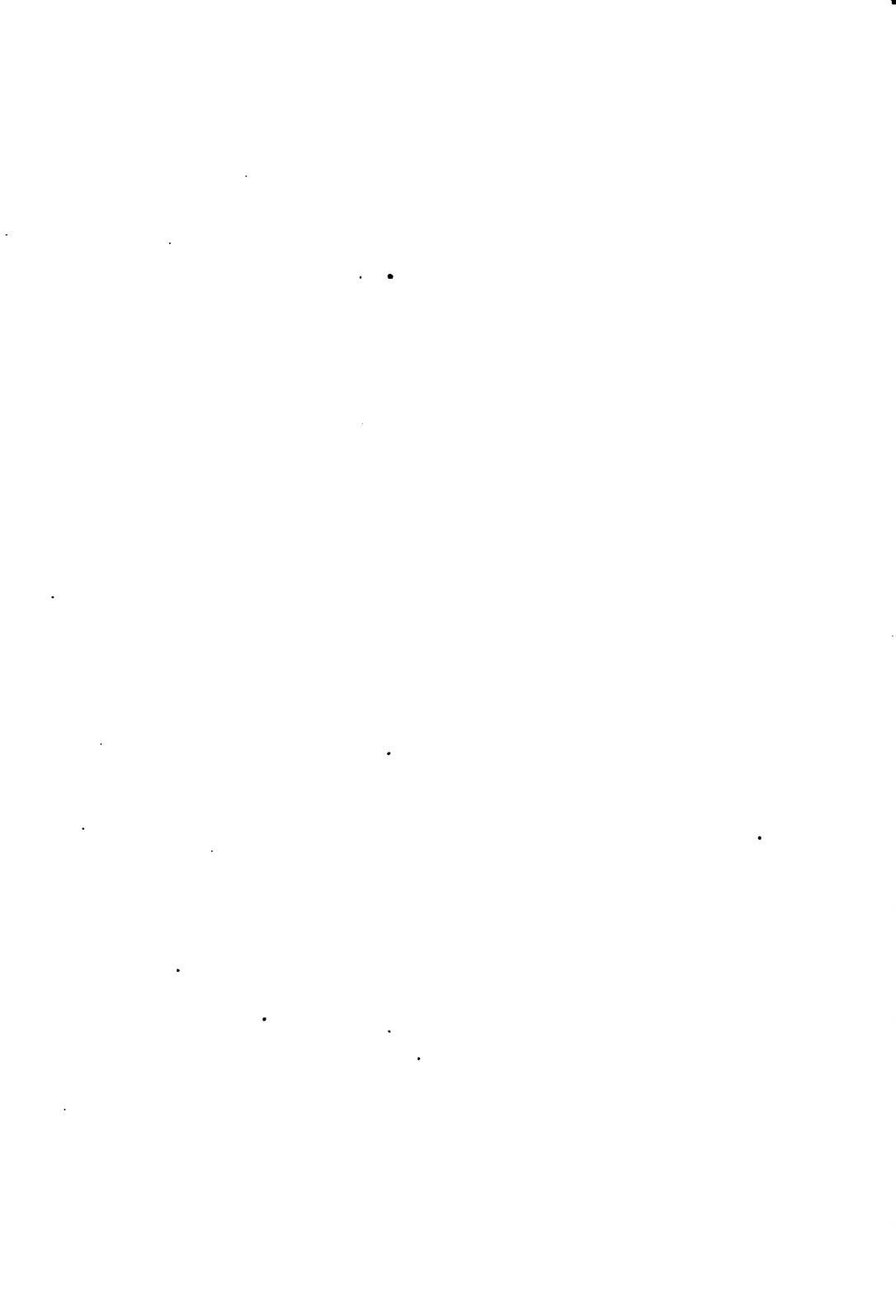
in the Decorated period ; and in its perfect proportion, its wealth of detail and marvellous dignity, it is a joy to the eye within and without. The plan is cruciform, and there are aisles to the transepts as well as the nave, giving a wealth of pillars to the interior. Above the tower rises a tall stone spire, enriched, at a third of its height, with what might be compared to an earl's coronet, the spikes being represented by crocketed pinnacles—the terminals of the supporting pillars. The four corner pinnacles of the tower, carrying flying buttresses to the spire, are very unusual in form, being widened at their bases to allow the making of an archway through each. This gives them the appearance of grotesque little men, with bent legs, resting one arm on the spire, and might have caused a serious loss of beauty if the whole work had been less perfect in its conception. A curious outside staircase, reached from within, goes over the south window of the transept, giving it a deeply recessed appearance ; and the bold buttresses, terminated with crocketed pinnacles, throw broad shadows during the afternoon, which add immensely to the charm of the building. The gargoyle s are a wonderful study in eccentricity, each one endeavouring to be more unconventional than his neighbour, and to Poulson they appeared

to be in ‘ill accord with the fastidious delicacy of the present age.’ The interior of the church is seen at its loveliest on those afternoons when that rich yellow light Mr. Dean Howells so aptly compares with the colour of the daffodil is flooding the nave and aisles, and glowing on the clustered columns. A good point of view is from the north porch, where you look into the south transept through four arcades of pillars, or from the south transept, looking towards the mellow light at the west end.

In the eastern aisles of each arm of the transept there were three chantry chapels, whose piscinæ remain. The central chapel in the south transept is a most interesting and beautiful object, having a recess for the altar, with three richly ornamented niches above. In the groined roof above, the central boss is formed into a hollow pendant of considerable interest. On the three sides are carvings representing the Annunciation, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. John the Baptist, and on the under side is a Tudor rose. Sir Henry Dryden, in the *Archæological Journal*, states that this pendant was used for a lamp to light the altar below, but he points out, at the same time, that the sacrist would have required a ladder to reach it. An alternative

suggestion made by others is that this niche contained a relic where it would have been safe even if visible. I cannot help wondering if the staircase outside the south transept, already mentioned, which makes the roof of this chapel very accessible, has any connexion with this pendant niche. Also in this transept there is a very curious staircase, zigzagging over the tower arch and giving access to the belfry and the space above the vaulting of the aisles, and, therefore, to the top of the chantry ; in the centre there is a grotesque dragon-headed corbel, and others at each end of the steps. In the north transept a hoary ladder is bracketed out above the tower arch on enormous corbels.

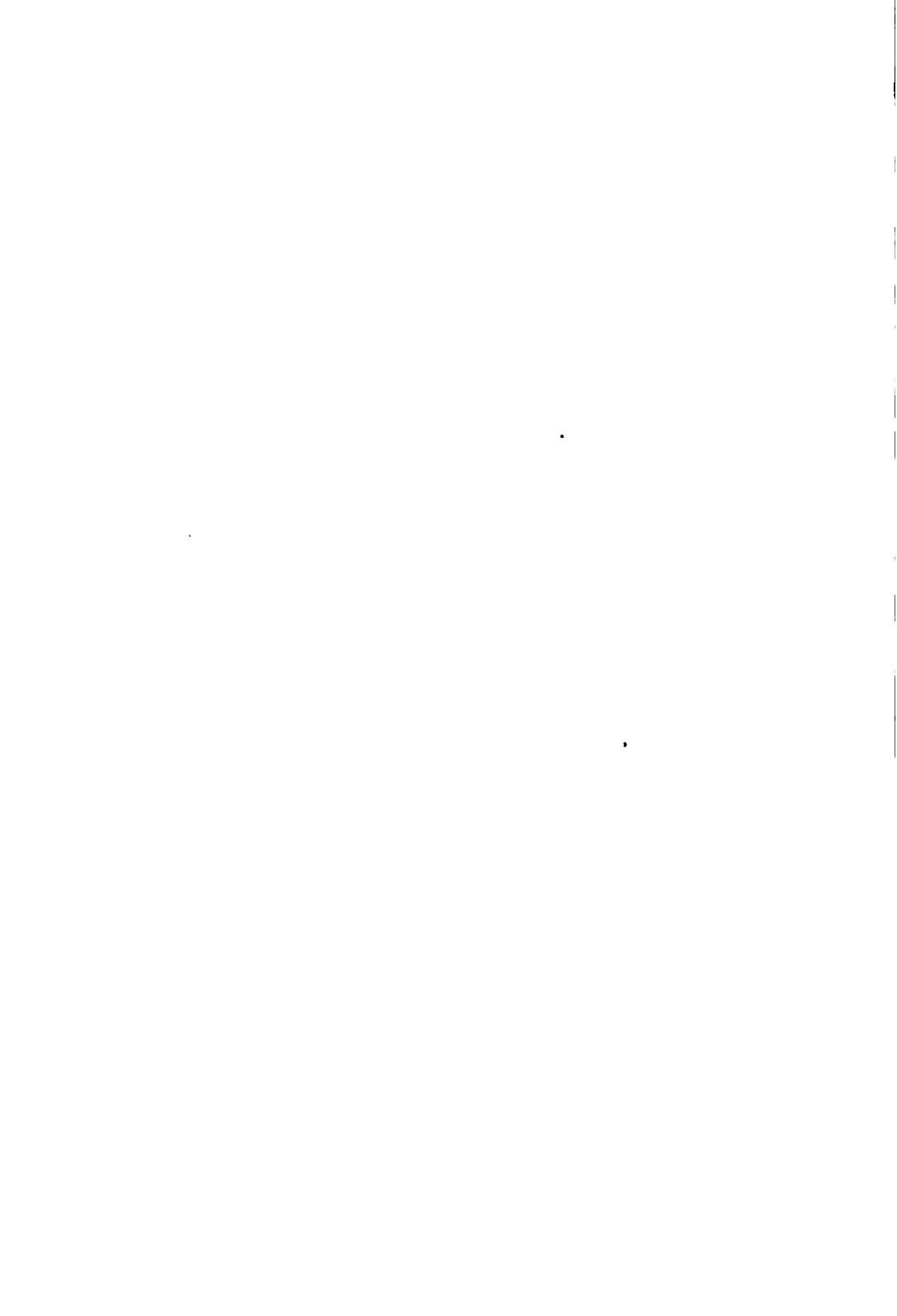
The fact that the east window belongs to a slightly later period than the rest of the church does not in any way minimize its beauty—it appears to me rather to be a crowning glory ; and its glass has a medieval richness produced only with soft colours restful and satisfying to the eye. The screen is considered to be coeval with the church, and has been restored with all the care it deserves. Yet another interest is the remarkable Easter Sepulchre to the north of the sanctuary, which has only suffered the loss of the sculpture in the upper panel. The middle portion shows our Lord coming



PATRINGTON CHURCH

KNOWN as the 'Queen of Holderness,' is one of the most beautiful village churches in England. It was almost entirely built in the Decorated period, and has aisles to its transepts and much beautiful carving.





from the tomb, with an angel on either side swinging a censer, and below the recess are slumbering soldiers.

Patrington village is of fair size, with a wide street ; and although lacking any individual houses calling for comment, it is a pleasant place, with the prevailing warm reds of roofs and walls to be found in all the Holderness towns.

On our way to Hedon, where the 'King of Holderness' awaits us, we pass Winestead Church, where Andrew Marvell was baptized in 1621, and where we may see the memorials of a fine old family—the Hildyards of Winestead, who came there in the reign of Henry VI. The well-wooded acres surrounding the old Hall of the Hildyards, although the male line died out nearly a century ago, seem still to be haunted with the memory of that redoubtable soldier, Sir Robert Hildyard, also known to history as 'Robin of Redesdale,' who, with Sir John Conyers, led the successful Lancastrian rising which resulted in the defeat and capture of the Earl of Pembroke at Edgcote.

Further on we come to Ottringham, where there is a restored stone reading-desk in the church, as at Pocklington. The tower has a spire, and so also has the church at Keyingham adjoining,

making, with Patrington, three conspicuous landmarks along the Humber.

The stately tower of Hedon's church is conspicuous from far away; and when we reach the village we are much impressed by its solemn beauty, and by the atmosphere of vanished greatness clinging to the place that was decayed even in Leland's days, when Henry VIII. still reigned.

The father of English topography found the town insulated by creeks where ships lay—

'but now men cum to it by 3 Bridges, where it is evident to se that sum Places wher the Shippes lay be over growen with Flagges and Reades; and the Haven is very sorely decayid. There were 3 Paroche Chirchis in Tyme of Mynde: but now there is but one of *S. Augustine*: but that is very fair.'

Also we are told that not far from the church garth there were remains of a castle for the defence of the place, and that

'The Town hath yet greate Privileges with a Mair and Baillives: but wher it had yn *Edwarde* the 3 Dayes many good Shippes and riche Marchaunts, now there be but a few Botes and no Marchautes of any Estimation. . . . Treuth is that when *Hulle* began to flourish, *Heddon* decaied.'

No doubt the silting up of the harbour and creeks brought down Hedon from her high place, so that the retreat of the sea in this place was scarcely less

disastrous to the town's prosperity than its advance had been at Ravenserodd ; and possibly the waters of the Humber, glutted with their rapacity close to Spurn Head, deposited much of the disintegrated town in the waterway of the other.

The exterior of the church is much discoloured and weathered, suggesting that in places an excess of moisture reaches the walls. Inside, too, there is an atmosphere of neglect, perhaps caused by the need of funds for the proper maintenance of the beautiful building. No great cost would be entailed, however, in keeping the churchyard tidy ; and the old shoes, the empty pots, and other litter near the east end, might be removed at a trifling expense. Great Driffield keeps its churchyard as a well-ordered garden, Hedon with less care than is devoted to its green. Surely the 'Mair and Bailives,' armed with the mace they believe to be the most ancient in the country, would do well to go in procession to the churchyard, and, having made a careful examination of the litter and counted the tin cans and old shoes, make an urgent report to the incumbent.

The nave of the church is Decorated, and has beautiful windows of that period. The transept is Early English, and so also is the chancel, with a

fine Perpendicular east window filled with glass of the same subtle colours we saw at Patrington.

In Preston Church, a mile to the north, are the richly carved fragments of an alabaster Easter sepulchre, or possibly a reredos, found during the restoration in 1880.

In approaching nearer to Hull, we soon find ourselves in the outer zone of its penumbra of smoke, with fields on each side of the road waiting for works and tall shafts, which will spread the unpleasant gloom of the city still further into the smiling country. The sun becomes copper-coloured, and the pure, transparent light natural to Holderness loses its vigour. Tall and slender chimneys emitting lazy coils of blackness stand in pairs or in groups, with others beyond, indistinct behind a veil of steam and smoke, and at their feet grovels a confusion of buildings sending forth jets and mushrooms of steam at a thousand points. Hemmed in by this industrial belt and compact masses of cellular brickwork, where labour skilled and unskilled sleeps and rears its offspring, is the nucleus of the Royal borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, founded by Edward I. at the close of the thirteenth century.

It would scarcely have been possible that any

survivals of the Edwardian port could have been retained in the astonishing commercial development the city has witnessed, particularly in the last century; and Hull, despite its interesting history, lays no claim to even the smallest suggestion of picturesqueness. The renaissance of English architecture is beginning to make itself felt in the chief streets, where some good buildings are taking the places of ugly fronts; and there are one or two more ambitious schemes of improvement bringing dignity into the city; but that, with the exception of two churches, is practically all.

When we see the old prints of the city surrounded by its wall defended with towers, and realize the numbers of curious buildings that filled the winding streets—the windmills, the churches and monasteries—we understand that the old Hull has gone almost as completely as Ravenserodd. It was in Hull that Michael, a son of Sir William de la Pole of Ravenserodd, its first Mayor, founded a monastery for thirteen Carthusian monks, and also built himself, in 1379, a stately house in Lowgate opposite St. Mary's Church. Nothing remains of this great brick mansion, which was described as a palace, and lodged Henry VIII. during his visit in 1540. Even St. Mary's Church has been so

largely rebuilt and restored that its interest is much diminished.

The great Perpendicular Church of Holy Trinity in the market-place is, therefore, the one real link between the modern city and the little town founded in the thirteenth century. It is a cruciform building and has a fine central tower, and is remarkable in having transepts and chancel built externally of brick as long ago as the Decorated Period. The De la Pole mansion, of similar date, was also constructed with brick—no doubt from the brickyard outside the North Gate owned by the founder of the family fortunes. The pillars and capitals of the arcades of both the nave and chancel are thin and unsatisfying to the eye, and the interior as a whole, although spacious, does not convey any pleasing sensations. The slenderness of the columns was necessary, it appears, owing to the soft and insecure ground, which necessitated a pile foundation and as light a weight above as could be devised.

William Wilberforce, the liberator of slaves, was born in 1759 in a large house still standing in High Street, and a tall Doric column surmounted by a statue perpetuates his memory, in the busiest corner of the city. The old red-brick Grammar

School bears the date 1583, and is a pleasant relief from the dun-coloured monotony of the greater part of the city. Of the walls, besieged in a half-hearted fashion during the 'Pilgrimage of Grace' trouble, and in a most determined fashion during the Civil War, nothing remains, and, our interest slackening, we suddenly realize that we have been long enough in this shipping city. It is not altogether easy to leave Hull behind, for Hessle, four miles further on, is in the suburban area. Sutton-in-Holderness, to the north, is a pretty hamlet threatened by the skirmishers of the city. In the church is a fine tomb of one of the Lords of Sutton, who owned the place almost from Domesday times until the days when Kingston-upon-Hull began to appear. A most instructive volume devoted to this one village has been written by the late Mr. Thomas Blashill.

In going westward we come, at the village of North Cave, to the southern horn of the crescent of the Wolds. All the way to Howden they show as a level-topped ridge to the north, and the lofty tower of the church stands out boldly for many miles before we reach the town. At first Howden seems a dull and somewhat disappointing town, compared with what we would have expected

to have seen surrounding a collegiate church on such imposing lines. There are too many modern houses of that unsatisfactory whity-red brick so extensively used in these parts of Yorkshire. If the houses were colour-washed, this would be unimportant, but only in rare instances is this done, and these are almost invariably the oldest buildings. The cobbled streets at the east end of the church possess a few antique houses coloured with warm ochre, and it is over and between these that we have the first close view of the ruined chancel. The east window has lost most of its tracery, and has the appearance of a great archway ; its date, together with the whole of the chancel, is late Decorated, but the exquisite little chapter-house is later still, and may be better described as early Perpendicular. It is octagonal in plan, and has in each side a window with an ogee arch above. The stones employed are remarkably large. The richly moulded arcading inside, consisting of ogee arches, has been exposed to the weather for so long, owing to the loss of the vaulting above, that the lovely detail is fast disappearing. To make a temporary roof of light rafters and boarding, covered with old or smoked tiles, and to fill the windows with plain glass, would be inexpensive,

and would not be unsightly. With this first aid carried out, there would be time to collect a sufficient sum for properly restoring this architectural gem.

The west end of the nave is a fine example of Decorated work, and shows in its turrets how much more beautiful the transepts of Beverley might have been if it had been built at a slightly later period. The tower is in two stages, and although it is all Perpendicular, the upper portion is much later than the lower. There are survivals of Early English work in the south transept, where the tombs of several members of the ancient families of Saltmarsh and Metham are of absorbing interest.

About four miles from Howden, near the banks of the Derwent, stand the ruins of Wressle Castle. In every direction the country is spread out green and flat, and, except for the towers and spires of the churches, it is practically featureless. To the north the horizon is brought closer by the rounded outlines of the wolds; everywhere else you seem to be looking into infinity, as in the Fen Country.

The castle that stands in the midst of this belt of level country is the only one in the East Riding, and although now a mere fragment of the former

building, it still retains a melancholy dignity. Since a fire in 1796 the place has been left an empty shell, the two great towers and the walls that join them being left without floors or roofs.

Wressle was one of the two castles in Yorkshire belonging to the Percys, and at the time of the Civil War still retained its feudal grandeur unimpaired. Its strength was, however, considered by the Parliament to be a danger to the peace, despite the fact that the Earl of Northumberland, its owner, was not on the Royalist side, and an order was issued in 1648 commanding that it should be destroyed. Pontefract Castle had been suddenly seized for the King in June during that year, and had held out so persistently that any fortified building, even if owned by a supporter, was looked upon as a possible source of danger to the Parliamentary Government. An order was therefore sent to Lord Northumberland's officers at Wressle commanding them to pull down all but the south side of the castle. That this was done with great thoroughness, despite the most strenuous efforts made by the Earl to save his ancient seat, may be seen to-day in the fact that, of the four sides of the square, three have totally disappeared, except for slight indications in the uneven grass.



WRESSLE CASTLE

Was one of the two great castles of the Percies in Yorkshire ; the other was at Leconfield, but only its site remains. Wressle probably dates from about 1380-90. Three sides of the quadrangular space enclosed by the buildings were destroyed by order of Parliament in 1650, and what remains is the fourth or southern side. Howden Church and the Wolds appear on the horizon.





A letter dated October 30, 1648, addressed to *Hugh Potter, Esquire*, at Northumberland House, gives a most clear account of the miserable work of destruction :

‘SIR,

‘Yours I received ; and since I writ my last, on the same daye, the Commissioners sett on workmen to pull downe and deface that stately structure. They fell upon the Constables Tower, and hath with much violence pursued the work on thursday and ffriday. Their Agents wold shewe noe care in preserveinge any of the materialls, but pitched of the Stones from the Battlements to the ground ; and the Chymneys that stood upon the Lead downe to the Leades, which made breaches through the roof where they fell. All the Battelements to the roofe, on the ffront of the Castle (excepting the High Tower over the Gate) are bett downe. What materialls could be sav’d Mr. Plaxton did sett on some Tenants to take awaye, and laye in the barne. Believee it, Sir, his Lordship hath sustain’d very deepe losses in his house ; I conceive 2000l. will not repaire the ruynes there : But I hope their work is at an end ; for this day the Major and Mr. Plaxton are sett forward to attend Major Generall Lambert with the Lord Generall’s order to him : And in the meane tyme the soldiers are to hold them of, from doinge further violence to the Castle which I wish had bin done by order 2 dayes sooner.’

The saddest part of the story concerns the portion of the buildings spared by the Cromwellians. This, we are told, remained until a century ago nearly

in the same state as in the year 1512, when Henry Percy, the fifth Earl, commenced the compilation of his wonderful Household Book. The Great Chamber, or Dining Room, the Drawing Chamber, the Chapel, and other apartments, still retained their richly-carved ceilings, and the sides of the rooms were ornamented with a ‘great profusion of ancient sculpture, finely executed in wood, exhibiting the bearings, crests, badges, and devises, of the Percy family, in a great variety of forms, set off with all the advantages of painting, gilding, and imagery.’

The chapel was in the tower shown in the picture reproduced here, and was fitted up ‘in a ruder style’ and at a more early period than the other apartments. Bishop Percy describes the sculptured badges as being still in a fair state of preservation, and mentions the motto on the ceiling: *Esperance en Dieu ma Comporte*. At that time—namely, just before the fire which has been mentioned—this chapel was used as the parish church, that building being then a mere ruin with only the west end standing at the distance of a bow-shot from the castle. Since then it has been rebuilt with red brick, and is uninteresting, save for an early tomb slab by the south door. The full measure of the destruction caused first by the Parliamentary agents,

and a century and a half later by the fire, can be gauged by reading Leland's account of the castle written in the reign of Henry VIII. He describes it as being constructed with very fair and great squared stones inside and out, and the tradition at the time was that much of it was brought from France. No subsequent writer has ventured to state whether the stone comes from Caen or any other French quarries, although its power of resisting the action of weather is so remarkable that, despite the fire and the century of total neglect which has since passed, it has a freshness—almost a newness—of aspect hardly to be expected in a castle erected probably between 1380 and 1390.

There was a moat on three sides, a square tower at each corner, and a fifth containing the gateway presumably on the eastward face. In one of the corner towers was the buttery, pantry, 'pastery,' larder, and kitchen; in the south-easterly one was the chapel; and in the two-storied building and the other tower of the south side were the chief apartments, where my lord Percy dined, entertained, and ordered his great household with a vast care and minuteness of detail. We would probably have never known how elaborate were the arrangements for the conduct and duties of every one, from

my lord's eldest son down to his lowest servant, had not the Household Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland been, by great good fortune, preserved intact. By reading this extraordinary compilation it is possible to build up a complete picture of the daily life at Wressle Castle in the year 1512 and later ; it is more than possible, for the pictures are ancillary to reading. The prices to be paid for food and many other necessities are given, also the sums given out by the treasurer to each department, and what was to be done with what remained unspent during the year.

From this account we know that the bare stone walls of the apartments were hung with tapestries, and that these, together with the beds and bedding, all the kitchen pots and pans, cloths, and odds and ends, the altar hangings, surplices, and apparatus of the chapel—in fact, every one's bed, tools, and clothing—were removed in seventeen carts each time my lord went from one of his castles to another. The following is one of the items, the spelling being typical of the whole book :

'ITEM.—Yt is Ordynyd at every Remevall that the Deyn Subdean Prestes Gentilmen and Children of my Lordes Chapell with the Yoman and Grome of the Vestry shall have apontid theime ii Cariadges at every Remevall Viz. One for

ther Beddes Viz. For vi Prests iii beddes after ii to a Bedde
For x Gentillmen of the Chapell v Beddes after ii to a Bedde
And for vi Children ii Beddes after iii to a Bedde And a Bedde
for the Yoman and Grom o' th Vestry In all xi Beddes for
the furst Cariage. And the ii^{do} Cariage for ther Aparells
and all outhter ther Stuff and to have no mo Cariage allowed
them but onely the said ii Cariages allowid theime.'

The daily life of the great nobles was carried on at this time in a scarcely less elaborate and sumptuous manner than that of the king's court, and an instance of the magnificence of the Earl of Northumberland's establishment can be taken from the *eleven* resident priests. Of these, the chief was a doctor or bachelor of divinity, who was dean of the chapel. One of the priests was my lord's secretary, another his surveyor of lands, another a master of grammar, another rode with my lord, and one was chaplain to the eldest son.

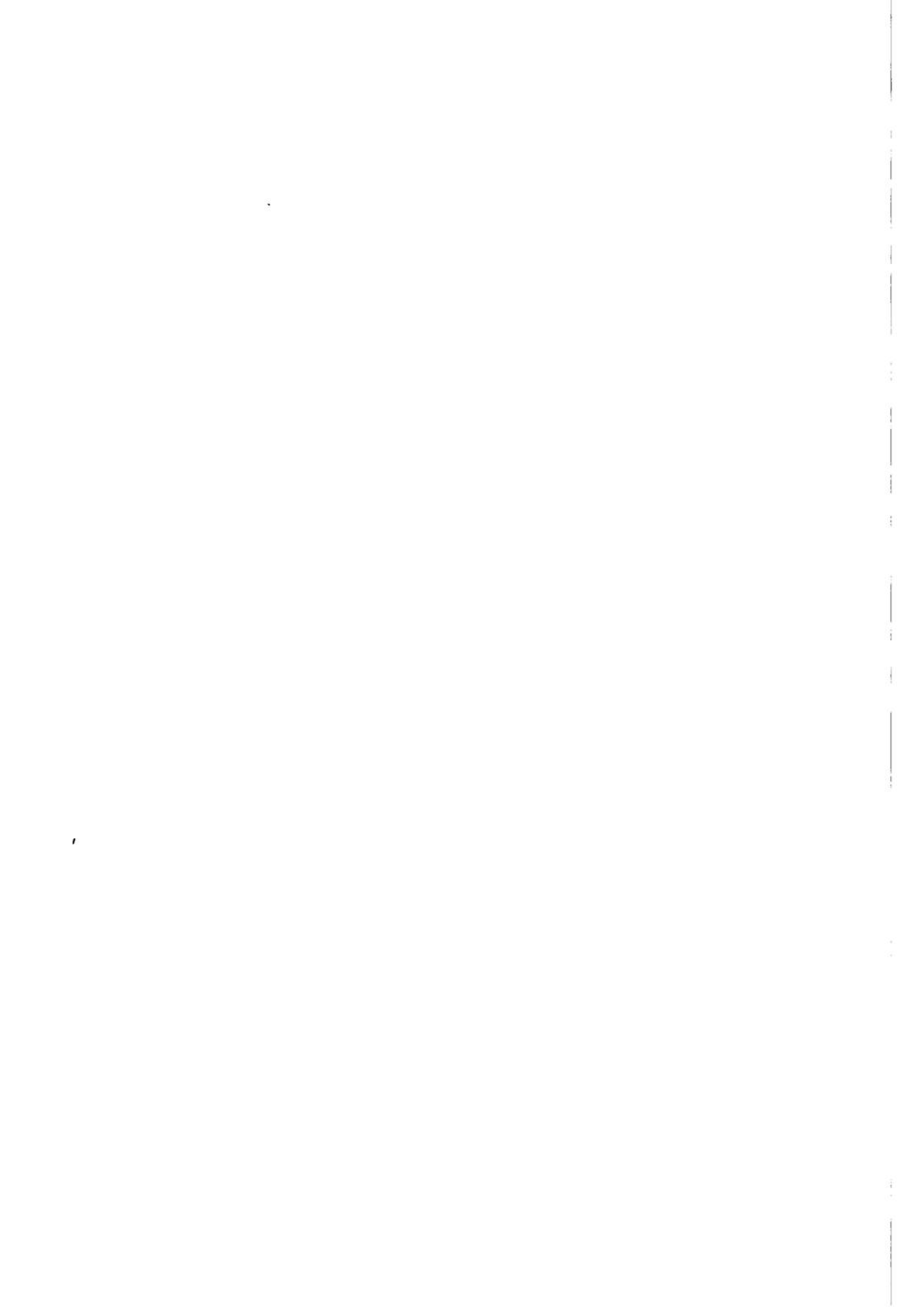
The servants were so numerous that no one had more than one duty, and when one considers the liberal food allowed to every one in the establishment, to obtain a post in my lord's household must have been an ideal for the hungry agricultural peasant, and accounts to some extent for the ease with which a feudal lord could rely upon the devoted services in peace or war of a hundred or more stout men.

There was ‘an arris-mender’ who was hourly in the wardrobe for working upon ‘my Lordis Arres and Tapstry’; a groom of the chamber looked after the two sons, ‘brushing and dressing of their stuf’; my lord’s armourer was ‘hourely in th’ Armory for dressing of his harness’; a ‘Groim Sumpterman’ attended daily at the stable to dress the sumpter-horses and ‘my Laidis Palfraies,’ and these are, of course, merely instances taken from the different types of office. The clerk of my lord’s ‘foren Expensis,’ who attended to the ‘grossing up’ of the books relating to foreign expenses, was concerned with disbursements outside the household, and not with purchases or expenses abroad, ‘alien’ being the word then used for what is now termed ‘foreign.’

We have seen the astonishingly tall spire of Hemingbrough Church from the battlements of Wressle Castle, and when we have given a last look at the grey walls and the windows, filled with their enormously heavy tracery, we betake ourselves along a pleasant lane that brings us at length to the river. Here we find a curious wooden swing-bridge, guarded by a very high white gate, with a large motor-car in difficulties with a herd of cows at the very narrow opening. From this point

the spire gives a picturesque finish to the perspective of road straight ahead, and grows more imposing as we approach the village. The cottages are scattered, and the atmosphere of the place is that of the deepest slumber. A bend of the Ouse is within half a mile, and the low-lying fields intervening were marshes before they were drained. The low wall surrounding the raised ground of the churchyard has, no doubt, been reached by the floods on many occasions. The spire is 120 feet in height, or twice that of the tower, and this hugeness is perhaps out of proportion with the rest of the building ; yet I do not think for a moment that this great spire could have been different without robbing the church of its striking and pleasing individuality. There are Transitional Norman arches at the east end of the nave, but most of the work is Decorated or Perpendicular. The windows of the latter period in the south transept are singularly happy in the wonderful amount of light they allow to flood through their pale yellow glass.

The oak bench-ends in the nave, which are carved with many devices, and the carefully repaired stalls in the choir, are Perpendicular, and no doubt belong to the period when the church was a collegiate foundation of Durham.



CHAPTER XXIII

THE DERWENT AND THE HOWARDIAN HILLS

MALTON is the only town on the Derwent, and it is made up of three separate places—Old Malton, a picturesque village; New Malton, a pleasant and old-fashioned town; and Norton, a curiously extensive suburb. The last has a Norman font in its modern church, and there its attractions begin and end. New Malton has a fortunate position on a slope well above the lush grass by the river, and in this way arranges the backs of its houses with unconscious charm. The two churches, although both containing Norman pillars and arches, have been so extensively rebuilt that their antiquarian interest is slight. Nothing remains of the castle mentioned by Leland, and even Lord Eure's great house which succeeded it was taken down before the end of the seventeenth century, before the building had had time to lose its newness. On the way to Old Malton, some huge

gateways on the right are survivals of the imposing house.

On account of its undoubted signs of Roman occupation in the form of two rectangular camps, and its situation at the meeting-place of some three or four Roman roads, New Malton has been made one of the competitors for the honour of having been the *Derventio* of the Antonine Itinerary. It is, however, far more probable that Stamford Bridge, further down the Derwent, bore that name.

Old Malton is a cheerful and well-kept village, with antique cottages here and there, roofed with mossy thatch. It makes a pretty picture as you come along the level road from Pickering, with a group of trees on the left and the tower of the Priory Church appearing sedately above the humble roofs. A Gilbertine monastery was founded here about the middle of the twelfth century, during the lifetime of St. Gilbert of Sempringham in Lincolnshire, who during the last year of his long life sent a letter to the Canons of Malton, addressing them affectionately as 'My dear sons.' His death took place at Sempringham when he was over a hundred years old, and his burial in the priory church there was witnessed by a great multitude, as well

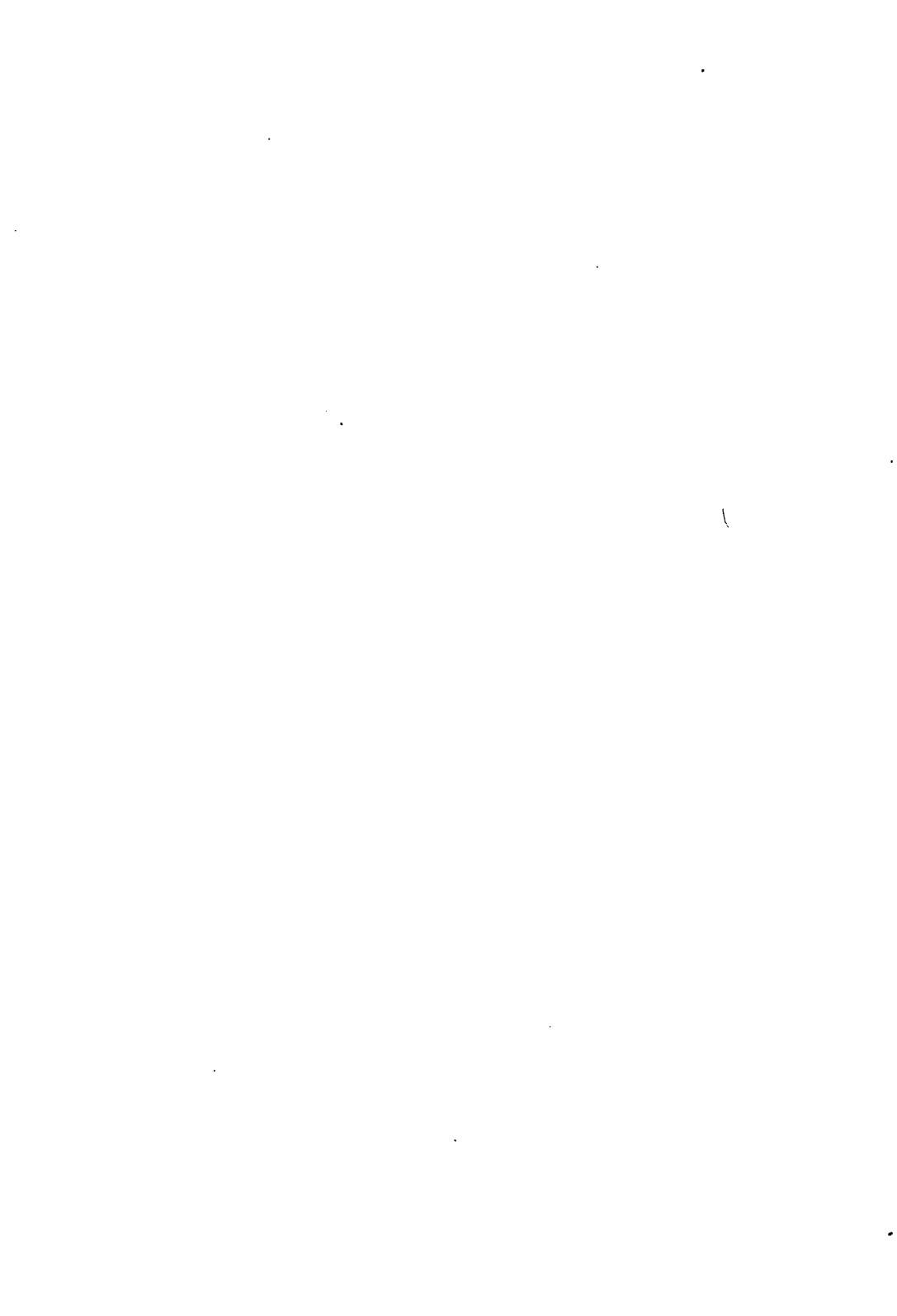
as the grief-stricken priors and abbots of his own and other orders. Very little remains of Malton Priory with the exception of the church, built at the very beginning of the Early English period. Of the two western towers, the southern one only survives, and both aisles, two bays of the nave, and everything else to the east has gone. The abbreviated nave now serves as a parish church.

Between Malton and the Vale of York there lies that stretch of hilly country we saw from the edge of the Wolds, for some time past known as the Howardian Hills, from Castle Howard which stands in their midst. The many interests that this singularly remote neighbourhood contains can be realized by making such a peregrination as we made through the Wolds.

There is no need to avoid the main road south of Malton. It has a park-like appearance, with its large trees and well-kept grass on each side, and the glimpses of the wooded valley of the Derwent on the left are most beautiful. On the right we look across the nearer grass-lands into the great park of Castle Howard, and catch glimpses between the distant masses of trees of Lord Carlisle's stately home. The old castle of the Howards having been burnt down, Vanburgh, the greatest architect of

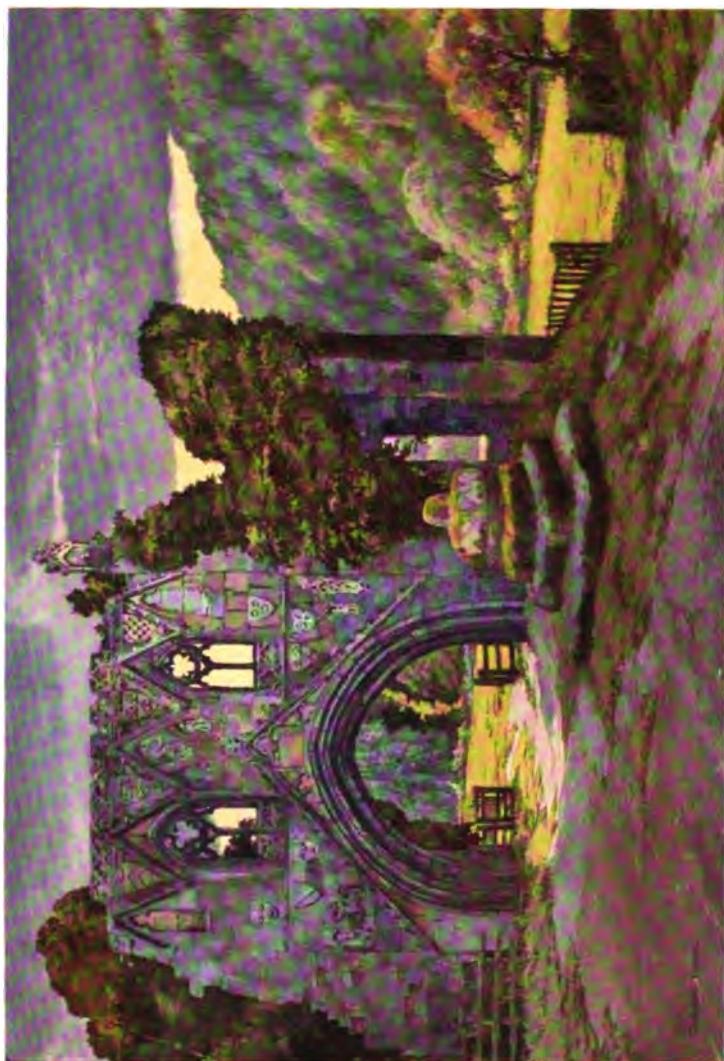
early Georgian times, designed the enormous buildings now standing. In 1772 Horace Walpole compressed the glories of the place into a few sentences. ‘ . . . I can say with exact truth,’ he writes to George Selwyn, ‘ that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanburgh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I had heard of glorious woods, and Lord Strafford alone had told me that I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire; but nobody . . . had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive; in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one.’

The style is that of the Corinthian renaissance, and Walpole’s description applies as much to-day as when he wrote. The pictures include some of the masterpieces of Reynolds, Lely, Vandyck, Rubens, Tintoretto, Canaletto, Giovanni Bellini, Domenichino and Annibale Caracci.



KIRKHAM ABBEY

THE gateway is the chief relic of this once beautiful Cistercian abbey. On the right and through the archway the Derwent can be seen flowing beneath hanging woods.



Two or three miles to the south, the road finds itself close to the deep valley of the Derwent. A short turning, embowered with tall trees whose dense foliage only allows a soft green light to filter through, goes steeply down to the river. The railway, although traversed by thundering express trains bound for York or the coast, is so hidden that it scarcely interferes with the beautiful spot where stand the ruins of Kirkham Abbey. We cross the deep and placid river by a stone bridge, and come to the Priory gateway. It is a stately ruin partially mantled with ivy, and it preserves in a most remarkable fashion the detail of its outward face. Ten shields bear the devices of Clare, Plantagenet, Ros, Greystoke, and Vaux, with others of some uncertainty, possibly including Espec, the founder of the Abbey. Through the wide pointed arch there is a glimpse of a sloping meadow backed by tall trees and the steeply rising ground just beyond the river. It appears in the picture of the gateway reproduced in these pages.

The mossy steps of the cross just outside the gateway are, according to a tradition in one of the Cottonian manuscripts, associated with the event which led to the founding of the Abbey by Walter Espec, lord of Helmsley. He had, we are told,

an only son, also named Walter, who was fond of riding with exceeding swiftness.*

One day when galloping at a great pace his horse stumbled near a small stone, and young Espec was brought violently to the ground, breaking his neck and leaving his father childless. The grief-stricken parent is said to have found consolation in the founding of three abbeys, one of them being at Kirkham, where the fatal accident took place. The stone the unfortunate boy struck in falling is, according to the legend, incorporated in the base of the cross. Unfortunately, this picturesque story lacks any confirmation from other sources, and all that is definitely known is that Walter Espec founded the priory for Austin canons early in the twelfth century.

Of the church and conventional buildings only a few fragments remain to tell us that this secluded spot by the Derwent must have possessed one of the most stately monasteries in Yorkshire. One tall lancet is all that has been left of the church ; and of the other buildings a few walls, a beautiful Decorated lavatory, and a Norman doorway alone survive.

Stamford Bridge, which is reached by no direct

* ‘*Multum delectabatur in equis velocibus equitare.*’



STAMFORD BRIDGE

THE river is the Derwent, and the bridge is no ancient. In the battle fought here in 1066 between Harold and the Norwegians, the wooden bridge which figured so conspicuously in the early part of the fight crossed the river close to the point from which this picture was made.





road from Kirkham Abbey, is so historically fascinating that we must leave the hills for a time to see the site of that momentous battle between Harold, the English King, and the Norwegian army, under Harold Hardrada and Harold's brother Tostig. The English host made their sudden attack from the right bank of the river, and the Northmen on that side, being partially armed, were driven back across a narrow wooden bridge. One Northman, it appears, played the part of Horatius in keeping the English at bay for a time. When he fell, the Norwegians had formed up their shield-wall on the left bank of the river, no doubt on the rising ground just above the village. That the final and decisive phase of the battle took place there Freeman has no doubt. The *Saga of Snorro the Norwegian* is full of detail in regard to the fight, which, however fascinating, must be considered to a very great extent mythical. Yet there are English chronicles giving certain broad facts, and with these Freeman allows us to picture something of the last victory of the English :

‘ We may see how, step by step, inch by inch, dealing blow for blow even in falling back, Northman and Scot and Fleming give way before the irresistible charge of the renowned Thingmen. We may see the golden dragon, the ensign of Cuthred and *Ælfred*, glitter on high over this its latest field

of triumph. We may hear the shouts of "Holy Rood" and "God Almighty" sound for the last time as an English host pressed on to victory. We may see two kingly forms towering high over either host. . . . We may see the banished Englishman [Tostig] defiant to the last, striking the last blow against the land which had reared him, and the brother who had striven to save him from his doom. . . . There Harold of Norway, the last of the ancient sea-kings, yielded up that fiery soul which had braved death in so many forms and in so many lands.'

The bridge of to-day is shown in the accompanying illustration, the site of its early predecessor being in the foreground of the picture, a fact plainly demonstrated by the roads on each side of the river pointing to this spot. There is a fair-sized village of low red-brick houses looking on to a green, with one side open to the river, and a water-mill, built on a natural rock foundation, rises to a great height by the weir. A sundial over the doorway is dated 1764, which is probably the year when the present mill was put up.

Stamford Bridge being, as already mentioned, the most probable site of the Roman *Derventio*, it was natural that some village should have grown up at such an important crossing of the river.

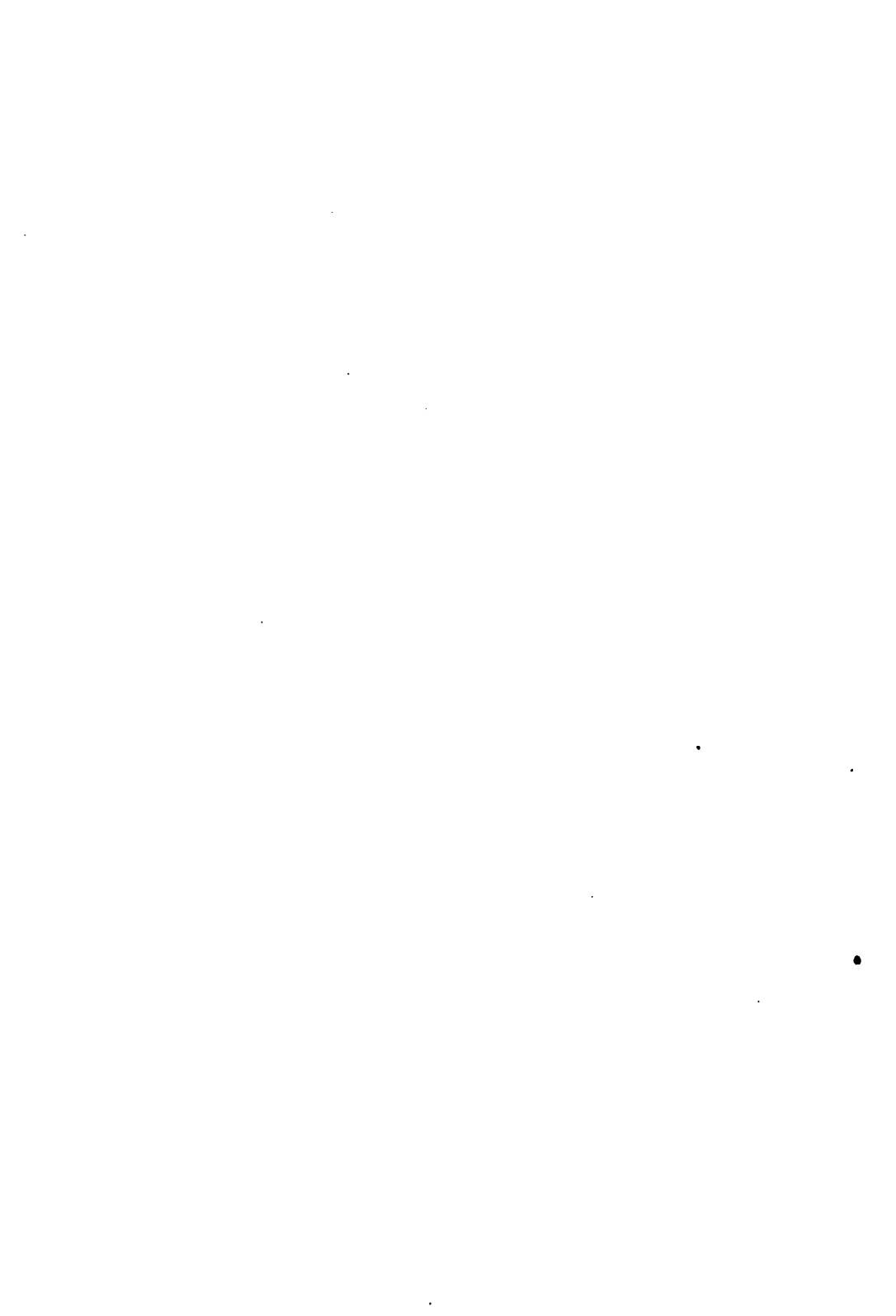
An unfrequented road through a belt of picturesque woodland goes from Stamford Bridge past Sand Hutton to the highway from York to Malton.

If we take the branch-road to Flaxton, we soon see, over the distant trees, the lofty towers of Sheriff Hutton Castle, and before long reach a silent village standing near the imposing ruins. The great rectangular space, enclosed by huge corner-towers and half-destroyed curtain walls, is now utilized as the stackyard of a farm, and the effect as we approach by a footpath is most remarkable. It seems scarcely possible that this is the castle Leland described with so much enthusiasm. ‘I saw no House in the North so like a Princely Logginges,’ he says, and also describes ‘the stately Staire up to the Haul’ as being very magnificent; ‘and so,’ he continues, ‘is the Haul it self, and al the residew of the House.’ At the south-western angle is a tower in a fair state of preservation, whose lowest story is now used for cattle, the floor being deep in straw, and elsewhere farming implements are stored under the shattered walls that threaten to fall at any time.

We come to the north-west tower, and look beyond its ragged outline to the distant country lying to the west, grass and arable land with trees appearing to grow so closely together at a short distance, that we have no difficulty in realizing that this was the ancient Forest of Galtres, which

reached from Sheriff Hutton and Easingwold to the very gates of York. The greater part of the forest, however, was, in Leland's time, only low meadows and 'morish ground ful of Carres,' while in other places it was 'reasonably woddid.' Galtres remained a royal forest until 1670, when an Act was passed for its enclosure.

In the complete loneliness of the ruins, with the silence only intensified by the sounds of fluttering wings in the tops of the towers, we in imagination sweep away the haystacks and reinstate the former grandeur of the fortress in the days of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmorland. It was he who rebuilt the Norman castle of Bertram de Bulmer, Sheriff of Yorkshire, on a grander scale. Upon the death of Warwick, the Kingmaker, in 1471, Edward IV. gave the castle and manor of Sheriff Hutton to his brother Richard, afterwards Richard III., and it was he who kept Edward IV.'s eldest child Elizabeth a prisoner within these massive walls. The unfortunate Edward, Earl of Warwick, the eldest son of George, Duke of Clarence, when only eight years old, was also incarcerated here for about three years. Richard III., the usurper, when he lost his only son, had thought of making this boy his heir, but the unfortunate



SHERIFF HUTTON CASTLE

BELONGED to Warwick the Kingmaker, and the arms of the Nevilles still appear on one of the ruined towers. Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Henry VII., was imprisoned here for a time, and also her cousin, the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, eldest son of the Duke of Clarence, who passed all except the first years of his childhood in confinement.





child was passed over in favour of John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, and remained in close confinement at Sheriff Hutton until August, 1485, when the Battle of Bosworth placed Henry VII. on the throne. Sir Robert Willoughby soon afterwards arrived at the castle, and took the little Earl to London. Princess Elizabeth was also sent for at the same time, but whether both the Royal prisoners travelled together does not appear to be recorded. The terrible pathos of this simultaneous removal from the castle lay in the fact that Edward was to play the part of Pharaoh's chief baker, and Elizabeth that of the chief butler ; for, after fourteen years in the Tower of London, the Earl of Warwick was beheaded, while the King, after five months, raised up Elizabeth to be his Queen. Even in those callous times the fate of the Prince was considered cruel, for it was pointed out after his execution that, as he had been kept in imprisonment since he was eight years old, and had no knowledge or experience of the world, he could hardly have been accused of any malicious purpose. So cut off from all the common sights of everyday life was the miserable boy that it was said 'that he could not discern a goose from a capon.'

On a commanding position raised above the

Forest of Galtres, and having a most memorable view over the whole vale of York, stand the castle and village of Crayke. Until 1844 Crayke was a detached fragment of the county of Durham, and the castle was to a great extent rebuilt in the fifteenth century by Robert Neville, Bishop of Durham. The Parliament ordered the castle to be made indefensible in 1646, and it is now partially restored as a private house. About four miles to the north we reach the beautiful neighbourhood of Coxwold and Newburgh Priory. The roads near the park are bordered by wide and beautifully kept turf, and, with afternoon sunlight throwing long shadows from the trees and turning the grass into a golden green, there could scarcely be found any more attractive approaches for a village and its park.

Some portions of the Augustinian Priory are built into one extremity of the house, and these include the walls of the kitchen and some curious carvings showing on the exterior. William of Newburgh, the historian, whose writings end abruptly in 1198—probably the year of his death—was a canon of the Priory, and spent practically his whole life there. In his preface he denounces the inaccuracies and fictions of the writings of

Geoffrey of Monmouth. At the Dissolution Newburgh was given by Henry VIII. to Anthony Belasyse, the punning motto of whose family was *Bonne et belle assez*. One of his descendants was created Lord Fauconberg by Charles I., and the peerage became extinct in 1815, on the death of the seventh to bear the title. The present owner—Sir George Wombwell, Bart.—inherited the property from his grandmother, who was a daughter of the last Lord Fauconberg. Sir George is one of the three surviving officers who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava on October 25, 1854. His account of that famous deed, written in the diary which he kept during the eleven months he was in the Crimea, is of thrilling interest. I am able to give some extracts which describe his temporary capture by the Russians :

‘Both brigades of cavalry then advanced, and an order in writing came down from Lord Raglan telling us to attack some guns, which were firing on us. . . . We broke into a gallop, every man feeling convinced that the quicker we rode through the awful shower of grape-shot, musketry, and shells which they poured into our flanks as we passed, the better chance we should have of escaping unhurt.

‘We charged up to the guns, which kept firing at us till we got up to them, and cut the Russian gunners down as they stood at their guns. The way the showers of grape

and cannister, musketry, and shells came among us was something too awful to describe ; the men were falling in heaps all round me, and every time I looked up I could see our line getting thinner and thinner, till, by the time we passed the guns and got up to the third line of Russian cavalry, we were but a mere handful. . . . My horse was shot under me, in what place I know not, but down he came. I luckily soon caught a trooper which had lost its rider, and got on his back and joined the second line, but in coming back he got quite knocked up and refused to move.

‘I at last got him into a slow walk, and was congratulating myself on having passed unseen two squadrons of Russian Lancers, when suddenly a horrid yell arose and I was surrounded by a lot of them, brandishing their swords and lances, and desiring me to throw down my sword, which, seeing resistance was useless, I did. They then seized my pistols in my holsters, and helped me in a very rough way off my wounded trooper, and marched me off a prisoner on foot between two of them, with three more behind.

‘I, of course, walked quietly with them, but seeing the 11th Hussars coming back at a gallop, when they got near I made a rush forward and luckily caught another trooper, on which I jumped and joined the 11th, and rode back with them. . . . The first person I met was the Duke of Cambridge, who, seeing me coming into camp, rode up and said, “Well done, young Wombwell.”’

The late Duke of Cambridge paid several visits to Newburgh, occupying what is generally called ‘the Duke’s Room.’ Rear-Admiral Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, whose father was George IV., died in 1856 in the bed still kept in this room. In a glass case, at the end of a long gallery crowded

with interest, are kept the uniform and accoutrements Sir George wore at Balaclava ; the missing sword and pistols bringing home vividly the reality of the incident just described.

The second Lord Fauconberg, who was raised from Viscount to the rank of Earl in 1689, was warmly attached to the Parliamentary side in the Civil War, and took as his second wife Cromwell's third daughter, Mary. This close connexion with the Protector explains the inscription upon a vault immediately over one of the entrances to the Priory. On a small metal plate is written :

'In this vault are Cromwell's bones, brought here, it is believed, by his daughter Mary, Countess of Fauconberg, at the Restoration, when his remains were disinterred from Westminster Abbey.'

The letters 'R. I. P.' below are only just visible, an attempt having been made to erase them. No one seems to have succeeded in finally clearing up the mystery of the last resting-place of Cromwell's remains. The body was exhumed from its tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, and hung on the gallows at Tyburn on January 30, 1661—the twelfth anniversary of the execution of Charles I.—and the head was placed upon a pole raised above St. Stephen's Hall, and

had a separate history, which is known. Lord Fauconberg is said to have become a Royalist at the Restoration, and if this were true, he would perhaps have been able to secure the decapitated remains of his father-in-law, after their burial at the foot of the gallows at Tyburn. It has often been stated that a sword, bridle, and other articles belonging to Cromwell are preserved at Newburgh Priory, but this has been conclusively shown to be a mistake, the objects having been traced to one of the Belasyses.

Coxwold has that air of neatness and well-preserved antiquity which is so often to be found in England where the ancient owners of the land still spend a large proportion of their time in the great house of the village. There is a very wide street, with picturesque old houses on each side, which rises gently towards the church. A great tree with twisted branches—whether oak or elm, I cannot remember—stands at the top of the street opposite the churchyard, and adds much charm to the village. The inn has recently lost its thatch, but is still a quaint little house with the typical Yorkshire gable, finished with a stone ball. On the great sign fixed to the wall are the arms and motto of the Fauconbergs, and the interior is full



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COXWOLD

LAURENCE STERNE was incumbent here for some years. The pulpit from which he preached can still be seen in the church, and his house is on the right-hand side, a little way out of the picture, beyond the elm.



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of old-fashioned comfort and cleanliness. Nearly opposite stand the almshouses, dated 1662.

The church is chiefly Perpendicular, with a rather unusual octagonal tower. In the eighteenth century the chancel was rebuilt, but the Fauconberg monuments in it were replaced. Sir William Belasyse, who received the Newburgh property from his uncle, the first owner, died in 1608, and his fine Jacobean tomb, painted in red, black and gold, shows him with a beard and ruff. His portrait hangs in one of the drawing-rooms of the Priory. The later monuments, adorned with great carved figures, are all interesting. They encroach so much on the space in the narrow chancel that a most curious method for lengthening the communion-rail has been resorted to—that of bringing forward from the centre a long narrow space enclosed within the rails. From the pulpit Laurence Sterne preached when he was incumbent here for the last eight years of his life. He came to Coxwold in 1760, and took up his abode in the charming old house he quaintly called ‘Shandy Hall.’ It is on the opposite side of the road to the church, and has a stone roof and one of those enormous chimneys so often to be found in the older farmsteads of the north of England. Sterne’s

study was the very small room on the right-hand side of the entrance doorway; it now contains nothing associated with him, and there is more pleasure in viewing the outside of the house than is gained by obtaining permission to enter.

During his last year at Coxwold, when his rollicking, boisterous spirits were much subdued, Sterne completed his ‘Sentimental Journey.’ He also relished more than before the country delights of the village, describing it in one of his letters as ‘a land of plenty.’ Every day he drove out in his chaise, drawn by two long-tailed horses, until one day his postilion met with an accident from one of his master’s pistols, which went off in his hand. ‘He instantly fell on his knees,’ wrote Sterne, ‘and said “Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name”—at which, like a good Christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it. The affair was not so bad as he had at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers (he says).’ In a letter to his daughter Lydia, who was in Paris acquiring a little French vanity, he writes: ‘My pleasures are few in compass. My poor cat sits purring beside me. Your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire; but if he is as devilish as when I first saw him, I

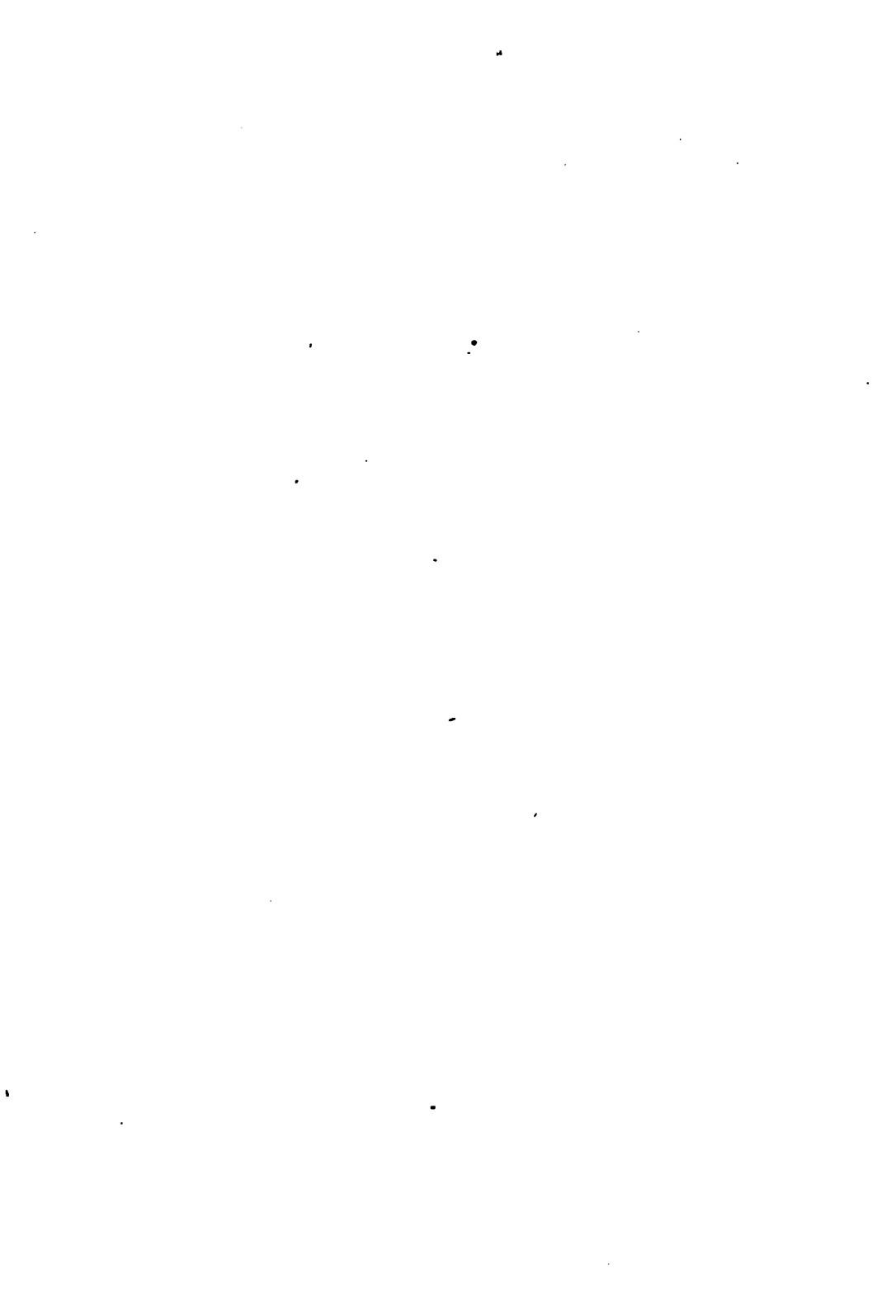
must tutor him, *for I will not have my cat abused.*
In short, I will have nothing devilish about me.'

The beautiful Hambleton Hills begin to rise up steeply about two miles north of Coxwold, and there we come upon the ruins of Byland Abbey. Their chief feature is the west end of the church, with its one turret pointing a finger to the heavens, and the lower portion of a huge circular window, without any sign of tracery. This fine example of Early English work is illustrated here. The whole building appears to be the original structure built soon after 1177, for it shows everywhere the transition from Norman to Early English which was taking place at the close of the twelfth century. The founders were twelve monks and an abbot, named Gerald, who left Furness Abbey in 1184, and after some vicissitudes came to the notice of Gundreda, the mother of Roger de Mowbray, either by recommendation or by accident. One account pictures the holy men on their way to Archbishop Thurstan at York, with all their belongings in one wagon drawn by eight oxen, and describes how they chanced to meet Gundreda's steward as they journeyed near Thirsk. Through Gundreda the monks went to Hode, and after four years received land at Old Byland, where

they wished to build an abbey. This position was found to be too close to Rievaulx, whose bells could be too plainly heard, so that five years later the restless community obtained a fresh grant of land from De Mowbray, at a place called Stocking, where they remained until they came to Byland.

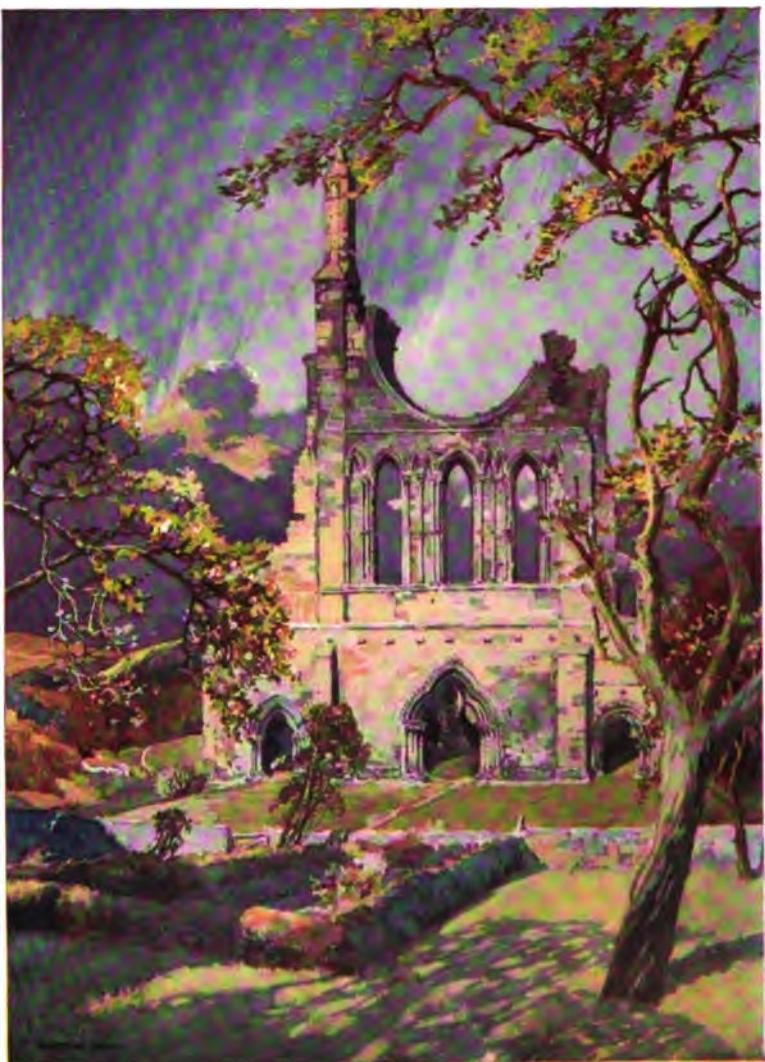
Great heaps of fallen masonry, grown over with grass, now fill the nave and transepts, and it is quite possible that a much better idea of the church could be obtained if a thorough examination were made. There are no restrictions to the promiscuous curio-hunters, who smash pieces of moulding off the bases of exposed columns, to take away as mementoes to be kept for a season and then thrown away. Almost any of the roads to the east go through surprisingly attractive scenery. There are heathery commons, roads embowered with great spreading trees, or running along open hill-sides, and frequently lovely views of the Hambletons and more distant moors in the north.

In scenery of this character stands Gilling Castle, the seat of the Fairfaxes for some three centuries. It possesses one of the most beautiful Elizabethan dining rooms to be found in this country. The walls are panelled to a considerable height, the remaining space being filled with paintings of



BYLAND ABBEY

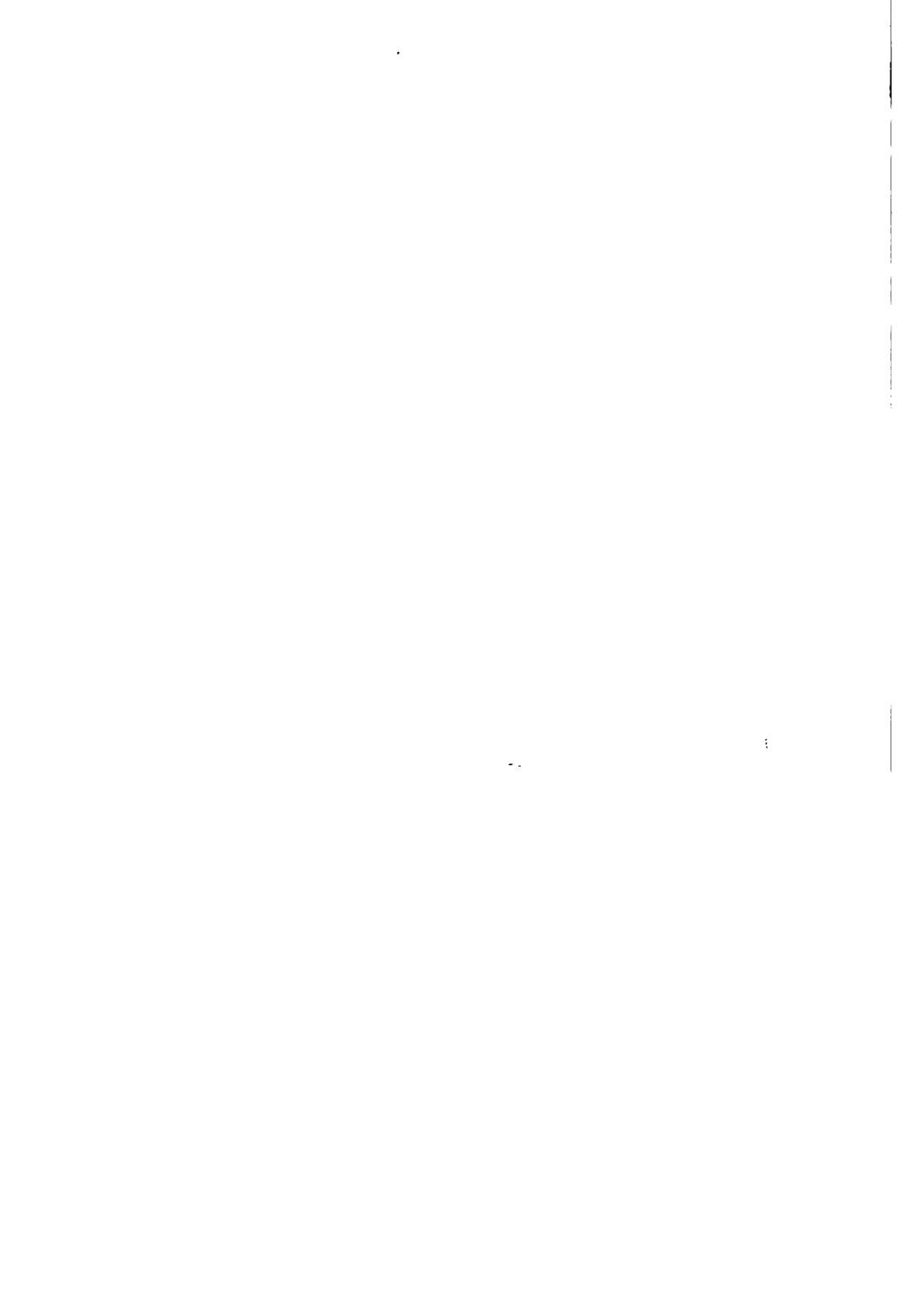
THE west end of the ruined church is shown in the picture. It is Early English, while most of the structure is Transitional Norman. Byland was a Cistercian abbey.



decorative trees, one for each wapentake of Yorkshire. Each tree is covered with the coats of arms of the great families of that time in the wapentake. The brilliant colours against the dark green of the trees form a most suitable relief to the uniform brown of the panelling. In addition to the charm of the room itself, the view from the windows into a deep hollow clothed with dense foliage, with a distant glimpse of country beyond, is unlike anything I have seen elsewhere.

Stonegrave church is notable for its pre-Norman crosses, and incorporated in the walls of Barton-le-Street's modern church is a marvellously fine collection of Norman carved stones from the former building. The most notable are in the shelter of the north porch, and are thus preserved from the weather.

Before reaching Barton-le-Street on our way back to Malton, after completing this large circle of exploration, we pass through the pretty village of Slingsby, where the ruins of its castle show their ivy-clad outline. Although the site is probably ancient, the existing walls are not earlier than the seventeenth century. It is, in fact, stated that this house—for it is scarcely a castle—was building at the time of the Civil War, and was never completed or even occupied at any time.



CHAPTER XXIV

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF YORK

To thoroughly master the story of the city of York is to know practically the whole of English history. Its importance from the earliest times has made York the centre of all the chief events that have taken place in the North of England ; and right up to the time of the Civil War the great happenings of the country always affected York, and brought the northern capital into the vortex of affairs. And yet, despite the prominent part the city has played in ecclesiastical, military, and civil affairs through so many centuries of strife, it has contrived to retain a medieval character in many ways unequalled by any town in the kingdom. This is due, in a large measure, to the fortunate fact that York is well outside the area of coal and iron, and has never become a manufacturing centre, the few factories it now possesses being unable to rob the city of its romance and charm.

There could scarcely be a better approach to such a city than that furnished by the railway-station. Immediately outside the building, we are confronted with a sloping grassy bank, crowned with a battlemented wall, and we discover that only through its bars and posterns can we enter the city, and feast our eyes on the relics of the Middle Ages within. It is no dummy wall put up to please visitors, for right down to the siege of 1644, when the Parliamentary army battered Walmgate Bar with their artillery, it has withstood many assaults and investments. Repairs and restorations have been carried out at various times during the last century, and additional arches have been inserted by the bars and where openings have been made necessary, luckily without robbing the walls of their picturesqueness or interest. The bright, creamy colour of the stonework is a pleasant reminder of the purity of York's atmosphere, for should the smoke of the city ever increase to the extent of even the smaller manufacturing towns, the beauty and glamour of every view would gradually disappear.

Of the Roman town called Eburacum there still remain parts of the wall and the lower portion of a thirteen-sided tower, showing that the walled

area of York in Roman times was scarcely a fifth of the medieval city.

The four chief gateways and the one or two posterns and towers have each a particular fascination, and when we begin to taste the joys of York, we cannot decide whether the Minster, the gateways, the narrow streets full of overhanging houses, or the churches, all of which we know from prints and pictures, call us most. In our uncertainty we reach a wide arch across the roadway, and on the inner side find a flight of stone steps leading to the top of the wall. We climb them, and find spread out before us our first notable view of the city. The battlemented stone parapet of the wall stops at a tower standing on the bank of the river, and on the further side rises another, while above the old houses, closely packed together beyond Lendal Bridge, appear the stately towers of the Minster.

On the plan of keeping the best wine until the last, we turn our backs to the Minster and go along the wall, trying to imagine the scene when open country came right up to encircling fortifications, and within were to be found only the picturesque houses of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, many of them new in those days, and yet so admirably designed as to be beautiful with-

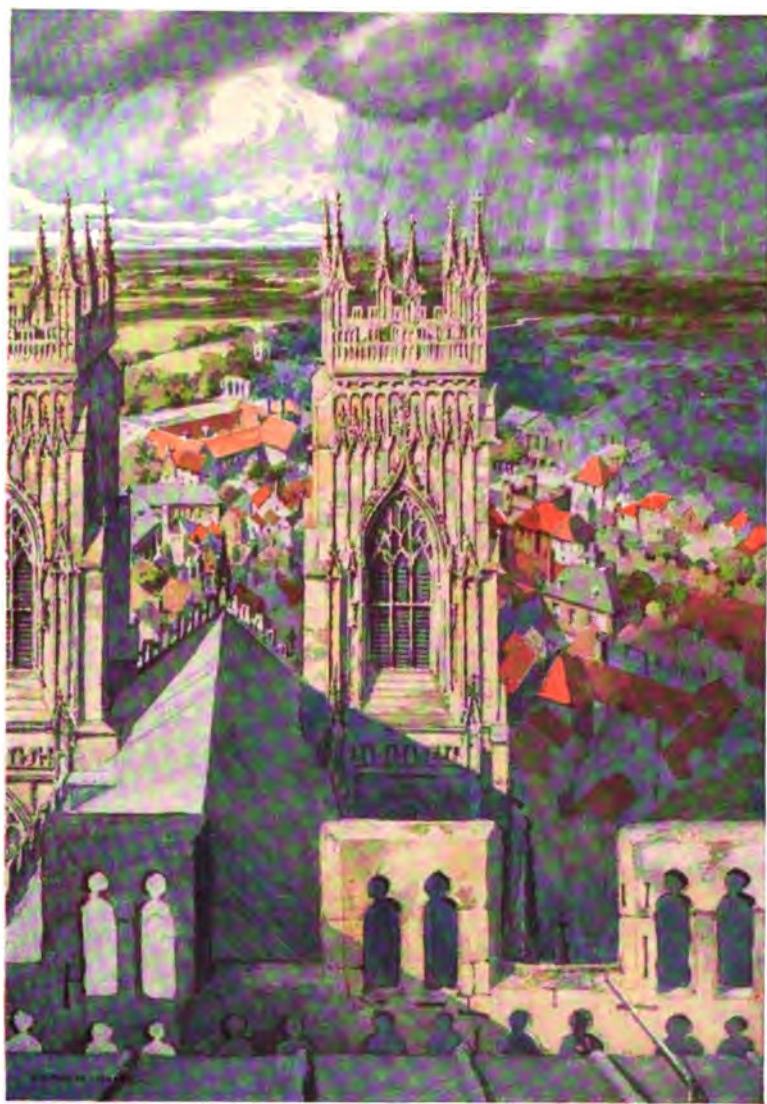
out the additional charm of age. Then, suddenly, we find no need to imagine any longer, having reached the splendid twelfth-century structure of Micklegate Bar. Its bold turrets are pierced with arrow-slits, and above the battlements are three stone figures. The archway is a survival of the Norman city. In gazing at this imposing gateway, which confronted all who approached York from the south, we seem to hear the clanking sound of the portcullis as it is raised and lowered to allow the entry of some Plantagenet sovereign and his armed retinue, and, remembering that above this gate were fixed the dripping heads of Richard, Duke of York, after his defeat at Wakefield ; the Earl of Devon, after Towton, and a long list of others of noble birth, we realize that in those times of pageantry, when the most perfect artistry appeared in costume, in architecture, and in ornament of every description, there was a blood-thirstiness that makes us shiver.

The wall stops short at Skeldergate Bridge, where we cross the river and come to the castle. There is a frowning gateway that boasts no antiquity, and the courtyard within is surrounded by the eighteenth-century assize courts, a military prison, and the governor's house. Hemmed in by



YORK FROM THE MINSTER

THE view is taken from the great central tower, whose parapet shows in the foreground with the roof of the nave and western towers beyond. Bootham Bar and part of the city wall are on the right, and between the towers can be seen the roofs of the Tudor building known as the King's Manor.



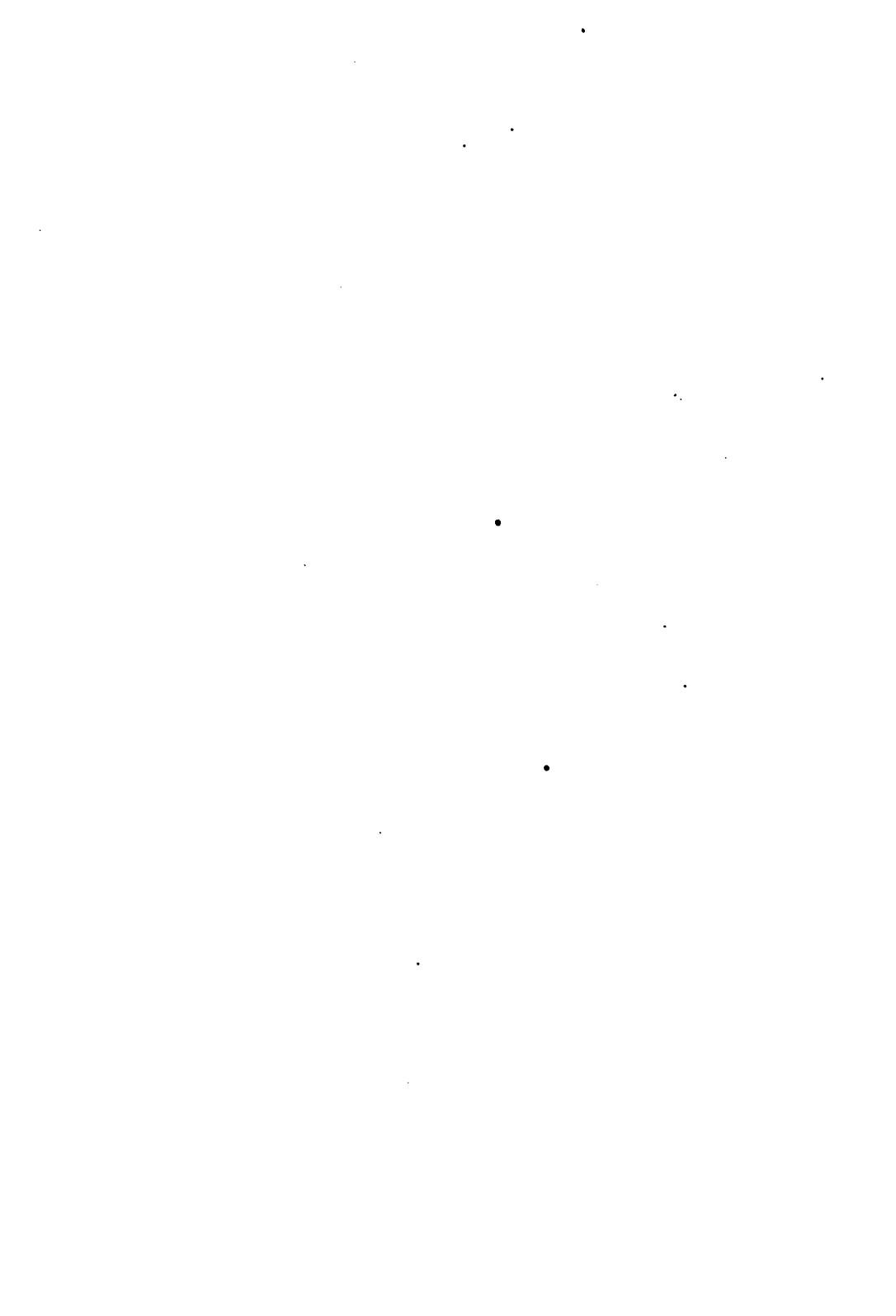
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these buildings and a massive wall is the artificial mound surmounted by the tottering castle keep. It is called Clifford's Tower because Francis Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, restored the ruined walls in 1642. The Royal Arms and those of the Cliffords can still be seen above the doorway, but the structure as a whole dates from the twelfth century, and in 1190 was the scene of a horrible tragedy, when the people of York determined to massacre the Jews. Those merchants who escaped from their houses with their families and were not killed in the streets fled to the castle, but finding that they were unable to defend the place, they burnt the buildings and destroyed themselves. A few exceptions consented to become Christians, but were afterwards killed by the infuriated towns-people.

On the opposite side of the Foss, a stream that joins the Ouse just outside the city, the walls recommence at the Fishergate Postern, a picturesque tower with a tiled roof. After this the line of fortifications turns to the north, and Walmgate Bar shows its battlemented turrets and its barbican, the only one which has survived. The gateway itself, on the outside, is very similar in design to Micklegate and Monk Bars, and was

built in the thirteenth century ; inside, however, the stonework is hidden behind a quaint Elizabethan timber front supported on two pillars. This gate, as already mentioned, was much battered during the siege of 1644, which lasted six weeks. It was soon after the Royalist defeat at Marston Moor that York capitulated, and fortunately Sir Thomas Fairfax gave the city excellent terms, and saved it from being plundered. Through him, too, the Minster suffered very little damage from the Parliamentary artillery, and the only disaster of the siege was the spoiling of Marygate Tower, near St. Mary's Abbey, many of the records it contained being destroyed. Numbers were saved through the rewards Fairfax offered to any soldier who rescued a document from the rubbish, and as the transcribing of all the records had just been completed by one Dodsworth, to whom Fairfax had paid a salary for some years, the loss was reduced to a minimum.

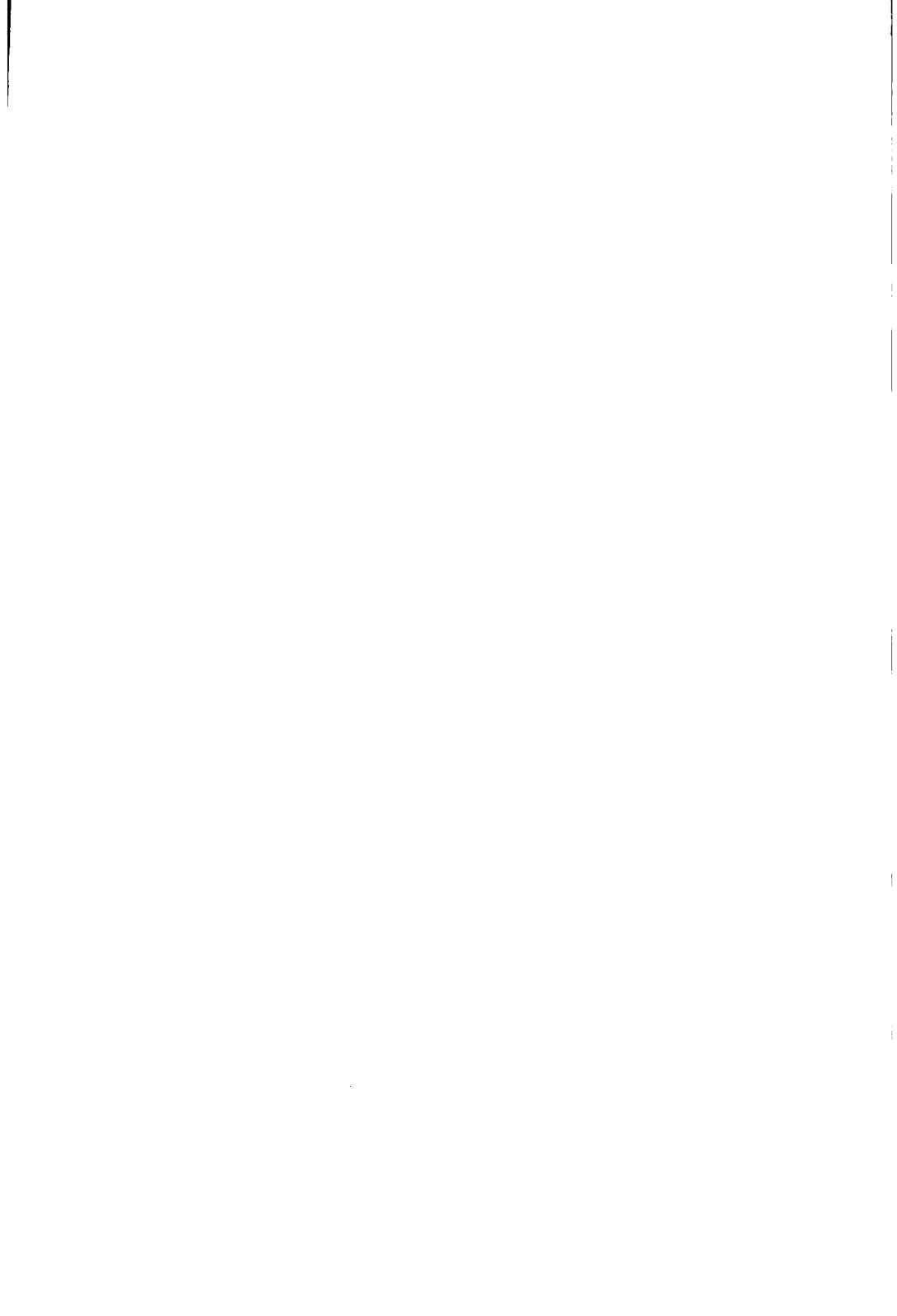
Walngate leads straight to the bridge over the Foss, and just beyond we come to fine old Merchants' Hall, established in 1378 by John de Rowcliffe. The panelled rooms and the chapel, built early in the fifteenth century, and many interesting details, are beautiful survivals of the days when the trade guilds of the city flourished. On



STONEGATE, YORK

Is typical of the old streets of the city, with their over-hanging upper storeys and quaint windows. The south transept of the minster shows at the end of the street.

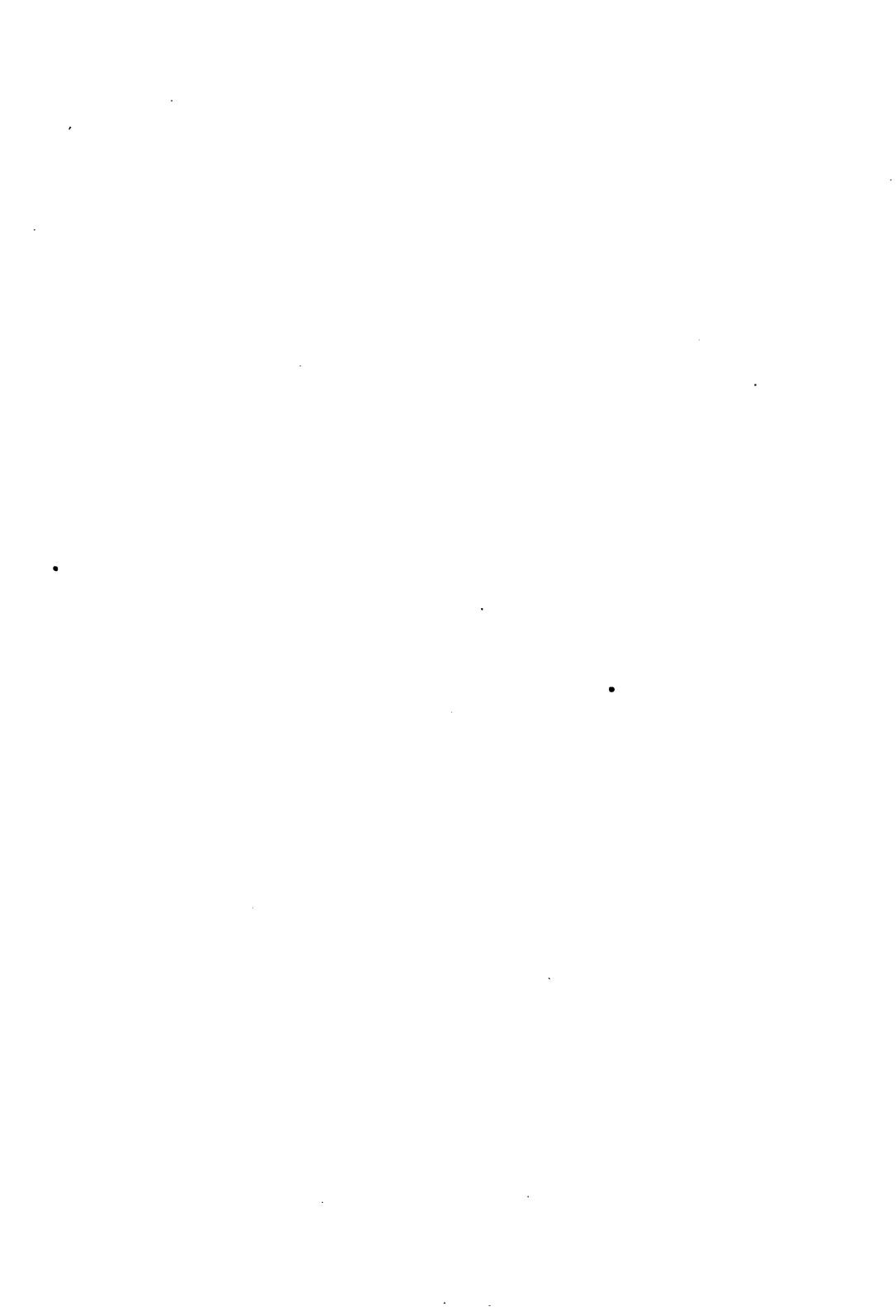




the left, a few yards further on, at the corner of the Pavement, is the interesting little church of All Saints, whose octagonal lantern was illuminated at night as a guiding light to travellers on their way to York. The north door has a sanctuary knocker.

The narrowest and most antique of the old streets of York are close to All Saints' Church, and the first we enter is the Shambles, where butchers' shops with slaughter-houses behind still line both sides of the way. On the left, as we go towards the Minster, one of the shops has a depressed ogee arch of oak, and great curved brackets across the passage leading to the back. All the houses are timber-framed, and either plastered and coloured with warm ochre wash, or have the spaces between the oak filled with dark red brick. In the Little Shambles, too, there are many curious details in the high gables, pargeting and oriel windows. Petergate is a charming old street, though not quite so rich in antique houses as Stonegate, illustrated here. A large number of the shops in Stonegate sell 'antiques,' and, as the pleasure of buying an old pair of silver candlesticks is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that the purchase will be associated with the old-

world streets of York, there is every reason for believing that these quaint houses are in no danger. In walking through these streets we are very little disturbed by traffic, and the atmosphere of centuries long dead seems to surround us. We constantly get peeps of the great central tower of the Minster or the Early English south transept, and there are so many charming glimpses down passages and along narrow streets that it is hard to realize that we are not in some town in Normandy such as Lisieux or Falaise, and yet those towns have no walls, and Falaise has only one gateway, and Lisieux none. It is surely justifiable to ask, in Kingsley's words, 'Why go gallivanting with the nations round' until you have at least seen what England can show at York and Chester? Skirting the west end of the Minster, and having a close view of its two towers built in late Perpendicular times, which are not so beautiful as those at Beverley, we come to what is in many ways the most romantic of all the medieval survivals of York. There is an open space faced by Bootham Bar, the chief gateway towards the north; behind are the weathered red roofs of many antique houses, and beyond them rises the stately mass of the Minster. The barbican was removed in 1881, and the interior has been



BOOTHAM BAR, YORK

Is one of the most perfect survivals of the medieval city. The minster towers show in the background. Travellers going northwards through the forest of Galtres left the city by this gate, and armed guides could be obtained to protect them from wolves while they passed through the forest.



much restored, without, however, destroying its fascination. We can still see the portcullis and look out of the narrow windows through which the watchmen have gazed in early times at approaching travellers. It was at this gateway that armed guides could be obtained to protect those who were journeying northwards through the Forest of Galtres, where wolves were to be feared in the Middle Ages.

Facing Bootham Bar is a modern public building judiciously screened by trees, and adjoining it to the south stands the beautiful old house where, before the Dissolution, the abbots of St. Mary's Abbey lived in stately fashion.

When Henry VIII. paid his one visit to York it was after the Pilgrimage of Grace led by Robert Aske, who was hanged on one of the gates. The citizens who had welcomed the rebels pleaded pardon, which was granted three years afterwards ; but Henry appointed a council, with the Duke of Norfolk as its president, which was held in the Abbot's house, and resulted in the Mayor and Corporation losing most of their powers. The beautiful fragments of St. Mary's Abbey are close to the river, and the site is now included in the museum grounds. In the museum building itself

there is a wonderfully fine collection of Roman coffins, dug up when the new railway-station was being built. One inscription is particularly interesting in showing that the Romans set up altars in their palaces, thus explaining the reason for the Jews refusing to enter the prætorium at Jerusalem when Christ was made prisoner, because it was the Feast of the Passover.

We can see the restored front of the Guildhall overlooking the river from Lendal Bridge, which adjoins the gates of the Abbey grounds, but to reach the entrance we must go along the street called Lendal and turn into a narrow passage. The hall was put up in 1446, and is therefore in the Perpendicular style. A row of tall oak pillars on each side support the roof and form two aisles. The windows are all filled with excellent modern stained glass representing several incidents in the history of the city, from the election of Constantine to be Roman Emperor, which took place at York in A.D. 306, down to the great dinner to the Prince Consort, held in the hall in 1850.

The Church of St. Michael Spurriergate, built at the same period as the Guildhall, is curiously similar in its interior, having only a nave and aisles. The stone pillars are so slight that they are scarcely of

much greater diameter than the wooden ones in the civic structure, and some of them are perilously out of plumb. There is much old glass in the windows.

St. Margaret's Church has a splendid Norman doorway carved with the signs of the zodiac; St. Mary's Castlegate is an Early English or Transitional building transformed and patched in Perpendicular times; St. Mary's Bishophill Junior has a most interesting tower, partially Roman, and adapted to its present purpose in Saxon times, and the list could be prolonged for many pages if there were space.

We finally come back to the Minster, and entering by the south transept door, realize at once in the dim immensity of the interior that we have reached the crowning splendour of York. The great organ is filling the lofty spaces with solemn music, carrying the mind far beyond petty things, and making it seem almost undesirable to inquire into the dates and periods of construction of one of the most glorious buildings ever raised to the glory of God.

Edwin's wooden chapel, put up in 627 for his baptism into the Christian Church nearly thirteen centuries ago, and almost immediately replaced by a stone structure, has gone, except for some

possible fragments in the crypt. Vanished, too, is the building that was standing when, in 1069, the Danes sacked and plundered York, leaving the Minster and city in ruins, so that the great church as we see it belongs almost entirely to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the towers being still later.

CHAPTER XXV

THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICT

IN the south-western parts of Yorkshire there still remains sufficient unspoiled scenery to remind us that, before industrialism claimed this area, it was as picturesque as many parts of the North Riding. No landscape in the world can remain beautiful when its atmosphere is polluted with grime, when ugly black villages are huddled near big factories and tall shafts, and when once luxuriant vegetation is blighted by sulphurous vapours. If a government brought into power with a mandate for beautifying England seriously set to work, no doubt smoke, the greatest trouble of all, could be dealt with by the compulsory use of some improved form of smoke-destructor. Following on this would come a thousand boons, and perhaps before another century had passed, in a clearer atmosphere, men might see things plainer, and light those Beltane fires in which Mr. H. G. Wells

pictures the destruction of all the ugliness in this country.

Smoke and blackness being allowed to have its own happy-go-lucky way, we find, even on the very outskirts of the manufacturing district, that the towns are not exactly the places we should choose in selecting an objective for a vacation. Thus, Selby, although surrounded by pleasant unspoiled country, seems infected by the smoky towns a few miles to the west, and has black roads and the unsatisfactory suggestion of poverty everywhere. The great abbey church shows its long roof-line over dull houses, and does its best to make up for the deficiencies of the town. In this it is not very successful, having only a low central tower, and the severe character of the Norman and Early English work of the western half deprives the building of any outline which would relieve the monotonous appearance of the town. Even the Ouse adds no charm to Selby, for its sluggish waters flow between muddy banks without a trace of the picturesque. There is only one place where we can forget the sense of disappointment Selby gives, and that is inside the abbey church, where now, alas! the transepts and choir are still in the hands of masons and carpenters, who are renewing

the stone and wood destroyed in the recent fire. Buildings of this character seem almost as though they could not be burnt, and probably if the choir roof had been vaulted with stone, as appears to have been originally intended, the fire would have been confined to the north transept and the chapel adjoining, where the newly constructed organ was being completed.

It was before midnight on October 19, 1906, that the flames were first seen bursting from the Latham Chapel, where the organ was placed. The Selby fire brigade with their small engine were confronted with a task entirely beyond their powers, and though the men worked heroically, they were quite unable to prevent the fire from spreading to the roofs of the chancel and nave, and consuming all that was inflammable within the tower. By about three in the morning fire-engines from Leeds and York had arrived, and with a copious supply of water from the river, it was hoped that the double roof of the nave might have been saved, but the fire had obtained too fierce a hold, and by 4.30 a correspondent telegraphed :

'The flames are through the west-end roof. The whole building will now be destroyed from end to end. The flames are pouring out of the roof, and the lead of the roof is running

down in molten streams. The scene is magnificent but pathetic, and the whole of the noble building is now doomed. The whole of the inside is a fiery furnace. The seating is in flames, and the firemen are in considerable danger if they stay any longer, as the false roof is now burned through.

'The false roof is falling in, and the flames are ascending 30 feet above the building. Dense clouds of smoke are pouring out.'

About the same time the timbers in the tower were burnt to such an extent that they could no longer support the weight above.

'The falling of the bells from the tower provided one of the most exciting incidents. They came down into the already ruined mass with a great crash, and sent up a tremendous shower of sparks, which flew to a great height into the air, and, spreading out, fell like a great firework display over the river.'

When the fire was vanquished, it had practically completed its work of destruction. Besides reducing to charred logs and ashes all the timber in the great building, the heat had been so intense that glass windows had been destroyed, tracery demolished, carved finials and capitals reduced to powder, and even the massive piers by the north transept, where the furnace of flame reached its maximum intensity, became so calcined and cracked

that they were left in a highly dangerous condition.

Only a day or two before this disaster I spent some hours in the abbey church, wandering through the dark Norman aisles and the less sombre chancel, noting many beautiful features which I little realized would cease to exist in a very few days. When I next visited Selby, it was to find the churchyard converted into a mason's workshop, and the interior of the building filled with a complicated mass of timber framework, supporting the cracked and calcined masonry.

Fortunately the splendid Norman nave was not badly damaged, and after a new roof had been built, it was easily made ready for holding services. The two bays nearest to the transept are early Norman, and on the south side the massive circular column is covered with a plain grooved diaper-work, almost exactly the same as may be seen at Durham Cathedral. All the rest of the nave is Transitional Norman except the Early English clerestory, and is a wonderful study in the progress from early Norman to Early English.

On the floor on the south side of the nave by one of the piers is a slab to the memory of a maker of grave-stones, worded in this quaint fashion.

'Here Lyes ye Body of poor Frank Raw
 Parish Clark and Gravestone Cutter
 And ys is writt to let yw know :
 Wh^t Frank for Oth^{rs} us'd to do,
 Is now for Frank done by Another.
 Buried March ye 31, 1706.'

A stone on the floor of the retro-choir to John Johnson, master and mariner, dated 1787, is crowded with nautical metaphor.

'Tho' Boreas with his Blustering blasts
 Has tost me to and fro,
 Yet by the handy work of God
 I'm here Inclos'd below
 And in this Silent Bay I lie
 With many of our Fleet
 Untill the Day that I Set Sail
 My Admiral Christ to meet.'

The great Perpendicular east window was considered by Pugin to be one of the most beautiful of its type in England, and the risk it ran of being entirely destroyed during the fire was very great. The design of the glass illustrates the ancestry of Christ from Jesse, and a considerable portion of it is original.

Of the grave-slabs of the abbots of Selby, the earliest is that of Alexander, who held the office from 1214 to 1221. In the floor of the north aisle

of the choir is a very much mutilated alabaster slab to that abbot—John de Shireburn—who, it will be remembered, was one of the chief witnesses in the great law-suit in the fourteenth century between Lord Scrope of Bolton Castle in Wensleydale and Sir Robert Grosvenor, as to the right to bear the arms '*azure, a bend or.*' Shireburn stated that those arms were in the porch of the infirmary of Selby Abbey, and that they were always attributed to the Scropes, in whose favour the case was decided. William Pygot, who was the next abbot, succeeded in 1407; John Cave followed him in 1429, and both are buried near Abbot Shireburn. A terribly mutilated effigy of a knight in chain-armour is also preserved in the choir. Head, arms, and legs are missing, but the arms on the surcoat are those of Saltmarshe, and the figure no doubt represented one of the members of that ancient family.

Although it cannot be denied that Selby Abbey suffered severely in the great conflagration of two years ago, yet its greatest association with history, the Norman nave, is still intact. At the eastern end of the nave we can still look upon the ponderous arches of the Benedictine Abbey Church, founded by William the Conqueror in 1069 as a mark of his gratitude for the success of his arms in

the north of England, even as Battle Abbey was founded in the south.

Going to the west as far as Pontefract, we come to the actual borders of the coal-mine and factory-bestrewn country. Although the history of Pontefract is so detailed and so rich, it has long ago been robbed of nearly every building associated with the great events of its past, and its present appearance is intensely disappointing. The town stands on a hill, and has a wide and cheerful market-place possessing an eighteenth-century ‘cross’ on big open arches. It is a plain, classic structure, ‘erected by Mrs. Elisabeth Dupier Relict of Solomon Dupier, Gent, in a cheerful and generous Compliance with his benevolent Intention An^o Dom’ 1784.’

The castle stood at the northern end of the town on a rocky eminence just suited for the purposes of an early fortress, but of the stately towers and curtain walls which have successively been reared above the scarp, practically nothing besides foundations remains. The base of the great round tower, prominent in all the prints of the castle in the time of its greatest glory, fragments of the lower parts of other towers and some dungeons or magazines are practically the only features of the historic site that the imagination finds to feed

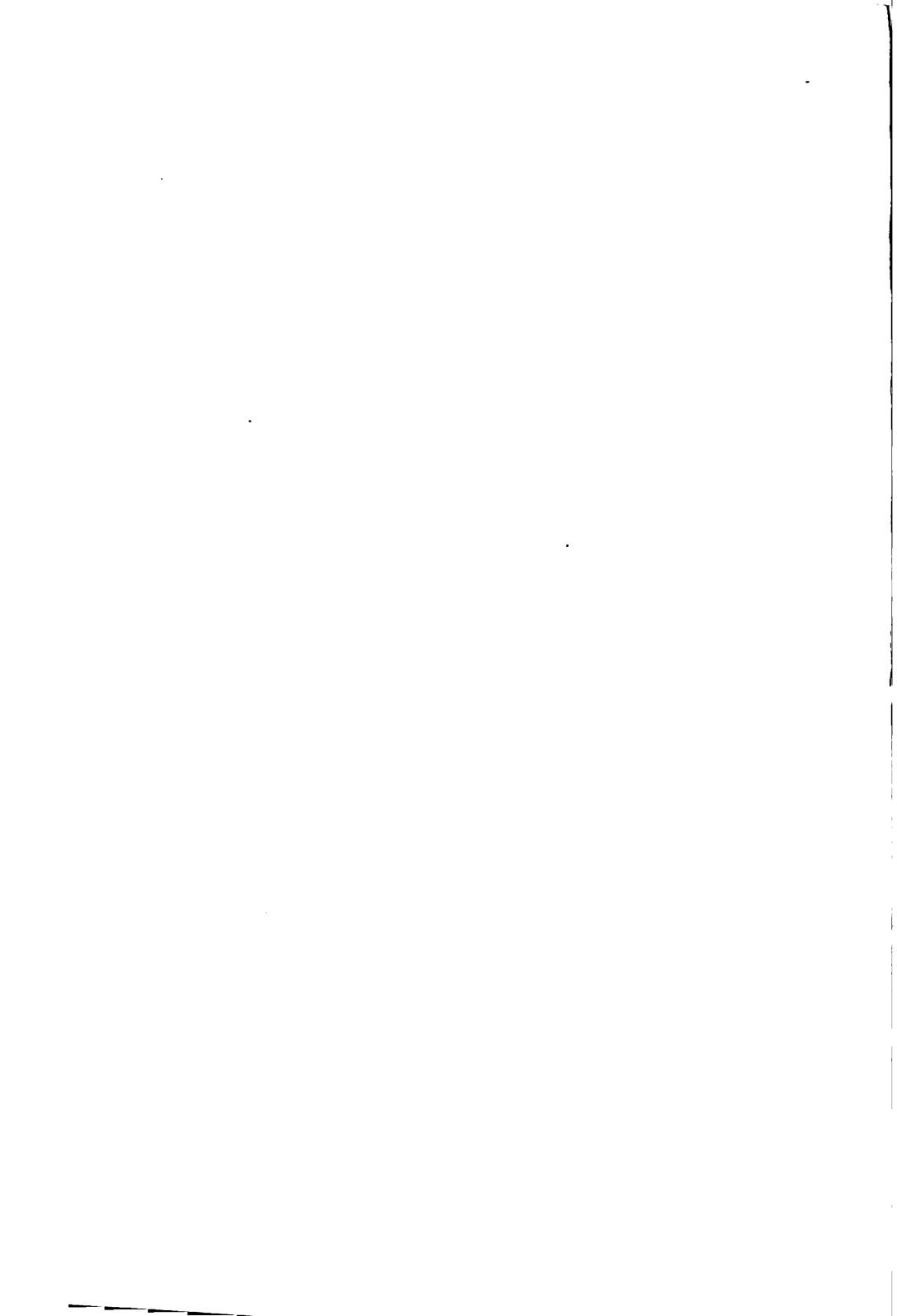


NEW HALL, PONTEFRACT

THIS fine old Tudor mansion is now in ruins. It stands just to the north of Pontefract, and was occupied by the Parliamentary troops during the sieges of 1644 and 1645.



重刊碑文



upon. A long flight of steps leads into the underground chambers, on whose walls are carved the names of various prisoners taken during the siege of 1648. Below the castle, on the east side, is the old church of All Saints with its ruined nave, eloquent of the destruction wrought by the Parliamentary cannon in the successive sieges, and to the north stands New Hall, the stately Tudor mansion of Lord George Talbot, now reduced to the melancholy wreck depicted in these pages. The girdle of fortifications constructed by the besiegers round the castle included New Hall, in case it might have been reached by a sally of the Royalists, whose cannon-balls, we know, carried as far, from the discovery of one embedded in the masonry. Coats of arms of the Talbots can still be seen on carved stones on the front walls over the entrance. The date, 1591, is believed to be later than the time of the erection of the house, which, in the form of its parapets and other details, suggests the style of Henry VIII.'s reign. It is exceedingly probable that Lord George Talbot, who was granted the Priory of St. John the Evangelist at Pontefract by the Crown soon after the Dissolution, built this stately mansion, to a considerable extent, with the materials of the demolished monastery, for many

of the stones bear Norman and later carving, and even the wooden beams have palpably been used in an earlier building. Nearly all the outer structures of the courtyard on the east side have disappeared; in 1828 the north tower fell, and year by year the decay of the walls advances.

Although we can describe in a very few words the historic survivals of Pontefract, to deal even cursorily with the story of the vanished castle and modernized town is a great undertaking, so numerous are the great personages and famous events of English history connected with its owners, its prisoners, and its sieges.

The name Pontefract has suggested such an obvious derivation that, from the early topographers up to the present time, efforts have been made to discover the broken bridge giving rise to the new name, which replaced the Saxon Kyrkebi. No one has yet succeeded in this quest, and the absence of any river at Pontefract makes the search peculiarly hopeless. At Castleford, a few miles north-west of Pontefract, where the Roman Ermine Street crossed the confluence of the Aire and the Calder, it is definitely known that there was only a ford. The present name does not make any appearance until several years

after the Norman Conquest, though Ilbert de Lacy received the great fief, afterwards to become the Honour of Pontefract, in 1067, the year after the Battle of Hastings. Ilbert built the first stone castle on the rock, and either to him or his immediate successors may be attributed the Norman walls and chapel, whose foundations still exist on the north and east sides of the castle yard. During his advance towards York for the conquest of the north of England, William the Norman was delayed for three weeks at Castleford, owing to the river being so flooded that it could not be crossed even with boats, and it was no doubt during his enforced stay on the south side of the river that he realized the importance of the site of Pontefract; and if Ilbert de Lacy were with him at the time, it is reasonable to suppose that the Norman lord expressed to the Conqueror his liking for the neighbourhood.

The De Lacs held Pontefract until 1198, when Robert died without issue, the castle and lands passing by marriage to Richard Fitz-Eustace; and the male line again became extinct in 1310, when Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, married Alice, the heiress of Henry de Lacy. Henry's great-grandfather was the Roger de Lacy, Justiciar and Constable of Chester, who is famous for his heroic defence of

Château Gaillard, in Normandy, for nearly a year, when John weakly allowed Philip Augustus to continue the siege, making only one feeble attempt at relief. Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who was a cousin of Edward II., was more or less in continual opposition to the king, on account of his determination to rid the Court of the royal favourites, and it was with Lancaster's full consent that Piers Gaveston was beheaded at Blacklow Hill, near Warwick, in 1312. For this Edward never forgave his cousin, and when, during the fighting which followed the recall of the Despensers, Lancaster was obliged to surrender after the Battle of Boroughbridge, Edward had his revenge. The Earl was brought to his own castle at Pontefract, where the King lay, and there accused of rebellion, of coming to the Parliaments with armed men, and of being in league with the Scots. Without even being allowed a hearing, he was condemned to death as a traitor, and the next day, June 19, 1322, mounted on a sorry nag without a bridle, he was led to a hill outside the town, and executed with his face towards Scotland.

In the last year of the same century Richard II. died in imprisonment in the castle, not long after the Parliament had decided that the deposed King

should be permanently immured in an out-of-the-way place. Hardyng's Chronicle records the journeying from one castle to another in the lines :

'The Kyng the[n] sent Kyng Richard to Ledis,
There to be kepte surely in previtee,
Fro the[n]s after to Pykeryng we[n]t he nedes,
And to Knauesburgh after led was he,
But to Pountfrete last where he did die.'

Archbishop Scrope affirmed that Richard died of starvation, while Shakespeare makes Sir Piers of Exton his murderer.

King Richard. How now ! what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

(*Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him.*)

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

(*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.*)

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

On the west side of the castle ruins some broken walls are pointed out as Richard's chamber, on what evidence I do not know.

During the Pilgrimage of Grace the castle was besieged, and given up to the rebels by Lord Darcy and the Archbishop of York. In the

following century came the three sieges of the Civil War. The first two followed after the Battle of Marston Moor in 1644, and Fairfax joined the Parliamentary forces on Christmas Day of that year, remaining through most of January. On March 1 Sir Marmaduke Langdale relieved the Royalist garrison, and Colonel Lambert fell back, fighting stubbornly and losing some 300 men. The garrison then had an interval of just three weeks to reprovision the castle, then the second siege began, and lasted until July 19, when the courageous defenders surrendered, the besieging force having lost 469 men killed to 99 of those within the castle. Of these two sieges, often looked upon as one, there exists a unique diary kept by Nathan Drake, a 'gentleman volunteer' of the garrison, and from its wonderfully graphic details it is possible to realize the condition of the defence, their sufferings, their hopes, and their losses, almost more completely than of any other siege before recent times.

In the third and last investment of 1648-49 Cromwell himself summoned the garrison, and remained a month with the Parliamentary forces, without seeing any immediate prospect of the surrender of the castle. When the Royalists had been reduced to

a mere handful, Colonel Morris, their commander, agreed to terms of capitulation on March 24, 1649. The dismantling of the stately pile by order of Parliament followed as a matter of course, and now we have practically nothing but seventeenth-century prints to remind us of the embattled towers which for so many months defied Cromwell and his generals.

Liquorice is still grown at Pontefract, although the industry has languished on account of Spanish rivalry, and the town still produces those curious little discs of soft liquorice, approximating to the size of a shilling, known as 'Pontefract cakes.'

To the west of Pontefract, in a comparatively small space, and connected with a wonderful network of railways, lie Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Dewsbury, and a dozen smaller centres of manufacture, while further south are Barnsley and Sheffield. It seems unfair that a district contributing so much to England's wealth should be repaid by gloomy skies and depressing landscapes.

Wakefield has a fine Perpendicular church with a tall crocketed spire, which became a cathedral in 1888, when the new diocese was formed. The chantry on the bridge over the Calder is entirely

a modern reconstruction. It is, however, so richly carved, and so deceptive in its appearance of age, through the weathering of the Caen stone employed, that even Ruskin was under some misapprehension in regard to its age. There is nothing in the town to connect it with Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and it is not known if he ever visited the place.

The great black city of Leeds has a nucleus consisting of several fine streets possessing numbers of modern buildings, making an imposing effect worthy of the fifth English city and the commercial capital of Yorkshire. New public buildings, banks, shops, or whatever they may be, however white they commence their existence, in a very short time are toned down to the uniform sable tones of the whole city. Clock-faces stand out with painful whiteness against the sooty stonework of towers and gables, and the only colour to be seen is restricted to the shop-windows. Architects should remember the atmosphere of Leeds, and use coloured glazed bricks and porcelain extensively, so that whole buildings could every year be washed down from the roofs to the ground, and cheer the citizens of the great town with their cleanliness and colour. In City Square, just outside the stations of the Midland, Great Northern, and other



KIRKSTALL ABBEY, LEEDS

JUST outside the city, on a level stretch of grass by the River Aire, stand the ruins of the great Cistercian abbey of Kirkstall. Some of the conventional buildings, including the chapter-house and refectory, have survived in a fairly complete state. Not far off on every side are factories and tall chimney shafts.





railways, and therefore where people get their first impression of Leeds, stands a fine statue of the Black Prince mounted on a noble charger. It seems curiously appropriate that the one member of the royal line of England with such a distinction should have been chosen for a prominent statue in the chief of the black cities of England, especially when we know that Edward III.'s son was, according to tradition, instrumental in introducing the weaving industry from Flanders into Yorkshire, where it has flourished increasingly ever since, Edward III. has been called 'the father of English industry,' and if this is a justifiable distinction both he and his son are in a measure responsible for the blackness as well as the riches their foresight has produced.

The ruins of the great Cistercian Abbey of Kirkstall, founded in the twelfth century by Henry de Lacy, still stand in a remarkable state of completeness, about three miles from Leeds. With the exception of Fountains, the remains are more perfect than any in Yorkshire. Nearly the whole of the church is Transitional Norman, and the roofless nave is in a wonderfully fine state of preservation. The chapter-house and refectory, as well as smaller rooms, are fairly complete, and the

situation by the Aire on a sunny day is still attractive; yet owing to the smoke-laden atmosphere, and the inevitable indications of the countless visitors from the city, the ruins have lost much of their interest, unless viewed solely from a detached architectural standpoint. We do not feel much inclination to linger in this neighbourhood, and continue our way westwards towards the great rounded hills, where, not far from Keighley, we come to the grey village of Haworth.

More than half a century has gone since Charlotte Brontë passed away in that melancholy house, the ‘parsonage’ of the village. In that period the church she knew has been rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, her home has been enlarged, a branch line from Keighley has given Haworth a railway-station, and factories have multiplied in the valley, destroying its charm. These changes sound far greater than they really are, for in many ways Haworth and its surroundings are just what they were in the days when the members of that ill-fated household were still united under the grey roof of the ‘parsonage,’ as it is invariably called by Mrs. Gaskell.

We climb up the steep road from the station at

the bottom of the deep valley, and come to the foot of the village street, which, even though it turns sharply to the north in order to make as gradual an ascent as possible, is astonishingly steep. At the top stands an inn, the 'Black Bull,' where the downward path of the unhappy Branwell Brontë began, owing to the frequent occasions when 'Patrick,' as he was familiarly called, was sent for by the landlord to talk to his more important patrons.

A not unpicturesque passage just above this inn leads to the church, the schools, and the 'parsonage.' Everything that is not a recent accretion is built of stone, and generally roofed with stone slabs also, all, however, of that blackish hue that needs creepers, white window-frames, and bright-coloured shutters and doors, to relieve the gauntness. Such cheerful touches are lacking in Haworth, and no doubt the want of colour in their surroundings accounted for much of the morbid melancholy so marked in the children who grew up in the sombre house.

We cannot see to-day the church the Brontës knew. With the exception of the tower, it has been rebuilt, and even the old pulpit and sounding-board of Mr. Brontë's time are not to be seen. The

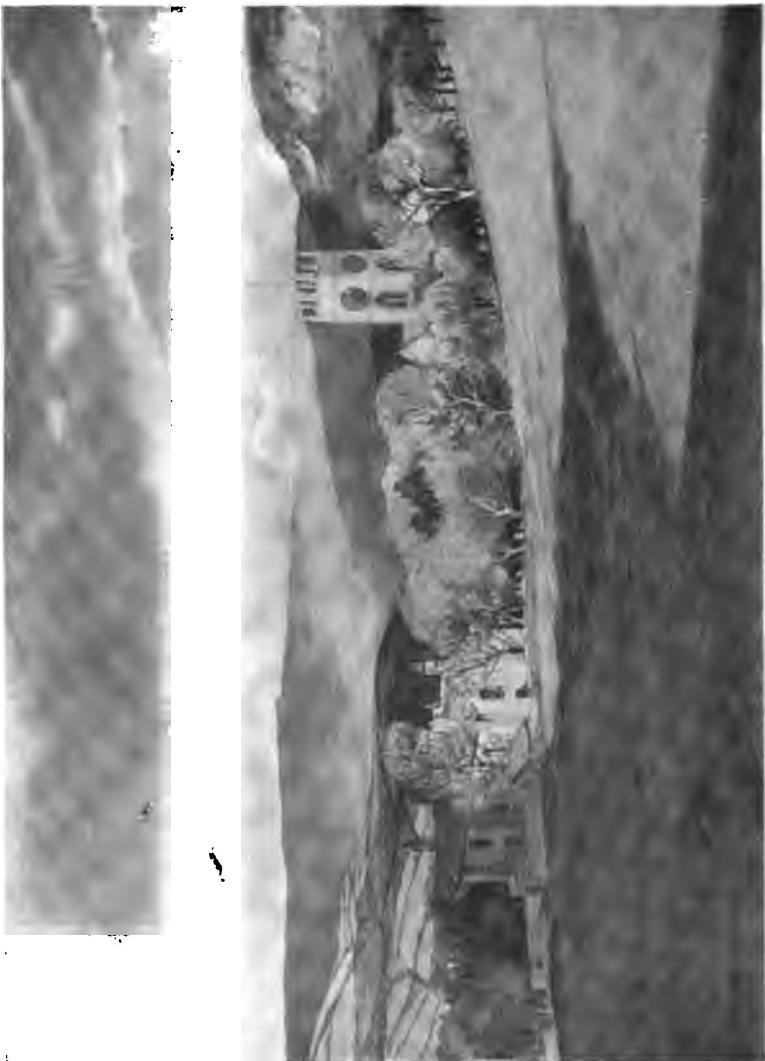
verger knows of their existence in a barn, and perhaps one day the Brontë Society will contrive to have them replaced in the church. Many pilgrims to Haworth would find more pleasure in seeing an object which must have been so extremely familiar to Charlotte and her sisters, than in examining the very pathetic and often painful mementoes in the society's museum in the village. We are not far enough removed from the times of the Brontës to make it seemly to exhibit in glass cases garments, and obviously inexpensive boots, worn by Charlotte.

The churchyard is, to a large extent, closely paved with tombstones dating back to the seventeenth century, laid flat, and on to this dismal piece of ground the chief windows of the Brontës' house looked, as they continue to do to-day. It is exceedingly strange that such an unfortunate arrangement of the buildings on this breezy hill-top should have given a gloomy outlook to the parsonage. If the house had only been placed a little higher up the hill, and been built to face the south, it is conceivable that the Brontës would have enjoyed better health and a less melancholy and tragic outlook on life. An account of a visit to Haworth Parsonage by a neighbour, when Charlotte and her father were the only survivors of the family, gives a



HAWORTH CHURCH AND 'PARSONAGE'

FROM this point of view the home of the Brontës is almost unaltered since the day when Charlotte, the last of Mr. Patrick Brontë's family, died. The church has been rebuilt with the exception of the tower, but this and the other changes do not make themselves apparent from this side. Behind are the moors where Charlotte and her sisters, particularly Emily, loved to take lonely walks.



clear impression of how the house appeared to those who lived brighter lives :

‘ Miss Brontë put me so in mind of her own “Jane Eyre.” She looked smaller than ever, and moved about so quietly and noiselessly, just like a little bird, as Rochester called her, barring that all birds are joyous, and that joy can never have entered that house since it was first built; and yet, perhaps, when that old man married, and took home his bride, and children’s voices and feet were heard about the house, even that desolate crowded graveyard and biting blast could not quench cheerfulness and hope.’

Very soon after the family came to Haworth Mrs. Brontë died, when the eldest girl, Maria, was only six years old; and far from there having been any childish laughter about the house, we are told that the children were unusually solemn from their infancy. In their earliest walks, the five little girls with their one brother—all of them under seven years—directed their steps towards the wild moors above their home rather than into the village. Eighty-eight years have passed, and practically no change has come to the moorland side of the house, so that we can imagine the precocious toddling children going hand-in-hand over the grass-lands towards the moors beyond, as though we had travelled back over the intervening years.

The unnatural environment of the Brontës’ child-

hood gave that lurid colour to their imaginations so evident in the writings of Charlotte and Emily, and, when at Roe Head School, one of Charlotte's friends, after describing in a letter her companion's strange gift of 'making out' histories and inventing characters, writes: 'I told her sometimes they were like growing potatoes in a cellar. She said sadly, "Yes, I know we are."

It is difficult to quite absolve the father of this remarkable family for not realizing that his little girls were not living a healthy childhood, mentally or physically, and all we read of Mr. Brontë in Mrs. Gaskell's book suggests a total want of appreciation of the important elements so woefully lacking in their upbringing. In those days Haworth was extremely isolated, and the few outside influences that reached the neighbourhood came no nearer than the small manufacturing town of Keighley, four miles away. The journey to London was then a vast undertaking, whereas now we can reach the famous old 'parsonage' from St. Pancras, by the Midland Railway, in less than four hours.

The purple moors so beloved by the Brontës stretch away to the Calder Valley, and beyond that depression in great sweeping outlines to the Peak of Derbyshire, where they exceed 2,000 feet in



SHEFFIELD AT NIGHT

THE picture was made at Brightside, where the great foundries produce armour-plate, cannon, and steel rails. The cherry-coloured flames that crown the shafts are a wonderful sight.



height. Within easy reach of this grand country is Sheffield, perhaps the blackest and ugliest city in England. At night, however, the great iron and steel works become wildly fantastic. The tops of many chimneys emit crimson flames, and glowing shafts of light with a nucleus of dazzling brilliance show between the inky forms of buildings. Ceaseless activity reigns in these industrial infernos, with three shifts of men working during each twenty-four hours ; and from the innumerable works come every form of manufactured steel and iron goods, from a pair of scissors or a plated teaspoon to steel rails and armour plate.

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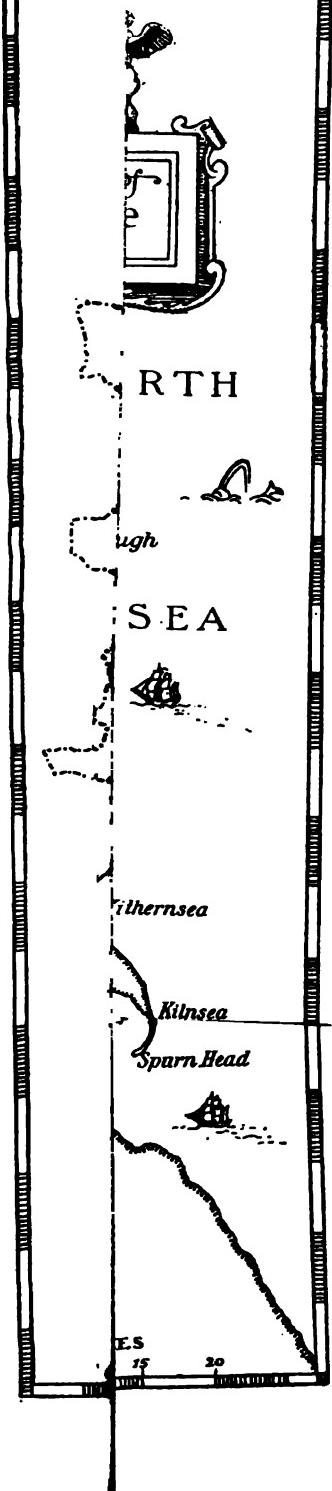
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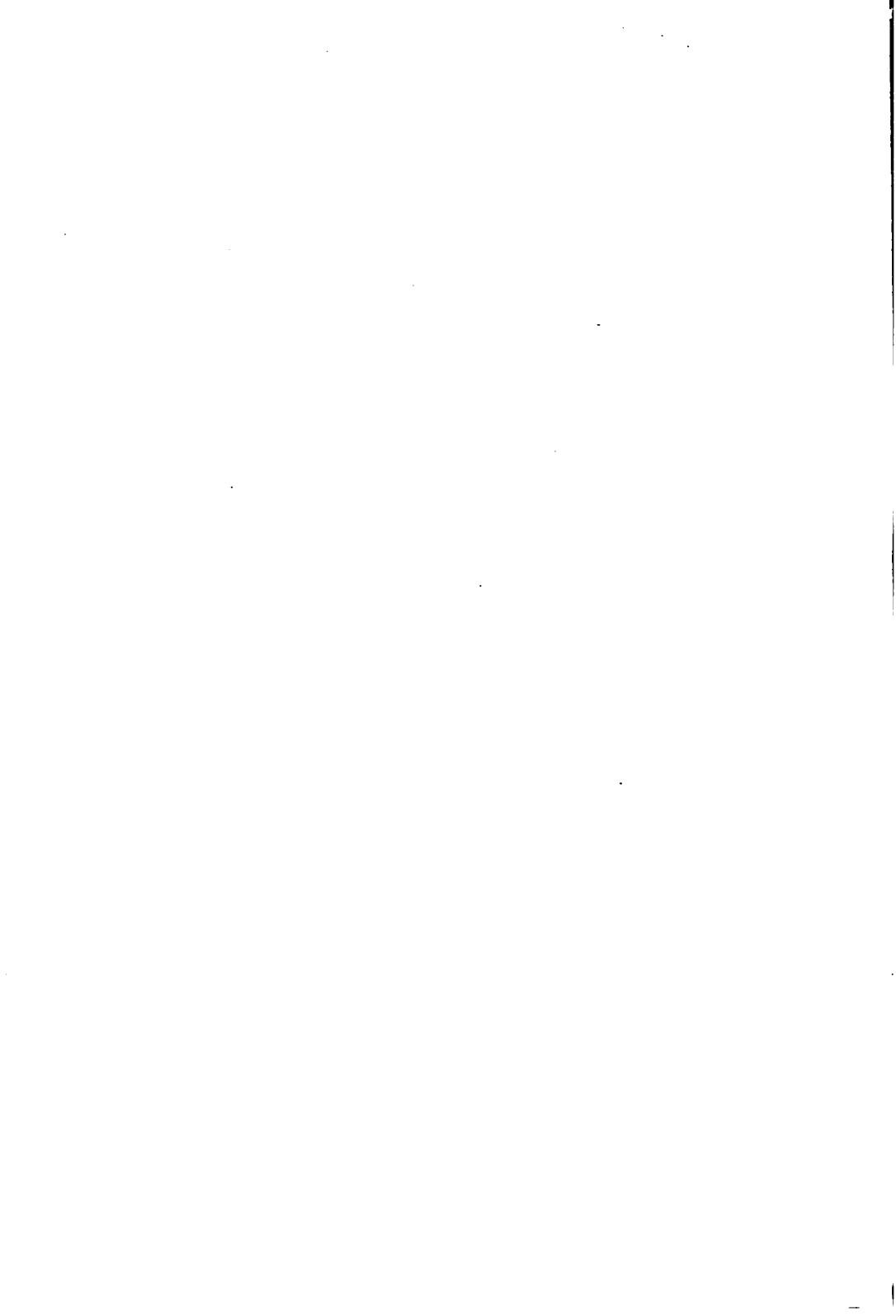
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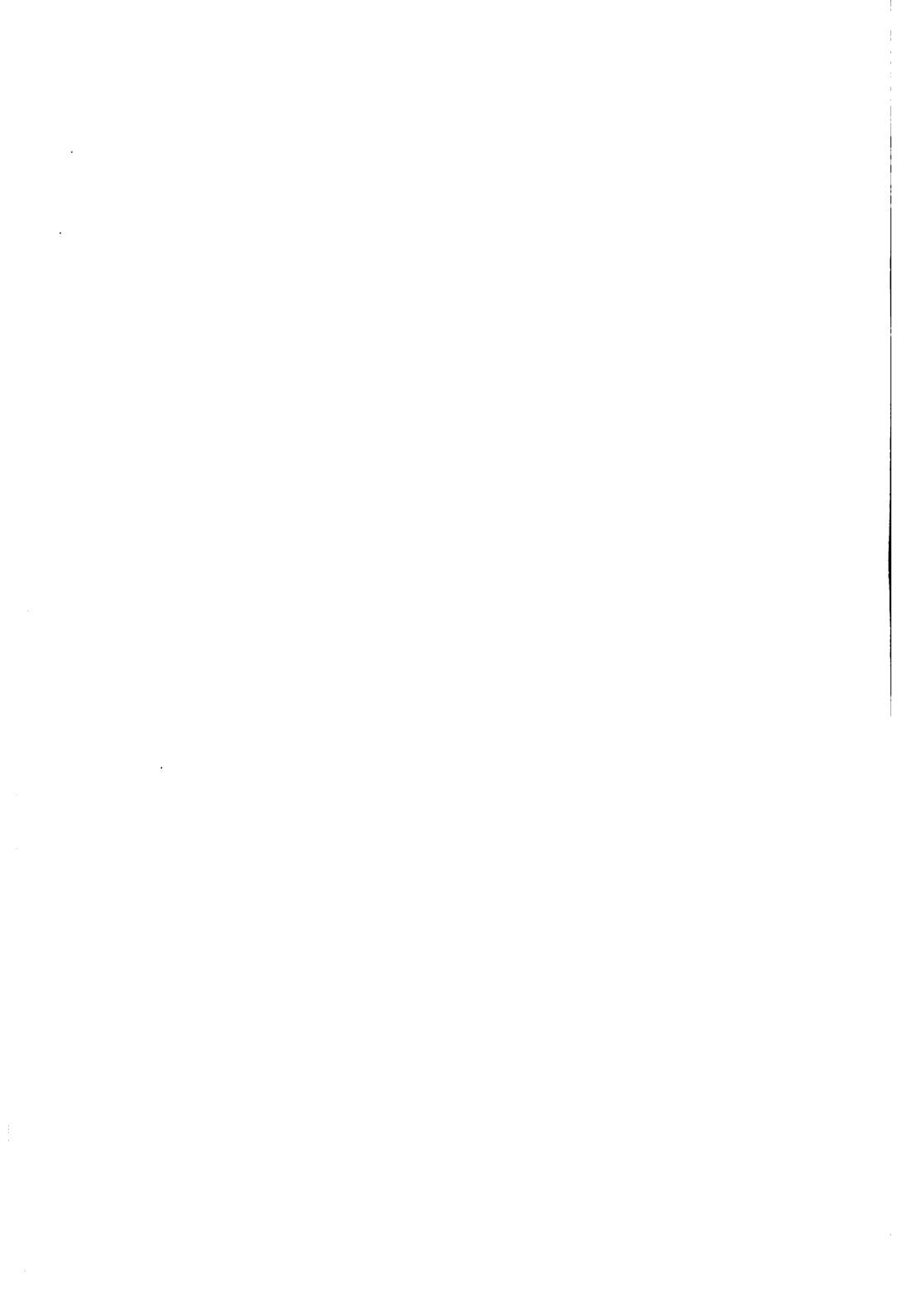
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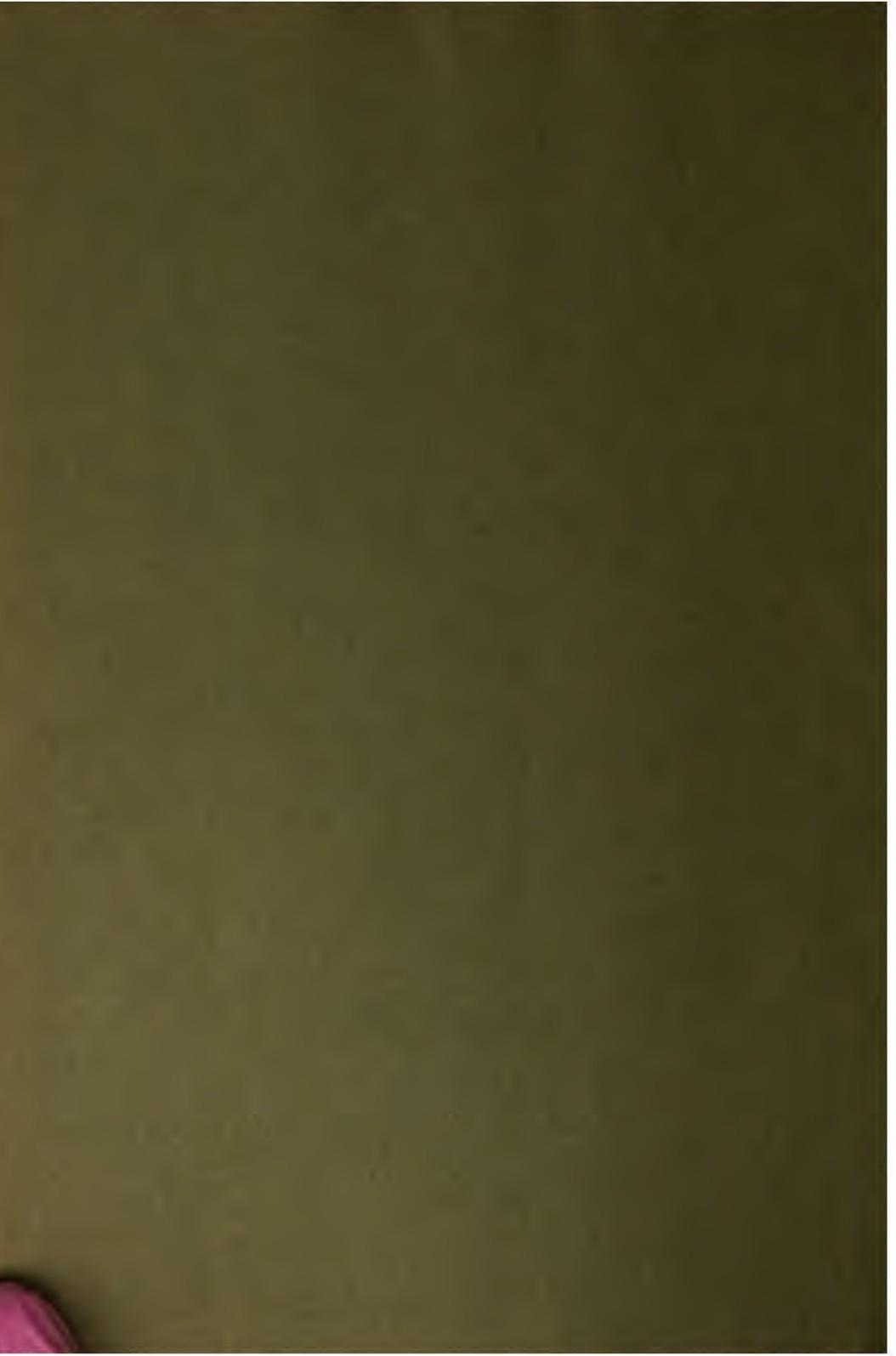
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